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Given to Stanford University in his memory
by Miss E. Olga Meyer

THE

LADY OF THE WEST,

OR,

THE GOLD SEEKERS.

[Let us live to love, for lo! our time is passing—
As the tolling bell's last solemn sound, when fading,
Each moment is severing a cord that 's now
United in such strains of heaven-like glory.]

Written for the Great American Nation,

BY JOHN BALLOU.

CINCINNATI:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY
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PREFACE.

In writing upon a subject in which the character and principles of my great nation are placed before the whole world, I feel that I have ventured into a field of literature where no other novelist has yet presumed to travel, and where my own incompetency may render me as a target for the criticism of reading millions. Consequently, it is but fair for me to express my timidity, or even my anxiety, in placing such a book into the hands of one of the most literary nations on the globe; for however noble and exalted have been my intentions—however favorable and extraordinary have been the subjects of illustration—however indisputable I know the general character of my story to be—I am well aware that worthy minds will perceive defects in composition, and I fear, perceive that I have attempted to accomplish that which ought to have been assigned to a person of higher literary attainments. Though I have written it expressly for my own nation—never losing sight of the glorious principles of liberty and equal rights—hoping to awaken among the people in general a higher moral sense of the interests and privileges of all men than are now maintained by the stern advocates of partyism; yet, it will go further—and, in the distance I see above the clan of creeds, a crimson blush that would give a world to have had its truth not been! Certainly then, Americans! fellow citizens! you may justly ask the cause of this; for such is the nature of our government that whosoever lives upon our Republican soil is somewhat accountable for the conduct of the nation, and must necessarily feel himself subject to the censures and the praises that other countries bestow upon our public administration.

In reply to such a question, I shall abandon all claims to distinction, and merely refer to my sojourn among several of the most important nations of the earth as being one of the principal incentives that has induced me to attempt a conciliation of these mighty powers; for when I remember that the sun and moon cannot shine without giving light to some of my friends or acquaintances upon some quarter of the globe, I feel that I am as a link in an endless chain—sorely scourged by the man that lisps aught against a distant people! So, likewise, when I roamed over foreign lands, many thousands of miles away, and heard the word *American!* spoken in smothered whispers, I perceived a tone in their accent that caused my soul to chill within me! Then when I have asked my fellow countrymen the cause of this, the answer has been, We are—*Americans! Amer-*

icans! Though we have done nothing to merit their denunciations—then why comes that voice so cold and foreign?

Many of the scenes represented in this book came under my own observation; and in no instance is there a single fact related but what something similar did actually occur; however, their arrangement, and the names that I have given, are mostly selected to suit a continued story. To avoid the plan of connecting too many *fortunes*, or misfortunes with a single personage, has caused the introduction of more characters than is common to most novels; but, in this, I have only sought to place before my nation—facts that are worthy of their most serious consideration. So, also, to avoid making it a trifling love-story, I have had an excellent fact to illustrate, and have related only such incidents as particularly apply to *the subject* that *ought* to interest everybody. Certainly, I have represented the glaring outrages of a partial law, in its most extravagant light, for such was my privilege; and it is the only way in which the public will ever be led to investigate the consequences that always do result from partial legislation. Therefore, to blend the useful with the extravagant, the unpleasant with the pleasing, the good with the bad and horrible—in order to give a general view of society—and yet make an attractive story for the public, has so far been attempted, yet I hesitate very much about sending out the first edition until it could be rewritten and revised by a person of more gifted genius; but, being very much pressed for time, and knowing that my nation is an indulgent friend to a book, especially when it has been written for the purpose of social reform—I publish it, trusting that I shall receive pity for my weakness, rather than contempt for my presumption; for everybody will surely admit that, as no other has attempted to write upon *the* subject in a *masterly* way—I am not to blame for doing the best I could.

Lastly, of the personages represented, I have mentioned no names that need to cause uneasiness, notwithstanding, many may perceive their characters portrayed more fully than they ever supposed any one to have a knowledge of.

In conclusion, to my fellow countrymen I would say, that our administration may advance in promoting good-will among all nations—peace and love among ourselves—is the earnest prayer of one of the most devoted Republicans. J. B.

Mr A Stone
231 Clinton St
Brooklyn

THE

LADY OF THE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE more than twenty years ago, MR. SIMONS resided in the great commercial city, London.

In comfortable quarters up-stairs, his family, a wife, three children and sometimes a nephew, a lad of fourteen, lived very happily, and were always ready to receive his gentlemanship with open arms when he returned from his commercial voyages at sea.

He possessed considerable capital, and was doing a fair business, with a prospect of a fortune by long perseverance.

His children were a daughter of seven, a son of four, and another of two years of age; in his estimation the prettiest and dearest little creatures in all of London. The eldest son, Nathan, was of delicate construction, and according to the judgment of many old women, who chanced to be acquainted with his weak hold on mortality, nothing but a voyage at sea could restore him to the health common to boys of his age.

At that time Mr. Simons was trading between South America and England, and quite naturally enough, the old women concluded that one voyage to South America would place little Nathan among the most rosy-cheeked boys of his years; and to work they went, and finally convinced Mrs. Simons that she would be thwarting the purposes of divine power, if she did not immediately give her son a trial at the remedial effects of sea water.

The arrangements were all completed, and the little boy separated from his mother, and on his way to South America in

company with his kind father; but, contrary to the former supposition, little Nathan grew rapidly worse, and his father almost despaired of ever seeing him again on land. Fortunately, however, they had an excellent run to New York, where the ship was obliged to stop and discharge some of her cargo, before proceeding on her voyage.

Mr. Simons had a cousin, an old maid, living in New York, and to her habitation he proceeded with his son. In a few days the boy began to recover; but, fearing the effects of the sea, his father finally yielded to the earnest entreaties of his cousin and her friends, to let him remain in their charge and care until he should return from South America.

Considering his son was in no danger, and being under a pressing engagement himself, Mr. Simons, with his nephew by his side, went on his way to South America.

Nathan soon became a prospering lad, and bid fair to be a man of at least usual strength; but, a few weeks after the departure of his father, the maiden cousin took ill, and in a few days her innocent lips were closed forever!

After her death, Nathan continued to live in the same family, where she had made her home for several years. Unfortunately, this family, Mr. Mason's, did not know the residence of Simon's family in London; but, having an attachment to the boy, they took him with them to Philadelphia, where they established themselves, with the intention of remaining several years.

For a long time they kept an eye to the different newspapers of the country, in order to learn something of the unfortunate family; but over two years passed, and, as no information was obtained, they finally grew heedless of further search.

In this family, which had no children, he was looked upon as a precious treasure, and soon became as interesting as though he had been a blood relation; but they took the liberty of curtailing his name into Simons, and in all common intercourse he was known by no other.

It was little more than two years, when Mr. Mason removed to Cincinnati, and came to the very anti-American determination of settling permanently. Here, little Simons was put to school,

and for a considerable time did nothing else but attend to his books; but, in proportion to his own inclinations, he often assisted Mr. Mason in the bookbinding business; and, between the trade and school, gave his guardian and master to understand that promising abilities were likely to shine forth from his usefulness, in some future time.

Simons often talked about going, some day, to see his people in England, and in his own mind fancied just exactly how things still looked in his old home; but it is very doubtful whether he could have loved his connections much more than he did Mr. and Mrs. Mason.

Year after year continued to roll by, and Simons grew up into manhood, master of an excellent trade and a good English education; but, just before he closed his teens, his guardians, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, fell victims to cholera, and were hastily carried away.

Mr. Mason had often promised Simons a share of his estate; but, being carried away without making a will, the property all fell to distant relations, and left Simons entirely penniless. This made a sad inroad upon his future calculations, and aroused him to a new series of reflections. Shortly after this, gold was discovered in California, and many people began to talk of going there to make their fortunes. Among the number of these contemplated migrationists was Simons; but, one of the chief difficulties before him was, he had not sufficient means to carry him there; another difficulty was, true to the style of "Young America," he had fallen, or rather grown, desperately in love. The object of his heart's desire, was no other than old Dr. Sparks's daughter, Mary—a blooming girl of seventeen, no less noted for her beautiful gray eyes and dark-brown curls, than for her plump person, pretty face, and independent spirit—common characteristics of Cincinnati ladies.

Mary was a good girl, and well educated after the American fashion; that is, taught almost everything useful, including common sense. She had never been blessed with brothers or sisters, and, consequently, was almost the idol of her own parents, especially the old Dr. The old Dr. seemed to think that his

little girl was as near like an angel as human beings generally get to be; and, well knowing that she would some day become the rightful owner of all his property, he felt wonderfully inclined to have something to say about the distribution of Mary's affections. With all the praise that people generally bestowed upon the old Dr.'s medical and neighborly qualities, we can not refrain from saying, there was a haughty spirit, and feeling of importance, which accompanied his more useful qualities as a serviceable man. True, that deep, gruffy voice was far more natural to him than was the Squire-like protuberance of his abdominal viscera; but the motions of the man indicated a will and determination of his own. Neither did anybody know his disposition so well as did his wife. Whenever she wished to command his lordship, or induce him to abandon any notion, she was always cautious to approach him previous to having heard him express himself; for then he had nothing to retract, and, being very considerate of her delicate appearance, he would generally succumb to her wishes. But, when they both agreed upon a point, it would have required one of Napier's fleets to have changed their wills. Now, then, both of these were aware that a great intimacy existed between their daughter and Simons, and both of them had been trying various plans to break down that attachment; and, after nearly a year of behind-back maneuvering, they began to counsel seriously upon it. They did not hate Simons, but they were aware that if he should ever marry Mary, he had but a poor show of providing her with as comfortable living as she had been used to, and that, consequently, although she loved him now, she might finally rue her bargain, when too late. Simons and Mary were both well aware of the old folks' notion, and, accordingly, held their meetings "on the sly;" which caused them the more faithfully to pledge themselves to each other forever.

After the gold discovery, Simons looked toward the West with a view of bettering his circumstances; but he had not yet decided to go to California—for there was but one way in which he could go; that was, to work his way overland, which seemed too long and hazardous to undertake. Neither had Mary given

her consent for him to go the overland route; for at that period, the journey was considered dangerous in the extreme.

Returning to the city, one evening, after having had a social promenade on Walnut Hills, they were met by the old Dr., who was on his way to see a patient. The Dr. gave them a very dignified look, but spoke to neither. Mary seemed to understand his look, for scarcely was his back turned, when she said:

"Simons, I'm sure father intends to prevent us from ever walking together again. He never gave me such a look before."

"He may prevent us for awhile. It will only be for awhile."

On the following day, when Simons repaired to his shop, he had the following note handed him by a little boy:

"MR. SIMONS:—I am well aware that you are cultivating an attachment for my daughter; but, in order to prevent anything which might follow such an attachment, I now give you to understand that I do not intend to permit your further intimacy. Henceforth, you can not consider yourself a welcome guest at my house. Remember, my words are positive. You must not expect to meet my daughter any more. I hope you will consider well upon this, and see that you act the part of a prudent man. You must perceive that I am acting as any man in my *circumstances* ought. DR. R. SPARKS."

"'Acting as any man in my *circumstances* ought;'" Simons muttered to himself, and sat down to give the subject a serious consideration. "*Circumstances*" ground upon his reflections. "If I should go to California, '*circumstances*' might yet make the Dr. glad to recall his words! Ah! might in reality make me more fit to wed such a lady."

After an hour of brown study, he resolved to go to California by the overland route.

In the evening following, he called upon the old Dr. for permission to take his farewell of Mary. But on reaching the place, he found the doors barred against him, and the Dr. ready to meet him. At this time, Mary was not aware of his deter-

mination to go to California; but it was for this purpose, and to receive her parting prayer, that he had called.

He approached the Dr. in every possible manner, but no entrance into Mary's presence could be obtained. Not feeling disposed to discuss his feelings on the public sidewalk, he was about abandoning his attempt of getting to see her before leaving, when a tap at one of the upper windows directed his attention upon Mary, with a book in her hand. She raised the window and cast out a little slip of paper, and immediately drew her head in again. The old Dr. did not notice this, and Simons stooped and carelessly lifted the paper, and read, "Despair not; for fate itself shall not separate us." Simons turned to speak to her, but she had disappeared. Not seeing any possible chance of meeting her, he returned to his own boarding-house. In a short time he arranged all his business, ready for leaving on the next morning; for a boat was to leave for St. Louis at daylight. After his arrangements were all completed, he wrote a long farewell letter to Mary. His business was now all completed, and on the next morning he left for California.

After Simons left, Dr. Sparks, the old gentleman, told Mary that Simons was going to California. She believed it, but did not think he was going so soon. Now the old Dr. had frequently given Mary small parcels of money from her infancy up, and at this time she was in possession of several hundred dollars. When she heard that Simons had firmly resolved to go to California, she resolved to furnish him with money sufficient to carry him there by way of Panama; for she could not bear the idea of him crossing the Plains. On the following morning she commenced writing him a note to inform him of her intention; but, while she was yet writing, in came a little boy, saying:

"Please, Miss—but I nearly forgot to bring you this letter," and he handed her the farewell letter written by Simons.

Mary glanced hastily over it, and perceived that he had now been gone upward of two hours. This unhappy news brought tears to Mary's eyes; and a feeling of despair nearly overcame her, when thinking of him going the overland route. While in

this distressed condition, her father came in, and administered her a slight rebuke. Mary felt it. It made a wound not to be healed in a moment. When the Dr. passionately left her, she said to herself:

"Must I always submit to this? Am I not a woman, that other people dare to trifle with my natural affections? Whatever my feelings are, they have no right to scoff at the object which I consider worthy of my highest esteem—neither shall they scoff—nor shall they laugh at my tears. If human will can devise, and this person withstand, this shall not end here."

Mary thought long and earnestly upon it. If she could get money to Simons, so that he could go by way of Panama? and how could she get money to him? Could she send it? No; he would not be looking for it.

Two days after this, she asked her father's permission to visit some of her connections, who were living in Louisville. The old Doctor consented for her to go, and to remain a fortnight. He helped her down to the boat, saw her things safely packed, and took leave of her.

Mary had a courageous heart when she left her father's house; but when her father was about taking leave of her at the boat, she could scarcely refrain from throwing her arms around his neck, and acknowledging her desperate resolution. She looked long and anxiously after him, as he walked up the square, saying to herself, "I will show you what woman can do!"

The boat moved out into the river, and floated away. Mary looked back upon Cincinnati, and said, "Oh! when shall I see thee again—again!"

Early next morning she reached Louisville, and had her baggage taken off the boat. Then she thought of home, then of her connections in Louisville, and then of Simons; and as she thought, she looked at the boats. In large letters she noticed a board painted, "For St. Louis, at ten o'clock precisely!" "I must hurry," she said; and, in a few minutes, she and her baggage were on board the boat, bound for St. Louis! Mary shed tears when she thought of all this. Her father had made light

of her tears once; and those light expressions left a mortal sting.

"What's the name, Miss?" said a tall, greasy-headed young man to Mary, when she went up to pay her fare.

"Harriet Lindsey," said Mary, with a blush. Mary never had any sisters; but, when she was small, there was a little flaxen-headed girl, who frequently lived at their house. Mary loved that little girl. They played together, and sat together in Sunday-school. That little girl's name was Harriet Lindsey. Little Harriet had no sister either; and between these two little creatures existed a sisterly affection. When they were playing together one day, Mary noticed a strangeness in Harriet's voice. She became alarmed. In the night after that, she was called to little Harriet's bedside. She saw her little playfellow struggling. Harriet was very pale then. Then she saw Harriet's white hands pulling at her throat; then she shook a little, gasped once or twice, and then ceased to move! Mary's father told her that Harriet was dead! and then Mary wanted to die too! She was very young then; but, when she looked upon the world, it seemed to be void and desolate! Long years rolled by, but Mary's love still streamed upon the space that little Harriet once filled. The name, Harriet! always seemed something more than mortal. Mary never found another that she loved as she had once loved Harriet! For many years she had wished for some one that she could love as she wished to love. At last she found one; and, to follow up that source of love, she had now resolved to encounter whatsoever came before her. Mary thought, that perhaps her father would soon learn of her elopement, pursue, and bring her back. To baffle any such attempt, she decided upon traveling under another name: the name she chose was Harriet Lindsey; and by that name we shall henceforth speak of her.

CHAPTER II.

It was early in the spring, and soon after the discovery of gold in California. Dark, heavy clouds overhung the horizon; fierce, cold winds were blowing; fine, cutting rain, in nearly horizontal lines, was descending; and all the disagreeable relics of a hard winter were still lingering among those western hills.

Far up and down the valley of the great coffee-colored river, the snow-white canvas bedecked the long, level meadows, and even extended far up the eastern hills, overlooking the crowded little village below. Flapping and cracking in the fierce, cold wind, the tents and wagon-tops seemed to be turning the premeditated departure into a grand hurrah; but, clinging to the loose ends, the half-pleased, half-mad emigrants, were determined to convert the flimsy houses into comfortable residences for the few days they were to remain.

All around the country, horses, mules, oxen and cows, were tethered, roving, and bellowing; at every tree and every stump, rifles and pistols were being fired; all through the streets, and all over the adjoining hills and fields on the valley, great crowds of emigrants were strolling through the mud—some losing their boots, some their hats, and nearly all, their sober senses.

Here was an interesting group indeed. The many different ranks, forms, sizes, fashions, habits, dispositions, and everything else peculiar to our 'land of liberty,' all hurrying and bustling, in the greatest possible confusion and disorder. Here, the wealthy were laying extensive plans for additional wealth and aggrandizement; the poor were contemplating upon promising fortunes, and the happy release from their miserable circumstances; the religious and pious were counseling upon the distribution of their supposed invaluable services in the land of gold; but a vast number were enjoying the present, and rejoicing at the still brighter future—all, all busy, buying or selling, drunk or sober, playing or laboring, and preparing for their final departure.

More than two thousand miles of a dreary, unknown plain had to be crossed. Its difficulties, hardships, and dangers; its variety, pleasures, magnificence of plain and mountain scenery, were all hidden and sealed to civilized man. To insure safety, to surmount the privations, and overcome the dangers of such a long journey through the many tribes of Indians, they had halted here, for the purpose of proper organization into messes, parties, companies, etc.

Now, we must follow Simons down the long valley, among the wagons, to where three men were huddled over a little camp fire, to keep themselves in good humor.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am told that you are anxious to have another man join your party; if so, I shall offer myself!"

"Yes, sir, we want another; and we are anxious, also, that he should understand the management of cattle; for none of us understand such business."

Such were the remarks of one Mitchell, a little man, with heavy, black whiskers, and gentlemanly-looking exterior, about thirty years of age. He wore excellent cloth, and would bear criticism in either judgment or good manners.

"But," said Simons, "before I go any farther, then, let me tell you, that driving team is somewhat different to the trade I learned; but still, I think I can do it. But that is not the greatest reason that you can have for not considering me a profitable partner—I have not money enough for a full partner, but I am anxious to do extra labor for my deficiency in funds."

"Well," said Mitchell, "you are just the kind of man we want. If you can drive team, we are not anxious about money."

"I think I can manage it; but then I have money enough for half of my outfit, and I am perfectly willing to give it all, and work beside. The fact is, I am determined to go to California, and I will do you any service if you can favor me in that way."

"Well, what do you say?" asked Mitchell, turning to his two partners.

"I think we 'll accept him; we are not very particular, you know. Then, the most I am anxious about, is to get somebody

mighty soon, and be rolling out; for you see many are starting already, and if we want our cattle to get a share of the grass, we must be among the first—that's my opinion about it."

Such were the words of Mr. Warner, a man deserving particular description, and one of the prominent characters in our story. As he was standing before the little camp-fire, his general form would put one in mind of an inverted letter V. His extreme length was never ascertained, but, evidently, he must have grown upon good soil, and in the shade somewhere; for his little eyebrows had not a shade of color; and, what made them exceedingly odd, was, that they were always trying to climb to the top of his forehead; and, although the distance was short, yet they never accomplished the journey. To the physiognomist, his mouth would be among the principal attractions; but, certainly, its size was good evidence that it was intended principally for an eating machine—and, sure enough, when it was not eating food, it was eating tobacco; but one great misfortune attending this part of his mortality was, that a deep-yellow streak of tobacco-juice was always trickling down at each side, and thereby attracting the eye of the public to the main orifice, which kept up a continual fire of saliva at everything within his reach. At times, the upper and lower halves of this curious fixture would approach each other, and pout out upon foreign territory, as if his mind was solving some great mathematical problem; which, however, was the least of his considerations. For a young man, his green-looking phiz was no less characteristic than the vast number of violent oaths which generally accompanied his common conversation; but his peculiar manner of propping his immense feet apart, and loudly pronouncing "I'll bet," was his general manner of convincing people of his judgment. He wore good cloth—particularly his red striped vest—a watch and bowie-knife, which were quite sufficient to give him a position of undoubted standing in the eyes of many.

But there was still another in the party—Andrew—a man said to have held considerable rank in the business of kiln-drying corn-meal; but, unfortunately, as he was in the habit of

taking his bitters too freely, he made bad bargains, and very suddenly neglected to remain in his own neighborhood. This curious, little, middle-aged specimen of humanity, was one of those frost-bitten, peevish, irritable, snarling, bloated-faced, self-important, business creatures, who are and always have been unfortunate. The most attractive peculiarity belonging to Andrew, was his voice, which everybody agreed was really interesting. It was one of those curious voices, which Europeans say is so characteristic of our whole nation, namely, a mixture of whining and sluggishness, squeezed out between the teeth and nasal region.

As Mitchell and Warner had given their consent for Simons to join, only Andrew remained to be consulted.

"Well," said Andrew, stretching himself into a business attitude—"well, Simons, I can't be quite so fast about your joining as my partners are. I find it is always better to have a fair understanding in such things. Now, *I* am a business man, and *I* can judge, from your appearance, that you are a man of good morals; but that ain't the point. Here's things we must know: How much money will you give us? how much luggage have you? and how much work will you do for us? These are things that must be understood, if we want to do things in a business manner; but, if we ain't going to do things so, why, we had better turn the affair into nonsense at once."

"Certainly, sir," said Simons; "you are quite right; and here are my terms: I can give you sixty-five dollars, and I am willing to do what work I can; but, as none of us know what all is to be done, I can not make any farther promises. I have only fifty or sixty pounds of luggage, and I am sure that is a mere trifle."

"Very well," said Andrew; "upon such conditions I can give my consent to have you join us; but, as for having no understanding, I should have never consented in the world. I'm too much of a business man for that, I can assure you."

"Well, then, you can bring down your luggage to-morrow, and we will pack up, ready for starting on the next morning."

"I will do so," said Simons; and immediately returned to his hotel.

For the purpose of giving a little further insight into the character of Simons' partners, as well as to convey an idea of the annoyances of an emigrant, we must observe them packing their load.

"I suppose we had better weigh all the luggage," said Mitchell, "and then there can be no misunderstanding between us; for it is very evident that we should all carry an equal amount."

"I 'spose," said Warner, straddling his feet apart, "you are hinting that I'm carrying more than my share, eh?"

"I can not tell," said Mitchell, "but by the appearance of your chests I should judge that you had a great deal more than either Andrew or myself."

"Well, and suppose I have! Don't you think I 'll carry what I please?—if you don't, you can bet your life that you're mistaken. I paid my money for one-third part of this wagon and team, and I'll bet I'll be entitled to say something about luggage myself—*I* will."

"No, no, Warner, you are wrong," said our little frost-bitten Andrew, "you are wrong; we must do business in a *business-like* manner. We three have paid equal, and as *I'm* a business man, *I* know that the law would consider us, by right, allowed to carry an equal share of luggage."

"But do you 'spose I 'm going to throw away some of my luggage, just to please you fellers?—no, I 'll bet I don't. No, no, I 'm better stuff than that."

In that manner they disputed for an hour or so, but Andrew finally brought the matter to a close, by saying:

"Well, if we are going to do business, we must do it in a business way. If Warner won't consent to carry only an equal amount, we won't allow him to carry any; and as we have the team we 'll keep it."

Finding that Mitchell and Andrew were firm in their purpose, Warner finally yielded, and even four hundred pounds were weighed out to each, except Simons.

Following the weighing, another trouble arose about placing the things in the wagon.

"Don't pile your things on mine—you want all the room—don't stand on my chest;" but trifling as these disputes seem, it is doubtful if ever a party crossed the Plains without meeting the same. These are little annoyances, of which the person who has never been from home can not have any just conception; and, it even seems that a party can not be made up, but some one of the number is sure to strike up a discord upon these little affairs, which, in some instances, brings the parties to blows.

The next day was dark and dreary. The same cold winds, heavy clouds and smoky mist still rendered the weather too disagreeable to change comfortable houses for the wild Plains; but it was the day of departure, and many were taking their last farewell to civilized life. In heavy swells the great river was foaming through the valley, and chiming its sad rumbling with the active scenes upon its banks; but sadder still its foaming sheet cherished the sorrows of the last friendly adieu. Husbands and wives, mothers and sons, were taking their farewell embrace, and dropping the deepest heart-felt prayers that words can express; but loosing their cordial grasp, burst into tears, overcome with sorrow and grief, severing the strongest earthly ties, and searing their affection with the doom of long—long absence. Little children, loving little ones, were clinging fondly to their fathers, but, held back by their weeping mothers, their weak hold was broken, and, as the affectionate father departed, they were left wringing their little hands and crying most pitifully.

"But as soon as we crossed the river and drove near the forest, where all would be shut from view, I paused to take the last fond look at civilized life, and quick as thought, the great length of our journey through an unknown wilderness, overcame my presence of mind, and I fancied the whole world was growing giddy wherever I gazed. The tall forest was waving, little birds were darting through the cold wind, wild with sadness, and even the village seemed to move with grief for our departure. But,

when I turned toward the forest, the whole earth seemed to quake and tremble, and immediately I turned to look once more at the village, but, alas! the view was closed forever!" So it was with Simons and his party.

A few miles through a great forest, and over an awful road, brought the emigrants to an open plain, where the vast crowd stretched onward in one grand moving line. Their beautiful white-covered wagons were waving their rounded tops in the fierce cold wind, and their long teams of fat cattle and horses were moving steadily up and down the little green hills, as far as the eye could see. By their side, the walking and riding crowd were scattered in beautiful disorder and confusion—swinging their long whips in the air, and waving and cracking them over the backs of their poor toiling teams. The jolly laugh, the merry shout, the passionate curse, and the grand hurrah! rendered the enchanting scene one of the most exhilarating, strange, wild and enthusiastic of all modern migration.

Far in the distance, on one side, a few trees marked the winding course of a small creek, but on the other, the rich rolling plain—only interrupted in its smoothness, by a few trees scattered here and there over the little hills, whose tops formed an even surface—extended to the clear blue sky beyond.

"Hail! glorious Plain! my mind leaps away o'er thy unbounded scenes, unfettered by the restraints of man, unfolding thy mysterious changes in future ages, until I am overcome with inexpressible emotion."

Such were the wild, lonely Plains—no one to receive the ebbing richness of reposing nature—no one to till its luxuriant soil—no one to fill the air with merry sounds—no, no!—the solitary moving onward of the emigrants was all that disturbed its melancholy stillness.

Here we must confine ourselves to one day and night with Simons' party, in order to convey an idea of his partners, as well as the general difficulties to which he was subjected; it will also convey an idea of the emigrants in general.

Warner placed his inverted V over a little black pony, and galloped back and forth along the line of emigrants. In this

way he amused himself, talking to whoever he chanced to be with—of high life—rich people—good times and "fat niggers," and not unfrequently speaking about "my" wagon and team, and offering to "bet" that he would be the first man through to California. In this manner he undoubtedly enjoyed himself. Andrew, our frost-bitten, whining little production, drew his face into a focus, in order to split the cold wind as much as possible, and, mounted on another pony, struck off on the Plains in search of game, evidently enjoying himself quite as well as Mr. Warner. Simons and Mitchell were driving—but such driving deserves particular notice. In the first place, we must state that their wagon was a heavy one, drawn by ten oxen—all new and not half trained. These cattle would have made quite respectable beef, so fat they were, and all being young and wild, it is not to be supposed they were managed, by two green drivers, just exactly like what old hands would have considered "hair-breadth driving." With strong chains and heavy yokes, they were fastened to the wagon somewhat after the proper fashion, and when they were standing still, or moving on in a straight line, they certainly made a beautiful appearance. Simons and Mitchell, each provided with a long rod of "Old Hickory," with an excellent lash at one end, were, one on each side the long team, prepared to do execution in the best possible manner. Where the road was level they had but little trouble, but, in descending the little hills, the wagon seemed wonderfully inclined for a jolly spree, and usually reached the bottom in advance of some of the poor tangled-up cattle. In these sad catastrophes the cattle often got their feet over the chain, which occasioned some wild jumping and kicking, and never ended until some of the skin was removed from the poor animals' legs. But what made these incidents worse, was, Mitchell proved to be a passionate man, and resorted to the whip in order to teach the frightened ox that he was master, and by this means he soon had the cattle so wild, that no one could get near them. Running down one of the hills, just as a farmer-looking customer was passing, they were asked, why they did not lock the wagon? To which Mitchell replied:

"We always try to stop 'em at the top, for to lock, but the more we yell at 'em and whip 'em, the more they run down the hill!" However, before the day was past, they succeeded in learning how to lock the wagon; but, unfortunately, in locking, Simons had his hand severely bruised by the wagon-wheel. Continually storming and whipping, Mitchell soon became wearied and fatigued, and his passions arose to a dangerous pitch, which found relief only by whipping the cattle harder than ever. For some time Simons remained a silent observer of this treatment, which promised nothing but destruction to the cattle; at length he broke forth in behalf of the suffering oxen:

"I say, Mitchell, if you continue to whip so much, you will kill the cattle."

"No I won't," said he, accenting his words by violent blows upon their backs. "They only want to master me: but I'll show 'em who 's master," still emphasizing his words upon their backs, which were already covered with large welts.

"But," said Simons, "do you not see that you are making them worse every minute?"

"I guess I'll be my own judge," said Mitchell, still continuing his whipping. "Let 'em learn to mind what I tell 'em, then."

"But," said Simons, "the cattle are fresh, and they don't know what you want them to do—they will be apt to quiet down after a few days, by proper treatment."

"I'll quiet 'em," said Mitchell—"I 'll quiet 'em—the contrary ——" finishing with an oath.

"But, if you whip so much they can never reach California. See, they are foaming and sweating now. You are killing them. You are making them ruin their necks, and sprain their legs—they are nearly frightened out of their lives already."

"What business is that of yours?" asked Mitchell, still whipping. "You have only paid for having your things carried—the team is none of yours."

"I know that," said Simon, "but I am anxious to save and preserve the cattle, in order that they may last us through. I

don't want to dictate anything about the team—I only speak for the best."

"Well, if you don't like the way things are going, you can leave. I don't thank you for your advice about *our* team."

But Simons perceived the fruitlessness of his words and forthwith became silent. The evening arrived, cold and rainy. They drove into a small valley coursed by one of those narrow, little creeks, so common on the Plains, and prepared for the night's encampment. In a few minutes the other pair, Andrew and Warner, came galloping in; denouncing the cold weather by some of the most violent oaths ever invented on the Mississippi.

"Why in the world han't you got the tent up? I don't see what you 've been about," said Warner, spreading his feet well apart, and assuming a commanding air. "Ain't supper ready yet? I don't see why you've put off everything until dark," said Andrew, squeaking it out through his nose, in a fault-finding tone.

"Why don't you come and help us? Do you suppose I am your servant?" questioned Mitchell.

"No," said Andrew, "but you should have made Simons do it. He agreed to do *all* our work, and if an agreement is good for anything, he must stick to it too. There is no use of doing business except we do it in a business way—that's what I've got to say about the matter."

"Mr. Andrew," said Simons, "I think you are too fast. I did not agree to do *all* your work; but I said I would do all I could; and I am now doing it. We only stopped a few minutes ago, and it is impossible for me to put up the tent, and prepare the supper at the same instant; but, beside that, I have been looking after the cattle. No, I can tell you at once, I did not agree to do *all* the work, nor will I do it."

"Yes, that was the agreement. I'll leave it to Warner if 'twan't. That 's just why I insisted on an agreement—I 've always found it best to do things in a business way. I 'm a business man."

"Yes, that was the agreement," said Warner, pouting his lips into an important appearance.

"Well, gentlemen," said Simons, "I am not going to contend about the agreement; and I am only going to do as much work as I can, and if it is not all done, it may remain undone."

Silly and inconsistent as the above dispute may seem, it is only a fair sample of what existed in nearly every party; but, why most writers of a journey to California, have not given it a place among the pleasures and excitements of the emigrants, is one of the strangest neglects of composition.

Here we must leave Simons, in order to bring forward other parts of our story.

CHAPTER III

Mary, alias Harriet, was favored with a comfortable ride until she reached St. Louis. Here she was obliged to change boats in order to reach St. Joe, where she expected to overtake Simons. This gave her one satisfaction, that was, to get rid of the gaunt, greasy-headed clerk of the boat—a puny, green-looking sort of overgrown boy he was, with a baby grin, trying to act the part of a lover.

As she reached St. Louis, she saw a boat just leaving for St. Joe. Toward this boat she proceeded with all possible haste. Everybody was saying it was a fast boat; and she put forth all the exertion that she could to get on board. The porters ran with her luggage, and she worked her way through the vast crowd of men with astonishing rapidity. Unfortunately, the boat was freed and off before Harriet reached it. She was at some little trouble now. Where should she go? or what should she do? But her former tears were all gone, and a clear, calm face indicated the firmness and coolness of her determination. After spending an hour of tedious search, she found another boat bound for St. Joe, to start in a few hours. Harriet had never managed her own traveling business before, and naturally enough, she thought a "boat was a boat all the world over;" consequently, she hesitated not a moment, but hurried aboard the said boat.

It was a little filthy, that boat was; some of the people on board, too, would have been none the worse for a good wash. There were two women passengers beside Harriet; one of them was a very crooked woman, with a dress several hand-breadths shorter before than behind. Harriet thought this crooked woman was a servant, and she asked her where she worked, and for what wages—for Harriet was very anxious to have some conversation.

"Work!" exclaimed the crooked woman, "*me* work! Work for wages! I have niggers to work for me, madam. I 'm none o' your fanatics o' the North—I ain't. We don't do that 'ere game ourselves—we don't."

Harriet did not insist upon a further intimacy. The boat finally started, and commenced circling up the great Missouri. Here Harriet, for the first time, had the pleasure of seeing wild parrots; and also saw a country so beautiful that she fancied paradise would soon come in view. "I should like to settle here," she said, but, her eye fell upon the crooked woman, and she added, to herself, "Heaven forbid!"

On board this boat were two young men, or, rather, thrifty-looking eighteen-year-old boys. They were very well behaved, and seemed to have an undue attachment for each other. They were moderately well dressed, and looked as if they might be farmers. Harriet conversed with these young men a little, for they were on their way to California. She learned that one was Irish, and the other American; but, further than that, she gained but little knowledge of them while on the boat. The boat proved to be a very slow one, and Harriet began to be uneasy, lest Simons should be off before she reached St. Joe; in which case she would be under the painful necessity of returning to her father's house, or of following Simons until she could overtake him. Either of these was a serious and painful alternative. She often looked over the side of the boat, to observe her speed, and every time she looked, she felt like going below to "raise the steam." It was painful, indeed, to Harriet, to think about the slow boats; but we can not stop to comment too much upon such little incidents.

Late, one dark, rainy evening, she landed at St. Joe. With

her baggage on the back of a colored man, she started for the Jackson Hotel. The first few steps she made upon land promised a poor show for reaching the hotel. "O, the mud! the mud!" Harriet exclaimed, lifting her feet a little too quick for her shoes, thereby being obliged to halt, and thrust her hand down the place where her foot had been, to extract the missing article. But it was dark, and nobody observed it. Harriet did not mind it much, but she dreaded getting wet feet; the old Doctor had always said, "if people permitted their feet to get wet, it would surely bring on some dangerous illness;" and she was sure the Doctor was right. But she was determined to go to the Jackson Hotel, even if she had to swim the streets and sidewalks. And, sure enough, by considerable perseverance, she reached the noisy Jackson Hotel. It was filled with loud-talking young men in the bar-room, and with a motley concert in the sitting-room, where a young lady was just in the act of singing the "Bride's Farewell." Harriet heard the words, "Farewell, father; farewell, mother;" and she thought they never before sounded so sacred as now; they caused a dimness to come before her eyes. As soon as she was fairly in the hotel, she was met by a thrifty-looking, middle-aged man, who apologized very much for the noise in his house, and also promised to make her as comfortable as he could. That man's kindness almost caused Harriet to forget the mud and water around his house; and, though years have since rolled by, the name of that man stands near the head of Harriet's list of most valued friends.

"Your name, Miss, if you please?" and he handed her a large book; in which she wrote her name. Then she looked to see if Simons' name was registered there. It was not to be found. The landlord asked her if there was any particular person she wished to find. Harriet wrote the name. He took it, provided a lantern, and asked Harriet to accompany him to the different hotels. to examine the registers. Harriet dreaded the mud. The landlord brought her a pair of boys' long-legged boots. She put them on, and accompanied him through the rain, dark, water, mud, and cold.

After about an hour of tedious tramping from hotel to hotel, they chanced upon a register in which they found Simons' name. He was gone—four days gone. The only information she could gather, was, he had joined one Mitchell's party, who were traveling with cattle teams.

"Why," said the landlord to Harriet, "if you join a train of *horses*, you can overtake him in a few days."

Harriet knew that horses could travel faster than oxen, and she believed the landlord's story that she could soon overtake Simons. Back to the hotel they went, and Harriet now sat down to a hot supper. The concert was just ending, and the lady was singing "Sweet Home." Harriet little dreamed to whom she would in some future time sing that same tune! The future was vailed and hidden.

After supper, she withdrew into a room, suitable to dry her feet, and to examine the various depths she had been in the mud. She was astonished to see how high some of the mud marks had left their print! and, as confused and troubled as she was, she could not refrain from smiling.

On the following morning, the landlord accompanied her to a company, who were soon going to start, and here she perceived the two young men whom she had noticed on the boat. They all interceded in her favor, and Harriet bought an interest in the said company. She was to assist in cooking, but to be entitled to ride as much as she wished. The company were to start in the afternoon. Harriet made all possible haste to purchase what little articles she could think might be of use on her way; she then said to herself, "I ought to write a letter to my parents," and she procured paper and wrote; but when she had finished she said, "If I fail to overtake Simons, and am obliged to return, people may laugh at my foolish attempt," and then she burnt the letter! In the afternoon Harriet's company moved away toward the far West.

Unfortunately, the second day after their departure the company quarreled so much that on the following day they split in twain. Neither did it stop here, but in another day they were divided again. At this stage of the division Harriet belonged to

a company of five wagons—sixteen men and one woman. As this little company proved to be one of curious incidents and mishaps, we will give it a passing description.

The company was composed principally of young men from many different States; some were American, some foreign, and all pretty respectable in appearance. During their duties they kept up a continual quarreling, and generally accompanied it with an abundance of profane swearing. Let not the reader think that these are idle and wicked; for, judging from facts, they are as indispensable to the emigrant's welfare as is his daily food, and never known to be so scarce as the latter has frequently been found to be.

The captain of this little company was from Michigan—a fine old fellow he was; and, in respect to his good qualities, the company was named the "Michigan Company." The foreman or pilot, whose duty it was to ride a little ahead every day and select camping-places, was a large, good-looking young fellow, usually called "Tom."

Mr. Ellis, a clergyman, and his lady, were considerably past the meridian of life, and looked as if they might have once held a rank among the fashionable world, and been broken down by extravagant living; but as they were Harriet's particular associates, we will not criticise upon their seemingly reserved, proud airs, as much as we feel inclined. Beside these, there were two young men, whom we shall hereafter meet on so many occasions, that we shall notice their principal appearances.

Jimie, one of them, was the son of a happy farmer, in the State of Indiana, a sprightly youth of eighteen, and in general exterior, a young man of promising abilities. He was loved, respected and well-wished by all who knew him. A fair complexion, and well balanced temperament, were his physiology. Charley, the other, was of the same age, but larger and stouter, and more coarsely featured. He was an Irishman, from the middle classes of the county of Tipperary—indeed, a fair sample of the Irish, was Charley. Holding a position midway between the refined upper classes, and the brickbat-throwing lower classes, he was not to be trampled upon by violence, neither was

be destitute of politeness and good manners. He was of dark complexion, coarse features, and of combined motive and mental temperament. He strained hard to abandon the Irish brogue, but having been only a few months in America, he sometimes neglected himself. For a few weeks previous to his departure for California, he had been in the employ of Jimie's father, and, consequently, became acquainted with Jimie.

Between these two young men a brotherly attachment existed, and wherever they went, or whatever they did, they were inseperable companions; in fact, the love they had for each other, made everybody love them. However, in dispositions, they were entirely different; so, also, they were different in religion. Charley was a faithful Catholic; but his much beloved friend was a real skeptic, if not an infidel to Christianity itself. Jimie was rather sedate, but talkative; Charley said but little—but what he said was extremely odd and witty. In general education, Jimie was far superior to Charley; but why they formed such an attachment to each other, was a mystery to themselves as well as to everybody who chanced to know them. The balance of the company was made up of Johns, Bills, Freds, Dicks, etc., none of whom deserve description for peculiarities.

Such were the company in which Harriet enlisted, and traveled toward California; but, lest people form too low an estimate of the party, we must state that the abbreviation of names has nothing to do with rank and class when crossing the Plains. It is a universally adopted system, to call each other by the shortest possible name, and very few are ever known by anything except an abbreviation of the Christian name. All that wonderful collection of great names, which nearly distracted all the old women in each one's neighborhood in his infancy—all, all are lost and unknown on the Plains, and sacrificed to some contemptible dub. Harriet made faithful inquiry of the different passers-by, but succeeded in gaining no information of her lover.

When first entering the magnificent open Plains, the mind of the emigrant expands so wonderfully that he fancies he shall be deprived of the glorious scene too soon; but the continuation of little hills and hollows soon becomes very monotonous and tire-

some, and he sighs for a change. The wide, level valley of the Platte is girded by bluffs of meadow-looking upland, but extending so far away that the mind grows weary contemplating their awful distance. A few willows are scattered along the banks of the wide river, but the valley is unadorned by a single shrub, and continues in a level plain many miles to the side, where it rises a little, but still devoid of timber, and then stretches onward, smooth and even, until it fades away in the glimmering light. Farther up the river, these bluffs are broken by granite projections rising in the form of dilapidated cities, and, like their ruins, unfolding a series of wonderful novelties that confuse reason and leave wild imagination to soar among the awful changes of material existence.

Scattered over these immense fields are to be seen small droves or flocks of antelopes, skipping so swift and close to the ground, that their graceful movements seem to be controlled by some supernatural power to escape the sharp-shooting rifles following so rapidly after. But when buffalo come lumbering down from the distant bluffs, packed in immense droves, fleeing before the merry laugh and joyous hurrah! of the mounted hunters, they add to the magnificent Plains one of the most pleasing and animating scenes that the imagination can picture.

"Ah!" said Harriet, "my father would take me to Europe to improve my mind! But these glorious, romantic scenes are unknown to the great world. Here, where my eyes are o'erflowed with tears of emotion—where I can weep and rejoice with everything living—where my heart bleeds for my old companions, and for one whose absence is wearing out my existence; here, I can cast my eyes o'er the boundless meadows, and see the smiles of heaven descending in matchless purity and sweetness. O, hail! enchanting scene of which I have so often dreamed, stamp thy thousand views and soul-enrapturing glories deep upon my heart, but, Oh! remove the cruel monster who declares that my soul is mortal."

Among the objects which attracted Harriet's attention, were the Indians, who were to be seen in small gangs, roving about nearly destitute of clothing—begging for bread. Their styles of

dress were very curious. Their hair, so long, straight and black, was braided and tied into horns and tails, which pointed toward both heaven and earth in the most ridiculous wildness. Their few plain or ornamental skins were suspended in very ungraceful indifference about their large, well-shaped persons; but their misty-black, inexpressive eyes lighted their ugly copper-tinged features more with pain and sorrow, than with savage expressions. Their noses and ears were stretched somewhat out of shape by a superabundance of jewelry, but paint was bestowed, both red and white, in great abundance all over their faces. Curious people these. Real Know Nothings are the Indians. But Harriet took a more sedate view of these unfortunate people, and in her Journal, remarked, "I cannot perceive why people will treat them cruelly. When I saw those nearly naked mothers kissing their little babes, who were almost frozen with cold, I could have cried with pity, and to their trembling little infants, either asleep or crying, I would have given a world away if I could have made them comfortable. But their poor mothers seemed to be weeping for the distress of the little ones, who, poor things, were unconscious of the miserable life before them. Ah! here are the two representatives of the mortal condition of man. The one is ignorant of the arts and sciences, and exposed to all the evil effects of the common elements; but throwing his whole dependence upon what he supposes to be the Author of his existence, and forming his whole moral conduct according to the precepts of his ancient fathers. Ah! they are heathens! The other has become so confident of his wisdom, by having some knowledge of the arts and sciences, that he leads a life of exposure and abuse, placing all his dependence in gold, and forming his moral conduct according to circumstances. Behold! these are Christians! who stand in public places and thank God that they are not as the Indians, and pray for power to exterminate the poor race! Oh! relieve me, for I am sad and weary with conjecture."

With all Harriet's anxiety to find Simons, she guarded against communicating her wishes to any of the company, lest it might subject her to some unseen trouble; but she never neglected to

inquire of strangers, nor did she neglect to hurry her own company to travel as fast as possible.

CHAPTER IV.

After traveling several hundred miles, the line of emigrants becomes somewhat more broken and scattered; yet, along the level valleys of the Platte, the number that can be seen at one view is immense. In appearance, though, they make a sad contrast to their former beauty. Their wagon covers are generally torn and ragged—their cattle, growing poor and weak, are no longer beautiful, but go limping before their burdens wretchedly indeed—and even the emigrants themselves, are becoming ragged and filthy; the wet weather has ruined their boots, and they are limping; the cold winds have cracked their faces and hands, and they are continually bleeding. Some of the companies too, are thinned and reduced in number by a few, whose mortal remains are resting back on the way—in tombs where tears shall fall no more! Alas! there too, are resurrectionists, wolves, that feast upon the bodies of the dead!

The quarreling which was so common at first, is now generally entered into as the most important part of family duty—young and old, men and women, brothers, and even fathers and sons come forward to engage in the most outrageous quarreling at every favorable opportunity. The fatigue, cold, wet, absence of wood for cooking, standing guard in rainy, stormy nights, seem not to be so favorable for social development as other easy and comfortable modes of living.

Not many days after Simons' party left St. Joe, Mitchell formed an ungovernable hatred to two of the cattle—the leaders. Upon these leaders he bestowed many a whip—both lash and stock. If it rained he whipped the leaders—if it hailed he whipped them—if the sun shone he still whipped them—if the wind blew he still whipped—whipped the leaders—and whip the

leaders he would; a good whipper was Mitchell. But the result of this treatment had spoiled the cattle, and well nigh finished their miserable existence. This occasioned a continual quarrel between him and Simons, and cherished a contention in the whole party. Warner and Andrew refused to do any driving at all—in fact, refused to do any of the labor whatever, but busied themselves riding their ponies, in search of game and amusement. These two belonged to that class of emigrants who usually consider that the journey across the Plains, is one of pleasure; but Simons and Mitchell, upon whom devolved all the labor, through the ugliness of their companions, belonged to the number who have experienced its real hardships.

As their cattle were fast decreasing in strength, it became a matter of serious consideration what should be done to insure their safety to California. After much deliberation, they concluded to put their provisions in sacks and discharge their heavy boxes. In doing this, a contention arose between Simons and Andrew—the little, whining business man—about Simons' luggage.

"No, we didn't. We never agreed to carry your baggage. That's the very reason I wanted a fair understanding in the first place—I always like to do business in a business way—myself."

"Why, most assuredly you did," said Simons, "did I not tell you I had about fifty or sixty pounds? and you told me to bring it down next day and pack up?"

"No, I'm blamed if I did. I'll leave it to Warner if I did!" said Andrew.

"No, you didn't do no such a thing," said Warner, always setting his feet well apart before speaking. "It is just as we see fit about carrying your baggage; and if we don't choose to do so, our agreement don't bind us to do so nother—so it don't."

"I say, you did agree to carry it, and I paid you sixty-five dollars for doing it."

"No we didn't; and your things must go out too—we didn't buy the team to be killed by hauling your things about," said Andrew.

For all that Simons and Mitchell generally quarreled all day, yet, their abuse from Andrew and Warner made them have some

sympathy for each other; and, in this instance, Mitchell, fearing that Simons was not having justice done, spoke in his behalf.

"Yes, gentlemen, that is the way I understood the agreement—we agreed to carry his luggage, and we ought to do it."

"No, we didn't," said Andrew. "Do you 'spose I am a business man, and ever make such an agreement as that! No, sir, his luggage must go out."

"Well," said Mitchell, "agreement or not, look at the injustice of the case. Here we are carrying four hundred pounds each, and we won't allow him to carry sixty! No, sir, I'll never give my consent to such an outrage as that, I assure you."

"Yes, you must," said Andrew, continually squeaking through his nose, "an agreement is an agreement, all the world over, and I say his things must go out, and if he don't like it, he may join some other party—I don't care."

"That is a very fine story," said Simons, "after you get all my money, to tell me if I am not willing to have my clothes thrown away that I may join another party!"

"But one suit will last you through to California, and you don't need any more."

After considerable difficulty, Andrew succeeded in convincing Mitchell and Warner, that Simons' bundle ought to be discharged: and, as Simons was in some danger of being thrown out of the party altogether—in which case there would be a surety of still greater hardship—he was obliged to see his small pack very deliberately cast to the winds.

This breach of common justice took place on Saturday evening, and early the next morning they reached the crossing of the South Platte.

Whatever everybody's notion is of keeping the Sabbath holy, it matters not to the emigrant—he is obliged to travel according to the grass and wood, if he acts the part of a prudent man, and wishes to save himself and his team from starving. The Sunday's labor before Simons' party now was to cross the river. Diagonally, the river was about one mile wide, and it was to be forded by following the sandbars, where its depth was about

three or four feet. As usual, however, Andrew and Warren were galloping over the plains after buffalo; but Simons and Mitchell were left to the afore-named task, of conducting the wagon across the river. The day was hazy and exceedingly cold, with occasional spitting of fine hail, which, carried on the fierce wind, rendered the bath they were about to take anything but pleasant. Mitchell resolved to ride in the wagon, for the purpose of avoiding the cold water, but Simons was stationed near the head of the team, where, as a matter of course, he was under the necessity of wading.

The bottom of this river is covered with a thick bed of quicksand, and great danger follows standing in one place, for the sand is not sufficient to support one but a very few minutes, when he finds himself fast sinking beneath the water. Owing to this it is necessary to drive as fast as possible, and not allow the team to stop, or a possibility of never starting again becomes very likely; and, as emigrants are well aware of this, they always prepare a good assortment of whips before starting. After that fashion were Simons and Mitchell prepared, and to the river they went; but the first plunge down the steep bank sent the wagon in advance of some of the cattle, which were found standing in all sorts of confusion and fear, with the chain under their feet, evidently contemplating what was to come next. However, some of their number seemed to think it was a "bilious case," and turned side about and made back for the bank. In this confused and tangled-up condition, Mitchell, bellowing at the top of his voice, eased himself by severely thrashing all the cattle within his reach, and as the wheel-cattle were not used to his driving, they were frightened almost out of their senses, and kept drawing the wagon among the retreating leaders. Simons, continually calling to Mitchell to stop whipping until he could get the team to rights, was running after the leaders, but the poor leaders, fearing that he was after giving them a flogging, continued to run wherever the chain would allow them. At this stage of affairs, the chain was under the bellies of some, across the backs of others, and between the legs of not a few; but in a little while the scene became so complicated, that the whole con-

cern was brought to a stand-still. Amid great quarreling and ill-temper, Simons now proceeded to unloose the chain, and arrange the cattle into a pulling condition; but, to do this in such deep water, and manage the frightened, restless team, was no trifling task. However, after considerable perseverance, he succeeded in doing it, and once more they started; but only started until they stopped, and tangled up again. One thing that rendered their labor very serious was, that off the sandbars, the water was five or six feet deep, which resulted in giving the team and Simons many a cold dipping.

In this sad condition, sometimes starting and then stopping, they continued until the greater part of the day was gone, and were only about half way across. Rain and hail were still falling, the cold wind blowing, and the water very cold—all of which made Simons' condition one of the most wretched imaginable. But a new scene soon followed. Three men were approaching—two walking and one riding: they were Andrew, Warner, and a young fellow called Nixon. Warner was wounded with a rifle ball. This occurred by chasing a buffalo which he had wounded, but when he came close upon it, it turned and made at him. At this instant Andrew was about firing, but a moment too soon his gun was discharged, and the ball passed through a portion of Warner's knee and lodged in his pony's heart.

Nixon was a youth of about twenty years, but in appearance much younger, and, as he forms the character of an important part of crossing the Plains, we must notice a few of his exterior attractions. He was extremely delicate, and consequently took no part in the labor of driving, cooking, and such-like emigrant duties, but busied himself by riding along and doing nothing, or by hunting, just exactly as he felt inclined. He was extremely fair, and had his flaxen hair been long, he might have passed very well for one of the fair sex; and so mild, gentle, and good was his disposition, that everybody liked him; and by traveling in that way, he was well known for a long way ahead and in the rear.

As Andrew accompanied Warner across the river, little Nixon halted to assist Simons with the team; but as soon as Andrew

and Warner were safely landed on the opposite side of the river, Andrew set up a furious cursing at Mitchell for riding in the wagon; but Mitchell complained of being ill, and wanted the pony brought in to carry him across. Between these two important men the most violent oaths continued to fly back and forth across the water for a long time, but as they were so far away from each other, Andrew's whining voice could not throw the words distinctly. Off little Nixon ran and brought in the pony, whereupon Mitchell mounted and proceeded across, leaving Simons and Nixon to manage the team as best they could. As soon as Mitchell landed on the bank, he told Andrew that if Simons had whipped the leaders, as he directed in the first place, they would have crossed well enough. This occasioned a new series of curses to fall upon Simons, who was nearly stiff with cold; but whether he thought of giving the pair of them a good thrashing when he got across, we are not prepared to say.

Nixon was well acquainted with cattle, and proved to be of great importance in this instance; but, being so very delicate, his thin frame was soon chilled through; his face was turning pale, his lips were purple, and a death-like weakness accompanied his trembling voice. It was then nearly night, and they were yet two hundred yards from the desired bank; but Simons no sooner noticed the fearful change on the good boy, than he exclaimed—

"Why, my dear sir, you must get out of the water—you are freezing! Lose not a moment—you are endangering your life!"

"I don't feel the cold now so much as I did; then, I can't think of going and leaving *you* here," said Nixon; but in his voice there seemed a sad omen—it was that touching sympathy wherein righteousness and good-will are above all mortal things. Fortunately, the cattle took a sudden start and drew the wagon safely over. Nixon could scarcely walk, but knowing that his team was on ahead, he was anxious to overtake them, and merely bade them a good night and hurried away. Simons had frequently seen Nixon, but never before had any conversation with him; still there seemed something very curious or strange about him that made him long to make further inquiry. It was

a curious presentiment, that an odd history would some day revive his memory of things nearly forgotten.

On account of Simons having no change of clothing, his condition now was wretched in the extreme. It was night, and they were obliged to camp upon the bank of the river, where neither wood nor grass were to be found. It was his night to stand guard, but whether he would have preferred a comfortable bed, we leave every one to judge for themselves; certain it was, that the darkness of the night did not pass off without witnessing some serious quarreling in that little party.

CHAPTER V.

Ash Hollow is one of the most delightful changes of scenery on the entire route to California or Oregon. It is nothing very remarkable either, but, wearied with the monotony of the smooth, rolling Plains, one drops so suddenly into this wild and romantic freak of nature, that it seems in a measure to pay him for all the tedious journey behind. It is formed by a collection of sand and rocks thrown together in great disorder, and covered with cedar and ash trees clinging to the high and fearful projections, so that it seems to be one of the most retired places that a person could wish for. The hollow itself is nearly inclosed with these little hills, and the North Platte running directly through it, makes it a very happy resting-place for the wearied emigrant. And from the fact that the three greatest privations of the journey—wood, grass, and good water—are here in abundance, it is usually crowded with emigrants.

The next day after Simons' party crossed the South Platte, this encampment was-thrown into great excitement and anxiety. This was occasioned by a man and his wife hurrying round among the wagons and tents in every direction, and making the most careful inquiry after the missing youth, Nixon. These were Mr. Hamlin and wife who were in search. Mr. Hamlin

was a farmer from Indiana, and, as he afterward proved, a near neighbor to Jimie's father. He was about thirty years of age, a good-looking, dark-complected, bushy-whiskered, wholesome fellow; the pride and confident of Julia, his wife, a lady somewhat younger, with a pair of black, fascinating eyes ornamenting one of the best-humored faces that a round, plump lady ever possessed. Many a song did Mrs. Hamlin sing on the Plains, and not a few were charmed with her voice—it was such a voice as made the romance of the Plains seem as a dream; and Julia could laugh such a laugh as would make the lonesome, dark nights merry and joyful—a happy woman was she! But now, alas! poor Julia was sad. It was her brother who was gone, and no sister could have loved a brother better: she thought she had no other connections living. The result of all her faithful inquiries was of no avail—no word could be learned of his having been seen, and Julia now feared his days were numbered. As soon as this news was started, many of the emigrants also took part in making inquiry, but it, likewise, brought forth no news of the missing boy. Many seemed to think he might have been drowned in crossing the river; but, on the evening following, Simons' party arrived in the encampment, and stated that Nixon had left them just at dusk on Sunday evening. The alarm now became serious; and if he was not murdered by the Indians, it was likely that he might still be living, but lost by following some Indian trail.

On the following day a great number of men, well mounted, struck over the hills in the direction that they supposed he must be, if lost. After a few miles' ride, they found three or four pieces of somebody's shirt, marked with blood! Finding this at a considerable distance from the road, they at once concluded that Nixon had fallen a victim to the savages. No sadder news could have reached Julia than the conviction of Nixon's death, and no other could have created such a sensation among the people. Sorrowfully indeed did Mrs. Hamlin leave Ash-hollow and proceed on her journey to the West. No further doubt now existed, and everybody believed that Nixon had been murdered by the Indians. This news went upon the winds, and, both far

ahead and far in the rear, the outrageous conduct of the Indians was the only topic that engaged public attention. Violent oaths were sworn, knives were sharpened, guns and pistols cleaned and well loaded, and everybody prepared for a desperate encounter with the first Indians who dared to show their faces.

CHAPTER VI.

The sad loss of Nixon, was the occasion of dispelling much of the quarreling and ill-feeling that existed in many of the companies; but, serious as it was, it could not banish the profane swearing from the Michigan Company—in fact, it rather increased than diminished it. Of course, such a state of affairs was anything but pleasing to Harriet, but, she had resolved to cross the Plains, and, woman-like, do it she would. However, with all their rough language among themselves, they were kind to her and Mrs. Ellis, and as polite and good-humored as anybody could be under such circumstances, and she could not ask more. For the Indians she had great sympathy and feeling; and the terrible oaths now sworn against these unfortunate people, filled her with fear and trembling on their behalf. Again and again did she appeal to the Captain and to Mr. Ellis to stay the wrath of the company, but all—all to no purpose.

By fast traveling, they were now within a few days of Simons' party; but what made their condition critical was, that they would be passing Ash-hollow, just when the excitement was greatest. But their alarm, however, was no greater than that of other companies, for every one was expecting an attack at any moment. It was on a windy day, just after they had passed Ash-hollow, that they discovered about twenty Indians, all mounted, heading directly to their camp, where they had halted for dinner and for baiting their cattle. The Indians were to the southward, and descending the bluffs at a distance of several miles; but occasionally disappearing, as they fell behind some of

the little hills, though never but a few moments at a time. The wind was from the northward and blowing violently, flapping the ragged wagon covers, and frequently whirling hats and bonnets in the air, or tumbling them rapidly over the prairie, which resulted in some smart racing. The wagons were standing in a somewhat semicircular figure, to break the cold wind; and within this circle the company were seated on the ground taking their dinners; their cattle were grazing a little on one side, and Charley and Jimie were guarding them from straying. Those who were at dinner were laughing and talking as usual, over their hard biscuit and fat pork, but little thinking of the desperate scene which would so soon follow.

From this gustable enjoyment they were aroused by Charley shouting at the top of his voice:

"Indians! Indians! murthering Indians!" but the word was no sooner given, than they sprang to their feet, nearly wild with fear, looking in every direction for Indians.

"Where? where, Charley?" asked a great number of voices; but Charley now reached their presence, all-impatient at the stupidity of their eyes, exclaiming:

"Faith, do ye not see them, and I am pointing all the time to them? I belaves, by my sowl, if they would murther ye, ye would never see divil the hate 'o them. There they are! behind the little mountain, jest—do ye not see them?"

"No, no, Charley, I see nothing," replied about a dozen voices.

"Faith, I belaves they will murther us before ye know where ye are, and there are enough o' them to eat us up. I was ating the last bit o' dinner, when I diskivered the craythurs flying like sarpents along by that white cloud in the mountains—there! do ye not see them? O! by my sowl we shall all be murthered!"

"O! I see, I see," replied many voices, as Charley's mention of the cloud directed their attention further than they had been previously looking.

Not a moment was lost until every rifle was well examined and re-primed, ready for positive execution. Mrs. Ellis and Harriet stood aghast and speechless, trembling at the contem-

plated scene of destruction. Charley and Jimie were requested to guard the cattle from being frightened away, but the balance of the company were prepared to do the duties of warfare. At first, some differences of opinion existed as to whether the Indians might be hostile or peaceable, but by the time they had all things in readiness, they were near enough to be distinguished as warriors of the Sioux tribe, which left no further doubt but that their condition was critical in the extreme. Feathers, ribbons and skins were braided to their ponies' tails and manes, and when galloping against the wind, presented a bold, wild, warlike appearance really frightful. As soon as they left the bluffs, they continued across the level valley directly toward the company's camp, with as much zeal and courage as if a few minutes more would crown their glory with scalps sufficient for eternal renown; but the company were ready to "welcome them with bloody hands and hospitable graves" as soon as they were within reach of rifle shot.

With their rifles and ammunition in hand, the company stepped a little to one side, in order to draw the arrows fired from the Indians away from the wagons, where Mrs. Ellis and Harriet were standing as trembling spectators. But the scene was soon brought to a close. The Captain designated a certain spot where he would call upon the Indians to halt; to do which, if they refused, he would give the signal to fire upon them. In a few minutes they reached the place pointed out by the Captain, who called out to them, "Stop! stop! stop!" but the Indians seemed to be looking in the direction of the wagons, and paid no attention to the Captain's command, but galloped steadily onward. Enraged at such boldness, the Captain threw up his hands and again called out, "Stop! stop!" and at once the Indians turned their eyes in that direction, as though they had not seen them before, and were just in the act of halting—but a moment too late. The Captain cried, "Fire! my boys," and quicker than thought a volley of rifle balls were flying at their breasts! With a dreadful howling and fierce, wild yell, two of the Indians fell! The others halted but a moment to gaze upon their fallen companions, and then galloped away. Evidently,

many of the Indians were wounded, but not seriously enough to fall from their ponies. The company now proceeded to the two fallen Indians, but they were not altogether destitute of triumphant joy, to think that they had expired instantly, and that the work of slaughter had been no greater. A few of their number, however, seemed to rejoice in their skill at warfare, and wished for another engagement. Mrs. Ellis and Harriet could not be prevailed upon to go and look at the Indians, but remained at the wagons.

Over these two bodies some strange conversation was going on previous to their interment, to which Charley listened for some time, but, on hearing one of the party remark, that the Indians ought to be exterminated, he put on a sedate face, and commenced:

"Faith, and do ye think them is not people, and got sowls the same as yerself?"

"Souls or not, Charley, they ought to be destroyed, and then we shall have no further trouble with them. There always will be danger and destruction where they live—only think of them murdering that young man a few days ago!"

"But ye's have killed two for one!"

"Yes, Charley, but what are they—beasts—better out of their miserable existence than to remain here half starving."

"Perhaps they think the same of ye's?"

"No, Charley, they can't think—they are a poor d——d lot of heathens—and the quicker they are out of existence the better. Talk about sending missionaries among them! Nonsense! Nothing can be made of them—it is no use of spending money and time with them. It's the hight of nonsense."

"Faith, and it's little more credit the poor Irish get."

"No, Charley, the Irish are taught the Scriptures, and believe them, but these wretches can't be made to believe anything different from their old heathenish notions. Missionaries have tried in vain."

"But the poor craythurs are starving for food, more than for the Scriptures!"

"Yes," said Jimie, coming to Charley's rescue, "yes, if they would send out men of good common sense, to teach them how to till the ground and live comfortably, it would be much more consistent than to try to stuff the Bible down their throats, before they can comprehend it. They may be taught until doomsday to sing and pray, but if they are half-starved, it is impossible for them to grow up destitute of evil propensities."

"No, they ought to be exterminated," replied several others, "and I should think you, Jimie, ought to know it, but Charley there, is full of his 'old foreign notions' about American affairs, and don't know any better; he thinks nothing is right except it is done under the eyes of a priest."

"What," said Jimie, "is the use of throwing such an insult at Charley? Must he not speak his opinion about such a thing as this without being insulted?"

"Bah! to h—ll with your foreign sympathy. We don't thank any foreigner to dictate about our affairs, and I think d—d little of any man who will take sides with them, too!"

"Come, come, come," said the Captain, "drop it—drop it. Let us get the spades and bury these bodies, and be off, for another gang of Indians may come upon us for a more desperate fight."

"No, Charley," replied one, "you would never do for a 'backwoodsman.'"

"And divil the place else I iver was, excepting once to the town o' Cork for a fortnight, and that was the same time I was telling ye I recaved that knot above my ear, and it was no favorable opinion I formed o' the same aither."

There was a decided majority in favor of visiting as much destruction as possible upon the Indians; some also looked upon the present little brush with considerable pride, when they thought about their decided victory that resulted from their good courage and marksmanship. But a few minutes passed ere the bodies were unceremoniously buried, and the Michigan Company once more on their way. A sharp look-out was now maintained, in order to be ready for another attack in case the Indians chose to seek vengeance; but nothing was so conspicuous in the char-

acter of the company as their loud talking and vain boasting about the "battle with the Indians." Different emigrants heard about it, and everybody looked upon them as a favored body of men, by the direct interference of Divine power, that they should have "conquered the Indians without a single man of them being wounded." But the battle gave them two ponies, too, which more than paid the expenses of the war, as well as gave them a token of valor.

Two days after the above (battle) the Michigan Company overtook Hamlin and his wife, who were now traveling rather slowly. At noon they halted in a small valley, which was coursed by a very beautiful little creek, but formed by a continuation of small, bald hills. In Mrs. Hamlin's condition, having lost her brother, nothing could have been more satisfactory than to meet with Mrs. Ellis and Harriet—the only ladies she had seen for many weeks; and she occupied her time in conversing with them, asking a hundred-and-one questions in a minute, and answering as many for each one of her fair companions at the same time. They had never seen each other before, but the fact of their all being ladies, and so far away, was quite sufficient to produce a familiarity and general sympathy.

While they were thus engaged, the men were talking over the Indian battle, and lying and rolling about on the ground, according as their own feelings dictated. They had finished dinner and were about preparing to start on, when the ever-faithful eyes of Charley again discovered Indians approaching.

"O, captain," said he, "look here!—a whole army o' Indians! and they 're afther bringing all the childher in creation!"

Charley had scarcely spoken, when there was a general rush for firearms; but here was a grand mistake—almost every weapon was neglected and out of order, and only one or two of the guns loaded. The women, in this instance, seemed almost as courageous as the men, and, huddled close together, were waiting the result. The Indians were about a dozen in number, and when first seen were in the act of descending one of the little hills, but were too soon behind another to give them an opportunity of conjecturing their design. Before they could appear over

the next hill the company were busily ramming powder and lead down their rifles, so that, when they did appear, they should be ready for whatever might chance to follow.

The suspense was only for a few minutes, for the Indians were soon in full view; but behold! instead of warriors, they were composed of all ages, sizes, and sexes, strolling along half-single half-double file, as merry as crickets, laughing and talking jollily.

"What's that they're carrying?" questioned a few of the company, as something heavy seemed to be supported by the Indians who were in the rear. At this time the Indians were distant about two hundred paces, but so huddled together that it was difficult to see those who were carrying the bundle, as it seemed. They were known at once to be peaceable, and the company took no further precautions; but the fact of their laughing and talking so merrily, and carrying such a burden, seemed so contradictory to the general character of the Indian, that the company stood gazing upon them with curiosity and distrust. In a few minutes, however, it was all explained, and the scene became touching in the extreme. Legs and arms were soon seen dangling over the shoulders of the Indians who supported the burden, and "It's a man! it's a man!" began to be whispered among the company; but alas! a fiercer spirit was hurrying through their veins, and a sadder scene dazzling before their eyes! Presently they were holding out their hands and trying to say in English, "How do?—how do?" but at that instant a whitish or rather flaxen head of hair was to be seen, supported by one in the rear of the burden; and then, alas! how fiercely flew the solemn conviction of the inhuman deed of two days before, as the rude savages drew near! What a death-like stillness overcame the whole company as the terrible reality of the missing one appeared as a vision! It was a *man!* and one whose appearance poor Julia remembered well. The body was scarcely laid down ere the weeping woman attempted to fly to his presence; but ah! her joy had unnerved her—her limbs failed, and with a faint scream she sank to the ground. She had seen him! he was living! it was Nixon—her brother! No marks were upon his person, but a delirious stare was on his pale and wasted features,

and his almost lifeless brain seemed unconscious of the mournful scene around him—he could no longer recognize his own sister, but looked wildly upon her, while his suffering mind evinced the awful struggle to bring back to memory the realities before him.

The outrageous conduct of the company, in killing the Indians, now became so evident, that at first it was likely to produce some severe reaction among themselves; but it finally passed off, not, however, without removing all disposition thereafter to boast of the "battle with the Indians." On the first day, Nixon showed signs of recovery, but still remained so unconscious and delirious that Mr. Hamlin was obliged to drive exceedingly slow; and here, again, was the inhumanity of the Michigan Company manifested, for they could not travel so slowly, and immediately deserted them, leaving Mrs. and Mr. Hamlin alone to attend to their dying brother.

To persons who have never crossed the Plains, this may seem to be, and is, a breach of humanity unbecoming our race, who claim to be Christians; but it only proves how little we can trust to a man's *religious pretensions*, when self-preservation, or self-aggrandizement, is at stake. Of course, Mrs. Ellis and Harriet could not give their consent to so cruel a separation; but they were obliged to yield to the wishes of the greater number of the company—at the head of whom were the Captain and Rev. Mr. Ellis.

In this sad condition, Mr. Hamlin and his wife were left to minister to Nixon, who promised little hope of ever rising. Mrs. Hamlin tried all she knew, and thought of nothing else; but her anxious, troubled mind nearly despaired of ever again mingling in social union with her only brother. Every hour of the day she would lean over his helpless body, and whisper in his ear, "Nixon, Nixon! do you not know me? I am Julia, your sister! Do you not know me?" But his lips remained motionless, and a wild stare was the only answer he could give. Thus the unfortunate young man continued for several days; but one evening it was plain that a change was coming, as he began to show more than ordinary strength; and thought and life seemed about to revive. But, alas! it seemed too like that

dangerous awakening of the soul when life arouses the earthly part to take its last view of mortality—to feast for a moment upon the sweets of earth—then wing its way to eternity!

The sun had sunk behind the distant mountains, and all nature was overhung by that glorious twilight, so soothing to the reflecting mind: ay, the whole world even seemed to be filled with devotion for the magnificence and perfection of the visible creation; but the glory of the coming night carried the mind so far back to the past, to reflect o'er the lapse of ages, and the mutabilities and changes of time, that the dark clouds of melancholy hovered o'er its romantic flight, and impelled it back to earth, aggrieved that man was mortal.

The stillness of the lonely valley, and the wild, rough, black mountains that surrounded it, only made the lamentable condition of the sufferer more touching to the few anxious hearts clustered around his feeble frame.

A few others were camping in the little valley, some of whom came to look at Nixon; but, amid their conversation, Julia was startled at seeing him rise in his wagon-bed, and instantly rushed to his side, exclaiming, "O! Nixon, what is wrong?" but her words were scarcely spoken, when he seemed to turn wild; and, fixing his eyes upon hers, feebly asked, "Julia, where are we?" but, alas! he never spoke again! He seemed wild with fear, but still held fast upon Julia, until his strength gradually failed, and he again rested upon his bed. For a moment his eyes turned toward the starry heavens; then back to Julia's; but no longer was sorrow depicted in his features; neither care nor suffering; and all was still—even his breathing seemed to have ceased—and only his eyes connected him to things on earth. Julia was holding his thin, cold hands, regardless of the tears streaming down her face; she witnessed that last, sad quiver, and, alas! his spirit fled! Poor Julia thought she saw the last of her connections pass away! where no other mortal lies—far away on the cold, wild plains, where hungry wolves are howling—where tears shall fall no more! Ah! poor woman, the bright future was then unknown to thee! Hamlin and his wife now moved alone; but who could tell

their grief when taking their last view of the tomb! Ah! a drop—a shadow—and life is gone! Given in wisdom—sold in folly!

The sad news of Nixon's death spread far and wide; but, with all the kindness of the Indians in restoring him to his people, the news still was, that he had been wounded so badly by the Indians, that he died of his wounds; and the fury of very many of the emigrants was raging for an opportunity for "vengeance." Why our enlightened people are so anxious to glut their ire upon these poor creatures, without stopping to consider the common rights of equality and justice, seems to be a glaring neglect in their moral education, which has never been explained.

The second day after the Michigan Company left Hamlin and his wife, when Harriet was amusing herself by "hard walking," she noticed a great number of buffalo skulls lying along the roadside, upon which the emigrants in advance had written their names. These skulls are to be seen here and there for several hundred miles, but as nobody attends to the management of this rude register, a person might pass many thousands before seeing the name of an acquaintance. How eagerly Harriet commenced to decipher some of those names, can readily be imagined; but, as good fortune would have it, she had scarcely begun her search when she chanced upon one which read: "Nathan Simons—June—have a violent fever—am threatened with abandonment." Nothing could have been more affecting to this young heroine, and although there was no date upon it, the pencil-marks seemed so very fresh that she now believed a few days' fast traveling would bring her into his presence; consequently, the way in which she applied her earnest entreaties to the company to push forward, was some reason for some of her admirers in the company to be suspicious that there were other objects of interest on the route. Nevertheless, Harriet told them that the horses could go faster and farther in a day, and that they would be sure of finding it decidedly the best in the end to do so; and so effectual was her perseverance, that she actually gave renewed vigor and celerity to their movements.

This renewed activity continued for several hundred miles, and although Harriet had not received any favorable news of Simons, she maintained as much hope as on the day she left St. Joe. They were now traveling very fast, and passing some teams every day. Unfortunately, she always made her inquiries after "Mitchell's party;" but Warner's importance had taken possession of the name, and Simons was now called "Sime." Harriet, however, did not know all this at that time.

CHAPTER VII.

After Warner was wounded it became necessary for him to ride in the wagon; for although the wound was slight, yet it was in such a place as rendered it very difficult for him to move, as it must be remembered that his legs were exceedingly well favored with small muscles and long joints. Seated far back in the wagon, with his long, lame leg stretched far forward, he busied himself by chewing tobacco, spitting at everything within his reach, and by swearing at whatever his straggling mind chanced to be expounding, and by eternal curses upon his mates, especially Simons. But here was another difficulty:—before they left St. Joe, they bethought of sickness and distress, and very wisely laid in a keg of "old rye," to answer, in case of emergency, for a medicine and a soothing balm to their moral feelings, in case they were disposed to assume important privileges. On the day of Warner's wound this invaluable treasure was punctured and relieved of some of its fiery contents; but Andrew—our whining, frost-bitten companion—had known the use of such medicine in days of yore, and, considering that he was entitled by law to one-third of the contents of the aforesaid keg, he set himself to work at the bung, and drink he would. But the result of his continual sucking the bung of that keg was, a giddy head, querulous tongue, and staggering body; all of which convinced him that, in a "business way," he was as much

entitled to ride in the wagon as was Mr. Warner, and into the wagon he would go—a decidedly business man was Andrew! But this brought on some serious profanity between the pair in the wagon—gave Mitchell an opportunity to ride the only remaining pony—made Simons do all the driving, and finally promised a hasty ruin to the cattle. But, in crossing the Platte, Simons had taken a severe cold, which promised to throw him into a violent fever, and rendered it very difficult for him to perform the labor which was now forced upon him. In this sad condition they traveled by day and quarreled at night, and, although they traveled faster than most other companies, it was evident they were soon to meet with the loss of their team, unless they reversed their modus operandi; but Andrew was decidedly in favor of doing things in a "business way," and, if possible, to force the cattle to withstand the journey, and he could not give his consent to try any new system. The pony, the poor little pony, too, was likely to cause more sorrow and trouble—its earthly sojourn was nearly over; yet a little while, and it too must sleep on the bleak, wild Plains! And whenever this should occur, Mitchell would be entitled to a ride in the wagon, as well as his two companions. But the leaders, the awful leaders, upon which Mitchell had bestowed so much labor, (whipping,) pulled and pulled until they pulled their lives away, and were left, unmourned, food for wolves!

About six hundred and fifty miles is really the end of the Plains, but as the name is usually applied to the whole route, we shall not meddle with its literal phraseology. Here the hills commence, and continue to grow larger and larger for nearly two hundred miles, where lies the base of the great Rocky Mountains. This is not far from Fort Laramie, and affords a position for one of the most enchanting views on earth. Looking to the eastward, the great, wide level Plains seem to form a grandeur of unlimited beauty which is impossible to be surpassed: it is a sea of land, variegated by little waves, and by curving lines of cedar and willow trees, extending from the south, round to the east, and on to the north, forming a beautiful meadow, but so great in extent that the sky seemed to rest upon its edges. But

turning to the west, the view and its impressions are beyond description. At first are seen a few smoky-looking hills lying close together, but each one beyond is a little higher and higher, and looking steadily, the eye will soon alight upon monstrous black mountains, so great and so many, all looming their awful peaks so high in the hazy sky that one nearly shudders at the view; but continuing a moment, a few snowy tops, still further away but so high in the heavens, are to be seen reflecting a thousand colors o'er the giddy grandeur beneath, while the beholder, o'erwhelmed with the glorious magnificence before him, turns with wonder and astonishment to learn the impressions of his friend.

Although the labor of driving among the Black Hills was far more severe than it had been on the even plains of the Platte, yet Simons was without assistance; and although his fever grew gradually worse, still, labor and abuse were heaped upon him—to do either of which, if he refused, he was threatened with a discharge from the party. In the evening he was to be seen gathering "buffalo chips" for fire, or far off bringing water: at the wagon he was preparing supper—but late at night he was ordered off to guard the cattle, where nothing but dark, wild hills beset his every view, save the twinkling stars beyond the swiftly flying clouds, made terribly impressive by a dull, rumbling breeze, accompanying which the dismal howl of distant wolves spoke of terrors, and revealed their fiery eyes along the black mountains, making the darkness sparkle with their murderous flash at every occlusion of their furious jaws. At midnight came the change of watch, and he was to be seen hurrying to the camp, where, wrapped in blankets, he would lay his wearied body down to rest—his uncombed chestnut hair curled and dangling down the face—once so florid, now so pale and lean, and covered with heavy beard; one hand upon his aching forehead, the other upon his fevered, heaving breast, while hurried breathing bespoke serious danger awaiting his fast-sinking body; half conscious, half awake, he saw all that was dear to him on earth, but worn out by contemplating the dark scenes around, he rolled and tumbled till dawn of day. But in the morning

he came forth, weak and trembling, to ramble o'er the hills and drive the half-fed, dying cattle to their daily toil; but the poor, hungry beasts ran limping and hobbling away, until his trembling frame was nearly sinking with fatigue, and his mental exertion to conquer irritating passion could scarcely withstand the eternal abuse of his unfeeling mates.

But still greater difficulties followed him and his party. The little pony died, and many of their cattle soon began to fail; so that by the time they were among the Rocky Mountains, but little hope remained of getting the team through to California. Quarrel after quarrel ensued, and the most violent profanity that words could express was the particular weapon by which the combatants fought their battles; but the fury of their scenes was only preparing for the great change that soon followed.

After entering the mountains, Simons grew rapidly worse, and in a few days he was unable to walk.

"O! Mitchell, I can walk no further," and immediately he sank by the way, fainting with sickness.

"O! I didn't know you were so bad as that, or I should have drove before—come, get in the wagon," said Mitchell, assisting Simons up.

The team was stopped, and Simons placed in the wagon, where were Warner and Andrew, the latter of whom got out to walk. Warner pouted out his lips and looked important for a little while, shoving his white eyebrows far up on his low forehead, then discharging a large quid of tobacco, and spitting furiously, commenced:

"What! sick are you. Must take some pills. If you'd took some at first, you might have been well 'afore this; but I 'spose you think if you're sick you'll get to ride, eh?"

Certainly this was as great an infliction as he was capable of bestowing, and upon a man too sensitive to forget it soon. Simons made no reply, and endeavored to gain what comfort he could as the wagon went jolting over the wild sage. Mitchell and Andrew now betook themselves to the whips in order to make good driving, and, for all this was the first of Andrew's driving, he proved himself an excellent hand with the whip, and

fully an equal to Mitchell himself. Between these two, it was plain enough, that the cattle would soon be obliged to come to terms, or submit to an unpleasant alternative; and, as Andrew was determined to be first through to California, he was perfectly willing to sacrifice a few of the remaining whips still in the wagon, for the sake of doing things in a "business way."

Simons grew rapidly worse now, and his fever assumed a dangerous form. In a few days he was scarcely able to speak, and even yet subjected to insults and abuse from Warner. But Mitchell's and Andrew's driving proved equally bad to the poor cattle, and soon, only six were left. The party now agreed to discharge more of their luggage, but, in doing it, Warner made such formidable opposition to any of his being thrown away, that the attempt resulted in nothing advantageous. After this they traveled very slowly, for although they whipped—they whipped in vain. Many trains passed them, and the probability of their never reaching California in good condition, was now forced upon even their own senses; but with this, their quarreling also became more serious than ever. One day as they were traveling along, Andrew proposed to Mitchell that a division of all the property be made, and that for the sake of convenience, he and Mitchell should hold their shares in common, and by that means retain the wagon and team; in the event of which, Warner and Simons would be under the necessity of shifting for themselves! By hard perseverance, Andrew finally convinced Mitchell that that would be doing things according to agreement and in a "business way;" consequently, this inhuman proposal became the topic for the night's quarrel. At this time, Simons remained a silent witness of their cruel proposals, lying in a helpless condition in the wagon.

"What!" said Warner, after Andrew had finished telling his plan of proceeding, "what! would you turn me—in my helpless condition, with a lame knee—away from my own property! You must think you're a mighty smart feller if you are trying to come such a thing over me, as that. But I guess I'll have something to say in this business myself—*I* will."

"But *me* and Mitchell," said Andrew, "*we* are going to do things in a *business way*, and if you ain't willing to do things so, why, you can lump it—that 's all."

"But," said Warner, "are you going to turn Simons off when he is so sick, and han't no money? Is this the kind of principles you have?"

"We have nothing to do with Simons," replied Andrew, "we haven't his life in charge. If God intends him to die, why he 'll die, that's all there is about it; and if God intends him to get well, why he 'll get well, and it's none of our business what acomes of him—that's the fact of the business—and it's no use to fool away our time and money with him."

"Then will you lay him down by the side of the road and leave him?"

"Certainly we will. Ain't the wagon and team ourn? Han't we paid our money for 'em?"

"But he 'll die if we put him out?"

"Well, what of it; han't we all got to die sometime? but if you think so much of him, you can stop and take care of him—I don't care; but *me* and Mitchell is determined to do business in a *business way*—that 's all."

Unprincipled as this may seem, it is not the only case that occurred on the Plains. Andrew finally accomplished his purpose, and made Warner yield to the proposal; not however, without giving him time to purchase a horse before the division should be made.

The day previous to this change of affairs, Mr. Hamlin and wife passed them, and were now on ahead. In their party Simons now thought that he might meet some attention, but they were at least half a day in advance.

At this time there were two packers, with four horses, traveling along close to their party. These packers were, an old man, known only by the name of Uncle Thomas, and a young man, familiarly called, Downie. These two emigrants moved along very quietly, and were much better known among the steady class of emigrants than among the gamesters. By packing,

instead of being troubled with a wagon, they were enabled to move quickly over bad roads and deserts, and when finding good grass and water, they had sufficient time to lay by, and recruit before moving on again. In this way, sometimes ahead and sometimes in the rear, they had formed an extensive acquaintance, and, although they were well liked by everybody who knew them, yet they were almost envied for enjoying themselves so well, and for traveling so easily. Among their emigrant acquaintances, were two of no less pretensions than our friends Jimie and Charley. Downie was of a talkative disposition, and a young man of more than ordinary practical information. Between Jimie and Downie some very interesting questions were discussed as they sauntered along that interesting road; but generally relating to subjects, such as the boiling springs, soda deposits, the pure atmosphere, (which, perhaps, has no equal anywhere on the globe) etc., which are so interesting to men of literary notions, all along the Plains.

In these two young men, we have an exact representation of the literature of "John Bull" and "Young America." Jimie could whip him out on the books; but Downie had traveled, was reserved in advancing his ideas, and generally an equal on any question. But this did not lessen their attachment to each other, nor did it lessen Charley's unbounded confidence in Jimie's talents, nor Uncle Thomas's pride in Downie. Uncle Thomas was apparently about sixty-five years of age, of thin features and delicate person; yet, he was not destitute of that fair freshness, which is not uncommon to elderly people; but still, one would be disposed to think that he had been infected with a truly romantic malady to attempt such a journey. However, such was not the case, for he had been traveling so many years, that the present journey was not very disagreeable to his natural inclinations.

To Uncle Thomas and Downie, Warner proposed to purchase one of their horses, and to join them; which he finally accomplished, but not until the following day. As soon as he purchased the horse, Andrew and Mitchell called for a division of their property. This took place one moonlight evening. At

this time the Michigan Company had come so near upon Simons' party, as to be encamped within view of each other; but, as yet, this was unknown to Harriet. While Warner and his companions were dividing their spoils, Uncle Thomas and Downie were with the Michigan Company, chatting upon whatever pleased their minds. Harriet knew they must be within a short distance of Simons, and she took occasion to inquire of every person they met, but never divulging her true secret. When Warner got the division completed, which was near midnight, he came down to the camp of the Michigan Company, who were sitting about their little fires "spinning yarns." As bad as was Warner to use profane language, when in the presence of women, he endeavored to act the part of a moral man and gentleman; and when perceiving Harriet, he adopted the said character. Harriet immediately sought him, to make inquiry after "Mitchell's Company." Warner turned with a smile at her question, and said:

"That must be *my* company you mean. There was a man in *my* company that once had the name of the company; but it is dissolved now."

"Was there one Mr. Simons in your company?"

"Well, there's a feller we call *Sime*, and I think he said his name was Simons; he's a young man from Cincinnati. We've had him to drive team for us."

"What kind of a looking man is he?"

"Well, he's a pretty good-looking feller, at least he was afore he took sick. He's a right smart-sized feller too, with sandy hair. He's a laboring man—a bookbinder."

Harriet made no further inquiries, but rose and started toward Mr. Ellis's tent. Now, during all the journey, Harriet slept in the same tent where did Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, which, considering the quarreling that existed between this man and wife, rendered her time not at all enviable, and generally prevented her from going to bed until she knew this old pair of wooden people were asleep. As a regular thing, this reverend gentlemen and lady spent about half an hour every evening saying their prayers; after that they would crawl beneath their

blankets, and commence to quarrel, which would usually last until one or the other fell asleep. After that, the last one awake would lie and grumble, until also overcome by sleep. Such a system of religion caused Harriet to avoid their company as much as possible; for which, Mrs. Ellis persisted in telling her, that it was the "wickedness of the natural heart." But of these curious people we shall have occasion to speak further after awhile. The night we have now been speaking of, was Mr. Ellis's turn to stand guard; which took place every third night. His watch was to commence at twelve, and remain until daylight. Now, while a few of the Michigan Company were yet sitting about their camp-fires, the first watch came in. Mr. Ellis had retired early, so as to sleep in the first part of the night, but he was now called to take his stand. When rising he observed that Harriet had not yet retired; and, upon looking about the camp-fires, he became alarmed at her absence. He immediately communicated the fact to the rest of the company, and in a few minutes the alarm was intense. Every tent and wagon were searched, and everybody was hurrying here and there in great excitement and confusion.

After Harriet left Warner, she hurried off to Mitchell's camp; but, behold her sadness when learning that Simons had left several hours previously! Harriet now felt a sting of discouragement which was entirely new to her. She made all the inquiry she could; but Simons had not given them any information as to what company he intended to join. As soon as she heard the excitement at her own camp, she hastened back to allay their fears; but fully determined to rouse her company to an early start on the following morning; for she still believed Simons to be close by. Simons had started soon after sunset, but without even speaking to his companions. His health had been greatly improving for the last two days, but yet it was almost impossible for him to walk; and, had it not been for the extreme necessity of the case, it is doubtful whether he could have done so. His resolution was, that by traveling as much as he was able, he might overtake Hamlin before morning.

Here we must let the others pass for the present, and follow him in his feeble struggle for life. This occurred shortly after they had made the "pass" of the great Rocky Mountains. When passing over the summit of this great range of mountains, there are present certain "spiritual manifestations" with which a person is apt to be continually combatting, in order to convince himself that he is really crossing the "backbone of the world." To think that he is traveling so many thousand feet above the level of the sea, and that he is near the head waters of the Colorado, the Columbia and the Mississippi—the greatest of rivers—possesses charms of the grand and sublime—of the romantic and the fanciful—which seem closely connected with a poetic conception, if not that life itself is merely fancy.

A little beyond the "pass," are to be seen the great peaks called the "Wind-River Mountains," which form a circular appearance, but so high are their snowy tops, that it is impossible for the romantic mind to look upon them without feelings of emotion! At night their appearance is grander still; when the moon is high in the heavens, and a few clouds moving slowly beneath, the shadows of which are to be seen leaping and skipping from peak to peak, now unvailing their dazzling beauty, then again seeming to blot out the magnificent view, but in a moment after, their glistering peaks are seen to pierce the skies!

Such was the night on which Simons was wandering after Hamlin's wagon. Back to the east were large black mountains, terribly wild and hideous; but to the west were a continuation of rocky hills and sandy hollows, over which wild sage—the most tiresome production in the vegetable world—was scattered only sufficiently to make the rumbling breeze sad and melancholy, while now and then the hungry, howling wolves could be heard among the distant hills, made more fearful by the quivering whoop of the wild, roving Indian. With a few cold biscuits in his pockets and a blanket under his arm, he journeyed forth—now down a long valley among the sage, then past a camp of emigrants who were resting until morning—now across a little creek—then up a rocky-looking hill—now resting and listening

to the howling wolves, or looking at the great mountains; then up, and on—on—on, each step seeming to grow slower and weaker, and with a long, faint sigh he could feel his trembling frame giving way beneath his little hopes. Often did he look at the moon, but only to grow sad by seeing it lowering so rapidly; for should he not overtake Hamlin before morning, he could have no hope of ever reaching him. Nerving forth all the power he possessed, he continued to wind his way round the hills and hollows, and peering over every little valley in search of a team of mules, he continued until the moon was gone—gone! When the sun arose he was still going, going, but so weak that he could scarcely move; and every team, every camp, every rock, every shrub, looked in the distance as though it was the desired party's team. In this awful condition, scarcely living, he continued until the evening of the next day, when he halted at a lone wagon by the way, to rest.

"Why, stranger, you look almost too ill to be going it on foot," said one of the party, as Simons, half falling, seated himself in their camp.

As we shall have occasion to meet this person on several occasions, we will give his name; it will also give some idea of the man himself, as well as of the familiarity of the emigrants—it was "The fat man." The "fat man" had a jovial face, and the heart of a man could be seen in all his words and movements. He inquired after Simons' condition, and prepared him a good cup of tea; and although he had only provisions sufficient to do himself, yet he insisted on Simons' remaining with him and "sharing it to the last." From this individual Simons learned that Hamlin was about eight or ten miles ahead, and believing that he could reach them before morning, he merely thanked the "fat man" for his goodness and started on.

"Ha! I wish you'd come back," called the "fat man," for his sympathy could not bear to see him limping away.

"O, I thank you; I think I can stand it," replied Simons, weakly.

"If you do not overtake them before morning, you must wait

by the road until I come to-morrow," said the "fat man;" but Simons merely thanked him and continued on.

The tea had given him strength; and although he was so stiff that he could scarcely walk, yet he felt determined to accomplish the task. One of the principal reasons he had for wanting to join Hamlin's party was, that as one of their number, Nixon, had died, they would be sure to have plenty of provisions. He had only traveled a few miles after leaving the "fat man," when he discovered that his little dog, a white one, and a great favorite of his, had been left somewhere behind; but considering his own life of more importance than the animal's, he concluded to proceed on without him. It was just breaking day when he drew near Hamlin's camp, which he could not mistake by the peculiar appearance of his mules—having seen them before. Hamlin was up and in the act of changing his mules on to fresh pasture, and his wife was just lighting a fire, over which she intended to prepare their breakfast. Different from most of the emigrants, they preferred to travel alone, rather than engage in the quarrels which are unavoidable in all the large parties; for they now placed so much confidence in the Indians' good qualities, that they entertained no fears whatever from them.

Simons no sooner came in sight of them, than the sad fact of being destitute of money forced upon him a new series of troubles which he had entirely overlooked. This distressing condition, added to his nearly exhausted person, almost caused him to sink down in despair; but nerving forth still more energy, a few paces brought him to the camp-fire, where he had scarcely halted ere he sank with weakness to the ground.

"Why, my dear sir!" exclaimed Hamlin, raising him into a sitting posture; but Simons was unable to support himself any longer, and seemed to be fainting, when he was assisted into the wagon. Coming so suddenly upon them had nearly frightened them, but supposing him to be one of those unfortunate creatures who had "eaten himself out of provisions," they were not under the necessity of regarding the incident sufficiently strange to press him for an explanation until he felt better able to do so.

Again the good woman commenced to prepare the breakfast, and by the approach of broad day she summoned her black-whiskered husband to come and partake of the repast. As Hamlin was about to commence, she called at the wagon to invite the stranger, but she called in vain—he was sound asleep: his nearly worn-out body and mind had fallen into that profound slumber from which one never wishes to arouse another.

Mrs. Hamlin said not a word, but stood gazing upon his care-worn face, watching his feverish breath escaping between those thin, pale lips, and carefully tracing his wasted features, noticing every curve and line that seemed so familiar, and with her eyes at last riveted upon his arched brows, she drew a long sigh. "Ah!" she muttered to herself, "are not these like those of my own brother—poor Nixon!" but her heart was heaving with emotion, and she silently turned away and joined her husband.

Mrs. Hamlin was really a very lively woman, and usually kept her good-natured husband in a burst of laughter; but, as persons who are susceptible of very great love are apt to be, she sometimes fell into deep melancholy, and although it never lasted but a few minutes, yet it made such an impression upon her rosy-like features that her admiring husband could detect it in a moment. She had scarcely seated herself at the breakfast, when he looked into her face and exclaimed, "Why, my dear, you seem to be in trouble this morning!" "No," said she, "I was only thinking about our lost brother. Seeing that gentleman so ill, I suppose, was the cause of it."

Simons was not disturbed during the breakfast interval, but left to enjoy a forenoon's ride in the wagon. During the fore-part of the day Mrs. Hamlin walked, which was not very laborious, from the fact that the road along this part of the journey is obliged to make some very long circles in order to avoid the hills, whereas one on foot can take what we call the "cut-off," and by walking half the time, come out ahead of the wagon. Here she busied herself, sometimes walking, sometimes looking across at the wagon where her husband was encountering clouds of dust, and sometimes she was gathering wild currants for the "dinner stew." Coming to a good camping-place, they halted a little

before the common noon hour. Simons was considerably revived, and as soon as the wagon stopped he arose, and now for the first time took a fair look at the persons upon whom he had so unceremoniously intruded. He remembered that Nixon was a brother to this woman, and he remembered, too, that there was a familiarity in Nixon's features that had once startled him; and now, when he came to look upon Mrs. Hamlin, the same features caused him to startle again. Just as he raised into a sitting position, Mrs. Hamlin was in the act of selecting some kindling with which to make their camp-fire. She turned toward him and asked:

"How have you enjoyed your ride—the wagon jolts so much?" But when she spoke, she also startled, and fixed her gaze upon him. Hamlin was at this time taking his mules from the wagon, and entirely heedless of anything else. Simons replied to Mrs. Hamlin:

"I have had a good ride; but, tell me, have I not seen you before this—your face looks very familiar?"

As he spoke, Mrs. Hamlin startled more than ever, and they were now earnestly gazing upon each other.

"I can not tell whether you ever saw me before or not, but I also thought I knew you," said Mrs. Hamlin; but her feelings were getting the command of her composure, and she quivered, and waited anxiously for a reply. Simons sat silent—more like a statue than a living man.

Then, Mrs. Hamlin burst into tears, and said:

"You look so much like my poor brother, Nixon, that I can not help thinking you are my own brother Nathan, who has been so many years lost!"

Simons also burst into tears, but still made no reply. Hamlin was still at work at his mules, but unaware of what was going on between his wife and Simons. Mrs. Hamlin struggled hard to suppress her emotions, and again said:

"I 'm sure you must be my brother! Nathan Simons! Speak to me, for heaven's sake!" and she still looked upon him; but he was yet silent.

Again she said, "When I was a little girl in London, I had a brother Nathan taken to sea; but that was the last I ever

heard of him! We thought that he and father were lost at sea! Then we moved to America, but never heard anything of either of them any more! But I know you must be my brother! For God's sake! tell me, are you not Nathan Simons?"

Simons still sat motionless, but paler than ever before was the face of man.

Mrs. Hamlin walked close up and leaned against the wagon, and amid faint sobs, said:

"I know you are my brother, Nathan! I am Julia, your sister! Though eighteen years have passed since we separated, yet I know you are my brother! Our cousin James was with you when you went away from home. We lived near London bridge. O! speak! speak! for heaven's sake, speak!" and the poor woman bowed her face over and rested on Simons' knees: he faintly said:

"I *am* your brother!" and bowed his face upon her neck; and while they were thus locked in the fondest embrace that earth could give, Hamlin looked upon them! And while he looked upon them, the dreadful monster, suspicion, commenced to rise within his bosom, to account for so unexpected liberties with his fair companion; but, as he came up, he was relieved by hearing their faint sobs, "O! brother!" "O! sister!" smothered between the pressure of their lips!

After a long embrace, they commenced to weep and to relate still further particulars of their identity and history: but, of what they did say or do, we can not stop here to relate, even if we had the will to revert again to such an affecting scene. It seems as though Nathan Simons' father must have been lost at sea, after having left his son at New York, for the vessel in which he sailed never returned to England. Two years after they left, Mrs. Simons was taken speedily away, and only Julia and her brother were living. Julia was nine, and Nixon four years of age, and left in the care of a family by the name of Spencer. Spencer then moved to this country, during the following summer, and brought the two children with him. He moved to H—— County, Indiana, and purchased a farm, where Julia and Nixon continued to live until their present departure for Cali-

fornia. At the age of twenty-two, Julia was married to Hamlin, but she never had any offspring. With the exception of Nathan's hair being a little sandy, he looked so nearly like his brother Nixon, that any person having known the one would have recognized the other. Mrs. Hamlin afterward said, that it had seemed to her for many years, that she would some day meet her brother; and, to this day, she can not be persuaded but that she had held a sort of "spiritual communion" with him ever since he left his mother's arms; but whether she could have done so is a subject we shall leave to the "table-turning philosophers."

It is scarcely necessary to mention that this was a fortunate change in Simons' journey to California, for Hamlin had but a small load, had good mules, and they traveled alone, all of which gave them an advantage over most of the emigrants. Certainly, Simons would not have cared about traveling so fast, had he known who was so near upon his heels.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is scarcely possible to conceive Harriet's grief when learning that Simons had moved so quickly away. But with all her reflections she did not yet disclose her secret to a single mortal, but encouraged the company to travel as fast as possible. It must be remembered that she had now been traveling many weeks, and had accomplished nearly half the journey. A few days after this they entered the valley of the great Salt Lake.

The valley is completely surrounded by mountains, the highest of which, are always sparkling with snow; and the luxury of the ten thousand streams of water, coming from the mountains and flowing beautifully down the gradual slope to empty into the great lake, gives it a living romance truly grand. But, after a tiresome journey over the bleak wild Plains for a thousand miles, to drop at once into a city, and hear the tingling and clangor of bells, is almost sufficient to make one doubt his own senses, and

fancy that he has been dreaming for weeks and only now awakened. However, one would be disposed to say that the Creator had chosen a curious place to manifest his goodness and power by placing these poor creatures among those wild mountains, where their much-to-be-pitied common sense can obtain no news except by prophecy. The city of these unfortunate dreamers, stands several miles back from the lake, but in no very enviable position; and affords quite a comfortable repose to the wearied emigrants. The Michigan Company concluded to remain here for aweek, in order that their cattle might regain their former strength. Making their encampment not far from the city, some of them remained to live in the camp, and some concluded to take up board with the Saints. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Harriet, Jimie and Charley, put up at the residence of one Mr. Cooper. This house was a little low one with three rooms, or rather three one-story houses, in a row. The windows opened in the French style—except that they were nailed fast to the checking and did not open at all—had no garden in view, to say nothing about the old hats and bonnets where the glass should have been—little things which gave the inside of the house quite a similarity to the *favorite resorts* of Madam Trollope, places known in our country under the name of *pig-pens*. From the fact that a large table was always standing, full-spread, in the middle of the floor of each room, it is unnecessary for us to state that the inhabitants were genuine English people.

Mr. Cooper was a good looking man—that is, a hearty, red-faced, fair complexioned fellow—about forty-five years of age; had a strong mind, and some of the qualities of good people. He had three wives, one in each room. The eldest of these was near his own age, and not a bad lady, or, in positive terms, a pretty, good-natured, fat little woman. The second belonged to the class known by the common word "ugly,"—she was of ungainly proportions, and decidedly much better "cut out" for a man than a woman. She was extremely tall, stooped forward, and had her colors been brilliant, looked not very unlike a July rainbow—as though storms would be common where she was. This peculiar construction seemed to be of about thirty-five years'

standing; had a prominent nose, and cheek bones accordingly, and, as a phrenologist would say, had a strongly marked bilious temperament, and as facts proved, she was rather a "bilious case." But the last, and the one to whom we must make particular reference, was a young lady whom Mr. Cooper brought from England, on his last spiritual mission to that country. The story of this unfortunate creature, would form a tale more thrilling than all the novels of modern times; but here we can only make a short allusion to her. She was about fifteen years of age, and the mother of an infant two weeks old. From her appearance, she was from some family of highly respectable and intelligent standing. In her tender, sensitive and affectionate voice, something seemed to manifest distress, which would always enlist any one to sympathize with her; and, no doubt but her beauty was the cause of her misfortune. The other wives had two or three children each; but the second wife had formed a lasting hatred toward this young one, and, being a strong woman, she manifested it by frequently choking her, and pulling her hair; and some of these scenes, too, were noticed by our guests shortly after their arrival.

Mr. Ellis was not in Cooper's presence but a few minutes, until an argument was commenced on religion; and as many people fancy these poor creatures have no evidence to support their religion, we will state the basis of their doctrine, and let any answer it who can.

1. That God inspired men in olden times to prophesy.

2. That God is always the same—and that the nature of man is the same.

3. Consequently, the same God, and the same men must effect prophecy yet.

Many of our Protestants and Catholics will do well if they can prove why men can not prophesy now, as well as in olden times, and yet, governed by an unchangeable Being? Let every one study this subject well, lest he some day fall in with a Mormon, and get himself—like we were once—badly "flaxed out." It is easy *to say* that no man must add one word, and that we have the Book, and that prophecy is unnecessary since religion has

been revealed; but that is very far from *proving* the point, and presents what the man of letters would call *prima facie* evidence that God has changed from his former course. But the Mormon heaven certainly, must be a grand place.

After leaving this world, a man—righteous one to be sure—is supposed to be changed into a little Creator—first to be Christs over other worlds, and finally, to be able to manufacture the worlds themselves. And if he has been a good man, he will soon rise to be a companion and counselor with the God of this world; and in proportion to his goodness here, so is his exaltation to be in the eternal worlds.

In proportion to the man's exaltation in the eternal world, his wife is also supposed to be in a state of continual progress, and as fast as he gets to be God, so she gets to be a goddess. But, although a man's children are supposed to have equal privileges in rising, yet they are to hold a subordinate position to their fathers; consequently, the more children a man is father of, the greater will be his exaltation, and also his wife's in the eternal world. This is the grand principle upon which the plurality-wife-system is founded, and not, as most people imagine, lust. Every temporal wife brought into the family, is supposed to exalt the husband and first, or real wife, in the eternal world.

Many of the Mormon ladies say, that, so far as their own nature and feelings are concerned, they are opposed to their husband taking any more wives; but for the sake of being exalted in eternity, that they consider it is their *duty* to assist their husbands in getting as many as possible. Such, were the views and principles of the elder Mrs. Cooper; and, accordingly, although a good woman, she immediately commenced laying schemes to entrap our friend Harriet—whose pretty face was the means of making Mr. Cooper have a revelation the first night after her sojourn. It was on the second day, and when all the men were out, as Harriet was sitting in company with Mrs. Cooper, that this little scene commenced. Mrs. Ellis and the ugly Mrs. Cooper were taking a walk out among the wagons, and the youngest wife, in a different room, was the only person near. Mrs.

Cooper lost no time, but introduced her subject to Harriet in considerable haste.

"Miss Harriet," said she, with an air that forewarned Harriet of something terrible, "I have something of great importance to tell you—something that may save your life! I 'm sure a dreadful end awaits you, and I know it is my duty to tell you before it is too late!"

"Why! Mrs. Cooper—do tell me! 'Something awaits me!'" exclaimed Harriet, fixing her large, gray eyes steadily upon Mrs. Cooper.

"O, but Miss Harriet, you must not get excited; such things need the most careful consideration. There is an opportunity for you to escape uninjured, and that is the thing I am going to tell you."

"O! you frighten me!—pray, Mrs. Cooper, do tell me what it is?" and already tears began to sparkle in her eyes.

"But you must be calm, and do not fear but I 'll tell you soon enough; for I take a great interest in helping you to escape from such a perilous condition; I consider that it is the duty of any woman to tell another when she knows of plots laid against her person."

"O! Mrs. Cooper, do tell me what it is! Why do you keep me in suspense?" and poor Harriet began to turn pale with fear.

"I shall tell you quite soon enough, Miss Harriet; but I 'm sure you will think it is strange how I learned it, and that you have already been nearly captured several times."

"O! Mrs. Cooper, for goodness' sake, tell me!" said Harriet, trembling. "Do tell me what it is!"

"But you must not get excited, Miss Harriet. When I heard of you having escaped thus far, I couldn't but thank the Lord for his goodness toward you; indeed I must thank him for sending you into our presence."

"Was I in danger from any of our company?"

"Yes, Miss, and in such danger as you came near never escaping! but, ah! that is not the worst of it!"

"O! do explain it all to me; I can not bear this!" but poor Harriet's pale cheeks were covered with large drops of tears, and her heart throbbing violently, while Mrs. Cooper proceeded:

"But if you were safe from this time onward, it would all be well enough: but, O! Miss Harriet, I am sure you can never leave Salt Lake and live through what awaits you!"

"Is it from the company that I am threatened?"

"It is, Miss; and their plans are so secure, that you can not avoid them only by leaving them at once and remaining with us."

"But, how did you learn this?"

"O! Miss, by the best evidence in the world. Evidence as true as the Lord himself."

At this instant heavy footsteps were heard at the door, and presently in came Mr. Cooper, and drawing a chair close to Harriet, who was already frightened, he commenced with that mumbling, guttural voice, peculiar to many of the English:

"Miss Lindsey, I have an important communication to make to you; one that will spare your character and your life! But, beside preserving you in this world, it may be the means of your eternal glory in the world to come. I know it affects you to learn of your awful danger, but I am doing according to the commandments of God, and by doing so I am clearing my skirts, and if you are ruined, no one but yourself is to blame."

Harriet still sat pale and trembling; but, luckily, while Cooper was thus speaking, Jimie and Charley entered the other room, where the young wife was sitting, and were enabled to hear Cooper's heavy voice. They had not been here but a moment, when the young wife told them of Cooper's intentions regarding Harriet; but they continued to sit, listening to Cooper, whose tongue was running with maddening fury.

"Yes, Miss Lindsey, you should thank the Lord that even yet you may escape the destruction that is planned against you. Nothing but the hosts of angels could have rendered you any hope, and you ought to be able to perceive the goodness of the Lord in thus bringing you to his kingdom, and preparing your eternal exaltation."

Thus he ran on for fifteen or twenty minutes; but Jimie and Charley could bear to wait no longer, and very unceremoniously entered.

"Why, Harriet! what on earth is the matter?" Jimie asked. immediately turning his eyes upon Cooper, who replied:

"Why, sir, well she may look pale, I have just been telling her of the awful danger she is in."

"Yes, sir, I know it, and I want to know why you told her so? Sir, there is not a man in our company who would not lay down his life to save her; but I want to know how you found out that a "plot is planned" against her? I demand an answer, sir!"

"Sir, do you want to insult me in my own house? But, sir, I can tell you my author—it's no trifling source;" then turning his eyes toward heaven, and, apparently, very awe-stricken, he continued, "The Lord himself appeared unto me in a vision, and told me these things, commanding me that on this day I should make known to her the way of eternal glory to herself and to God."

"Yes, sir; I know that was it, and on the ground of your lustful dream—which you call a revelation—you have been trying to frighten her to become your 'Spiritual.' I know it, sir; I know all about it—it's a scheme between you and your wife to capture her."

"Who told you this, sir?"

"Mary, sir, your youngest wife; she told me all about your plan. It was your intention to get us all away from the house in order to carry out your purpose."

"How dare you to insult me so!" said Cooper, rushing toward Jimie, whose tongue spared him not; but Charley was true to Jimie, and seizing Cooper by the collar, dashed him vilolently against one of those little windows, sending hats and bonnets wildly outside; just at this instant, however, in came Mr. Ellis and lady and the ugly wife; and Mr. Ellis and Jimie succeeded in separating Charley and Cooper; both of whom had exchanged some violent blows. The whole house was in the greatest excitement, and everybody that had a tongue seemed to be using

it. Harriet's fears had relief as soon as Charley and Jimie entered; and when Mrs. Ellis came in, she ran up to her and attempted to relate the scene, but was so excited that she failed.

After Charley and Cooper were separated, the former stepped out into the yard and laid down his jacket, turned up his sleeves, and waited for Cooper, who was detained in the house by Mr. Ellis, to whom he was explaining how the young men had interfered with his family affairs. While in this condition, the *ugly* wife, judging that the young wife was the cause of it all by disclosing the family secret regarding Harriet, rushed in upon poor Mary, the young wife, seized her by the hair, and led her out into the yard, where she was in the act of visiting a few heavy blows upon her person and face; but as Charley was just warm enough for a good tussle, he pitched at the said rainbow-lady, and gave her a "Tipperary touch" that sent her sprawling on the ground.

How this affair would have ended had it been left to the present parties, is very difficult to imagine, but, fortunately, Cooper's voice was so loud that some of the neighbors were soon upon the ground, and maintained peace until our Michigan Company's friends succeeded in getting away. This was near the evening, and when they reached the camp they found that most of the company were in favor of starting out on the following day, for already some of their cattle were missing, and they feared they were to be still further losers by remaining much longer in the "City of the Saints."

Mr. Ellis, who had as much influence with the company as had the captain, gladly decided in favor of the proposal, and accordingly they were all informed that, on the following morning they must roll on their way to the West. Instead of being a quarreling company now, they were the most happy and united party of men ever collected. Every one was talking, and every one fancied that he had seen the most extravagant sights among these strange Christians. But as almost everybody are now informed upon the mode of living adopted by these curious people, we cannot stop here to relate their different schemes to prophesy themselves into the possession of the company's property.

Harriet supposed Simons must have taken the northern road, for she made inquiry at many of the hotels and boarding-houses, and received no information of him; and had he done so, she could entertain but poor hopes of meeting him before arriving in California. But she had now resolved to go until she did overtake him, and being well respected and cared for by the balance of the company, her journey was not more laborious than that of any other lady on the Plains. Then, there was a liberty and freedom in such a life—an abundance of excitement and a continual variety—a grandeur, sublimity, solitude, expansiveness, and many more peculiarities belonging to the Plains, which were not at all unsuitable to her wishes, to say nothing of the satisfaction of crossing the Plains. But this little incident in Mormonism was an entirely new scene; and though she had often had opportunities of investigating their doctrines, she had never before supposed they would be guilty of such foul attempts to decoy her into their "Zion."

While the company were sitting about their camp late in the evening after the aforesaid outrage, conversing upon the many curious systems of religion said to have emanated from the Creator of the universe, their attention was called to notice a small person, wrapped in a long blue blanket, approaching to where they were sitting. The company sat perfectly quiet until the person drew near and feebly asked, "Is Mr. Ellis and the Michigan Company here?" It was the voice of a woman, and Harriet at once recognized her as Cooper's youngest wife, and said, "Why, Mary! what's the matter?" and rose to meet her. The young mother staggered forward a little, and then fell down among them. The company immediately gave attention to her, and discovered that she had been most shamefully beaten by the second wife, who had resolved to pay her for the threat she had that day received from Charley. Harriet took the little sleeping infant—poor creature, it was unconscious of its mother's trouble—and the others of the company assisted her into one of the tents, where she feebly and tearfully told "of Mormon treachery that would have moved the hardest heart and brought tears from any eye." Here she entreated the company to take her in charge

and assist her to California, for which she would agree to work for them as long as she should live, without any consideration. They immediately agreed to conduct her out of the country, and to assist her after her arrival in California.

The next morning was still and clear. The great red sun was just peering over the tops of the snowy mountain-peaks, and the five-o'clock bell dropping its last doleful knell, when the Michigan Company again moved slowly toward the west. As their party moved down the valley, the poor mother looked from the wagon and viewed the city, as if never to see it more; and though tears were streaming down her face, her heart was overflowing with gratitude to the Michigan Company, and she pressed her infant to her breast and cried with joy.

By her side sat Harriet and Mrs. Ellis, who were ministering encouragement according to the best of their abilities, and sympathizing for her distress only as woman can. The first day passed with few annoyances except toll-bridges; and the fears of the poor mother being captured and carried back by the "saints of God" began to seem as if unfounded. The night passed away as usual, and much of it was spent in talking about the Mormons. On the following morning they were again off bright and early, and the young mother's tears began to dry up, and her beautiful face seemed to be lit with joy and gladness, and a new world was dazzling before her eyes: even the infant, the little infant, seemed to be conscious of its escape. But here we must turn to look at the "City of Saints."

On the evening after the Michigan Company started, Mr. Cooper,—who, by-the-by, was an important elder in the church—discovered that his wife was "among the missing," and went direct to the "man of the hat," to learn what steps he should take to bring back the wife, who had thus been a traitor to the church; for he suspected that she had gone off with the "gentiles." The "man of the hat" immediately went into a vision, and, of course, received the following words, as he said, from the Lord: "Behold! I the Lord say unto thee, this woman hath committed a great sin in mine eyes; yea, she will surely bring curses upon

thy people, lest thou shalt bring her to judgment." The "man of the hat" now turned to Cooper with this command: "Go ye on the morrow and summon one hundred and eighty 'minute-men,' and prepare your arms well, and pursue and bring back this woman, for she may bring curses upon the Saints. If the gentiles refuse to deliver her up, it mattereth not, for this is the commandment of the Lord; but you shall slay whosoever opposeth you. But if they deliver her up, and she refuse to come again unto Zion, then thou shalt destroy her, for she is of a wicked heart."

The commandment was quite satisfactory to Cooper, and he immediately spread the news far and wide through the city. On the next morning this strong company of well-armed militia, all mounted, commenced a furious gallop on the great western road. They were well acquainted with the country, and capable of taking many advantages of the route, and consequently sped over the barren fields with exceeding rapidity. The Michigan Company had a good forenoon's drive in advance, but halted at a little creek to take their dinner and to bait their cattle. This was a short distance from the road, and in a position not favorable to taking a very extensive view of the country. Many of them were huddled about the camp, and engaged in all sorts of lively conversation; even the ladies seemed to be recovering from the past dangers of Mormonism and growing happy; but when in this condition, the deep, heavy tramping of horses' feet startled them, and instantly all eyes were looking very earnestly over the distant hills. The poor mother had known such scenes before, and turned deadly pale and trembled as she gazed down the road whence the solid body of troops appeared. All eyes turned upon her with pity and sympathy, but in a moment more she gave a despairing moan, pressed her poor little infant to her bosom, and sank down on the ground! The company raised her almost senseless person and laid her in the wagon, but scarcely was she in, when the militia arrived and surrounded the company. They stated their command—just as we have given it—from the "Lord," and, with shining muskets

and glistening swords, abeyed the company until the fainted woman was secured upon their horses, when they set up a demoniacal laugh of triumph and galloped away.°

CHAPTER IX.

After Mitchell and Andrew took charge of the team the poor cattle were shown no quarters, — every day witnessed their rapid decline. For this, they blamed each other, and quarreled seriously about it, until they finally agreed to divide the spoils and go into separate companies. After dividing, they packed what provisions they could upon the backs of their best cattle, and continued to travel side and side for several days, but they quarreled so much that they finally agreed not to travel near each other at all. Let not the reader think that these were uncommon men, for such quarreling is as common on the Plains as smiles in a ballroom—decidedly the most interesting and perplexing things that one can meet with.

Not many days after this separation Mitchell was mysteriously gone no one knew where. However, on the day before, a great excitement in a neighboring party, occasioned by a stampede at night and the loss of a horse, induced the emigrants to believe that he had stolen it and gone ahead. Andrew retained the whisky after leaving Mitchell, and still persisted in doing things in a "business way" but unfortunately he drank a little too much, and soon lost all self-control. For many days he had thus indulged. Halting, one day, on the bank of a beautiful river, he concluded

° For the particulars of this story we shall ever be indebted to Mrs. Maria L. Stuart, of Newark, who escaped the Mormons' wiles about a year since and returned to New Jersey. Doubtless, Mrs. Stuart never expected to hear again of Mrs. Ellis and Miss Lindsey; but should she ever see these remarks, she alone is prepared to judge of Harriet's many obligations to her kindness while residing at the great Salt Lake. May every blessing rest upon her, is Harriet's devoted prayer and our most earnest wish.

to have a real "blow-out." In the course of his spree he fancied that he was celebrating the fourth of July, and commenced singing of the "land he loved" — shouting forth his conglomerate nasality to disturb the solitary fields, like an unoiled weather-cock preaching to the winds — determined to be a faithful representative though none should hear his wild melody.

While in this merry mood a company drove up and called out,

"Halloo, stranger, is there room here for another company?"

"Plenty, plenty, my boys," said Andrew, "come ahead. Turn out (hic) your cattle (hic) and come and (hic) drink. Hip (hic) hurrah for (hic) General Jackson." Here he staggered about for some time, exciting the curiosity of the company, but all at once seeming to recollect himself, called out, "Come, my boys, who 's going (hic) in swimming? I am (hic) for one (hic)."

Suiting the action to the word, he commenced divesting himself of his clothes—his druken motions exciting no small degree of risibility on the part of the spectators. As soon as he had placed himself in a state of nudity, he staggered toward the river, but halted a moment—he saw the bottom—he saw it twice, then made his fatal plunge! then plunged again, and sank forever!! in a "business way."

Warner was remarkably fortunate in joining himself with Uncle Thomas and Downie. Owing to his wounded knee being such an obstacle to him, they were of great service in assisting him to take care of it; services that made him somewhat the debtor, and at least attempt to conduct himself agreeably to their feelings.

Uncle Thomas, who will form an important part in our story, was of a highly moral and sensitive disposition, and possessed that suavity of manner so commendable in old people, and which impresses the younger ones with reverence for age.

Bad as was Warner, this old gentleman had sufficient influence over him to superintend the manner of traveling, and even, on some occasions, it was said, that Warner actually dispensed with some of his profanity, and frequently wiped the tobacco-juice from his capacious mouth, when speaking to the said Uncle Thomas.

Things had now taken a peaceable turn, and a happy journey seemed to lie before them. For several days they sped rapidly over the barren hills, rejoicing as they went; but unfortunately a sad scene soon followed; it was an incident that bestrewed the old man's future with a long series of troubles! Uncle Thomas and Downie had conceived a great attachment for each other, and no joy nor sorrow remained unshared between them. True, there was a vast difference between their ages, but they seemed to live like father and son, and for many, many years they had been inseparable companions, roving all over the world. Uncle Thomas had arrived at that sweet elysium in age where the cold hand of self-interest is absorbed by the more heavenly regard for the happiness of his fellow-mortals, and he was striving to fulfill his last and dearest wish, that in a little while—when the feeble frame had run its course, and the mighty swords of heaven and earth swung their keen-cutting edges o'er the things of time, and clipped the soul asunder, to rest in peace—he might be able to look back on earth and see no dark stains on the trying road behind.

His tall, thin person, clear skin, and cleanly-shaven face, ornamented by a few long locks of silvery-white and gracefully-reverential hair, hanging carelessly by its sides, or floating its nearly wasted substance on the warm, glimmering air, rendered the few broken, mellow tones of his feeble voice escaping between his thin lips, among the most venerated things of earth, and whose waning beauty filled the soul with sadness.

A life of misfortune had nearly sapped him of his wealth, but he trusted that the country before him would enable him to see Downie, his only living treasure, in prosperity before he closed his mortal career. But alas! how soon the scene can change! The robust and the feeble stand alike on the verge of eternity! One faltering step, and lo! life is gone!

It was a bright sunny day, when the three packers descended the steep hills and crossed the valley to the banks of Greene river—the river of terror, the sea of madness—the fountain of danger and scene of death!

For some time they stood upon its bank, counseling upon the best manner of crossing; but, finally, concluded to send their provisions across on a raft, make their horses swim, and then cross on the raft themselves. When the provisions were packed, Downie mounted the raft to assist the raftsmen over. Uncle Thomas and Warner still stood upon the bank, and the raft started out into the stream; but, unfortunately, their load was not well balanced, and as soon as they reached the middle of the river—where the curving waves were flapping their frothy sheets in dizzied fury—their frail raft tottered beneath its heavy burden, dipped an awful surge and filled the souls of all with dread and terror; but the rushing water soon told the tale! A few mighty heaves and the wreck was scattered among the foaming billows, while the unfortunate raftsmen spoke a few hasty words—then waved their hands aloft—cried, "Good-bye"—and sank beneath the current to rise no more!

On the following day they made another raft, and with their few remaining provisions, Warner and Uncle Thomas crossed the river, and proceeded on their journey. For several days their march was solemn and quiet; but, in due time, sorrow and grief abated, and happiness once more brightened the old man's way. For many hundred miles they continued to move along in peace and quiet. Warner's knee improved, and he showed more kindness to his old friend than any one would have supposed; but as we shall refer to them once more before they reach the mines, we must now leave them, and follow Harriet through some of her arduous struggles.

CHAPTER X.

From the Rocky Mountains to the Sierra Nevada, is a continuation of small barren mountains and sandy valleys. Through many of these valleys small streams—fed by the melting snow on one or the other great ranges of mountains—run for a considerable distance, and then waste away in the sand; but, further

down the valleys, stagnant pools, and ponds of mineral water are frequently strewed along in unpleasant clusters; continuing further down, water finally disappears altogether, and nothing but barren beds of sandy ridges are to be seen. One of the most extensive of these valleys is the Humboldt, through which runs the river of the same name, which is usually followed by the emigrants for over three hundred miles. Scattered along this river, are a goodly number of hills and ridges of sand, which give the valley the appearance of anything but a valley. Looking over the tops of these hills, as one is winding along the crooked river, peaks of mountains covered with snow, are to be seen for hundreds of miles in every direction, which form a pleasing contrast to the burning suns of the great valley.

Of the whole journey, this is the severest; and in later years, it has become a continual graveyard, where lie the bones of thousands! After the Michigan Company left Salt Lake, they continued on the old Oregon route, and struck this river near its head; and, from a small stream of pure, cold water, they followed it until its different branches swelled it into a large and powerful river, and then on, until it wasted itself in the long, sandy valley through which it flowed. Ah! they followed that tiresome, hateful river, over the burning sand, until their cattle were starving—until they themselves feared they could not reach their destination with their remaining provisions. They had tasted of its refreshing purity at first, but followed it until it grew gradually warmer, and then thickened into stagnant pools, where they were obliged to sip its poisonous fluid through its green scum—from the refreshing air above, they had followed it until its awful stench below sickened their feverish bodies. Ah! the name of the river—Humboldt—was distressing and sickening; its valley of sandy ridges and clusters of sage, was painful to their view, and from their very souls, they prayed for a change of scene. Haggard, hungry, sick, sleepy, wearied, ragged, dirty and despondent were the Michigan Company when they camped on the last stagnant pool of that never-to-be-forgotten valley. But they had clung together—shared the pleasures and hardships of the journey—until an affinity seemed to exist among

them, and until their friendship was likely to become permanent. But now they were to be tested—they had reached the Great Desert; and as this was nearly the commencement of emigration over that waste, no accurate knowledge of the distance to water was yet known; but it was supposed to be about forty miles. It was near the middle of July that they reached this desolate region; and the day they commenced to venture on the Great Desert was oppressively warm. At this time the teams were so reduced, that every one of the emigrants were obliged to walk—both men and women. As soon as day was breaking, those who had not charge of the teams, started on the desert. Among these were both our ladies, Harriet and Mrs. Ellis. Harriet thought it was a bold adventure, for a love-sick young lady and a broken-down minister's wife to attempt to walk forty miles over a loose bed of sand, in one of the hottest days of July; and while she thought of this, she wondered very much if persons who write so much about the delicacy of American ladies, were very well informed upon the subject that they pretend to have investigated; but her final conclusion was, that Boston and New York would continue to disgrace the American ladies by their puny physiology, until people who write upon the subject. take a jaunt to the West.

The appearance of the country here at midday is the most tiresome to the eye that man over looked upon—barren ridges, piles, and plains of sand, with here and there scattering bunches of offensive wild-sage, beneath which are to be seen, now and then, the "electric lizard" darting so rapidly that the eye can not follow it. How this detestable weed, or bush, rather, can subsist in this parching, dry sand, is really a mystery for the botanist, for so dry is the growing plant, that if a lighted match be applied to it, it will instantly ignite and burn to the ground. The sight of this vegetable production becomes so oppressive to the emigrant that he will forever after, when thinking of the Plains, be haunted with its smell and appearance; and as it forms the only material for making camp-fires for many hundred miles, its smoke and fizzy-like noise when burning will continue to be loathsome to his reflections for many, many long years.

Yes, reader, though it is now many years since we saw it, and though we are in a neat little room more than a thousand miles away from it, yet we can hear its fiz, taste its bitterness, and smell its offensive odor, easier than describe it. But the lizard is quite as mysterious a production as is the sage. He is from five to fifteen inches in length, and combines a hundred varieties of color, some of which are the most beautiful that are to be found in the whole animal kingdom. He will sit in the hottest part of the sand, facing the sun, and so still is he, that one can scarcely detect him; but when he starts to run, you commence to look, but so rapid is his flight, that only a flash of light, which is occasioned by the brilliancy of his colors, is to be seen, and then you feel sorry that he is gone. But how this harmless little creature finds his food, and what his food is, unless he catches gnats and musquitoes at night, is quite difficult to explain. Upon the Great Desert this lizard is the only attractive native that the emigrant meets. Birds and beasts cannot live upon it—at least, previous to the period of emigration they could not; but since that time they have the bodies of the cattle and horses, and even of many of the emigrants, to feast upon.

A MISHAP ON THE DESERT.

Looking over the desert, the ridges and piles of sand seem to form an uneven plain for many miles; but continuing the gaze, the brightness of the light looks, in the distance, to glimmer like

burning coal when the sun is shining upon it; even so seems the further boundary of the desert when earnestly gazing over it. But this view is more oppressive near the middle of the day than at any other time; for by looking a little upward, at a distance of one or two hundred miles, are to be seen mountains of snow, which, when the sun is shining upon them, seem such a contrast to the heat that the emigrant is enduring, that he more fully appreciates the misery of his condition. In fact, reader, if you have ever been very hungry, and in the presence of rich viands, with no money in your pocket, you may have an indistinct idea of how an emigrant feels when looking upon the snowy mountains.

As already mentioned, the Michigan Company started to cross this desert at the breaking of day; and it is doubtful if ever a party started with more hope of accomplishing the feat with ease. As it was moderately cool in the morning, they pushed forward with considerable haste, intending to make less speed during the middle of the day. After traveling about ten miles, Tom went to the top of a sand-hill to look ahead, and see if an end to the desert yet appeared.

"What 's it like, pilot?" asked the others, who had halted to hear of the prospect.

"Nothing—nothing," Tom replied, and continued on toward the road again. Some of the party showed signs of returning to the wagons, but upon Harriet and Mrs. Ellis's determination to proceed onward, they all continued on again. Their single-file line now began to show signs of thirst and fatigue; but no one broke the silence, and they moved onward, still as the calm scenes around them. But as they journeyed on, the heat of the sun continued to increase, and even the air became more still and rarefied, and they felt that oppressive longing for breath which fortunately is unknown to most of the inhabitants of our country. About ten miles further were traveled, when Tom again ascended a sand-hill to look for a change of scene, but again they were disappointed. This was near noon, and the temperature of the air was about one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. A general acknowledgment of fatigue now

became public, and some of them started back to meet the wagons. Among these was Mrs. Ellis. This left poor Harriet to travel alone in company with the men, or to return to the wagons: to do the former she decided. Again they continued onward. The heat of the sun still continued to increase, and the thirst of the emigrants was becoming almost insupportable. Yet as they went onward, Harriet tried hard to convince herself that she could go the other twenty miles; but she thought there was already a heaviness about her feet that made them drag and slip in the loose, hot sand as if her hopes were vain. She noticed, also, that some of the men showed more weakness than herself; and she was not altogether destitute of an ambitious desire to say that she had crossed the Great Desert on foot, for at that time very few ladies had accomplished the feat. Taking all these things into consideration, she determined to put her physical powers to the test.

Now, the sand on this desert is exceedingly hot, and whenever any one sits down upon it they are in danger of being sun-struck so as to never rise again; and the ignorance of the people upon this subject has caused many a poor fellow to leave his bones upon that desert; whereas, had he continued to exert himself, and thereby maintain his perspiration, he might have saved his life. Harriet understood this principle. She remembered one old Dr. Sparks, who used to drill her upon the subject of animal philosophy; and while she thus thought about the old Dr., she feared that she had not treated him with the regard he deserved, which now caused a dimness to come between her vision and the arid scenes around her. As she moved onward in this "melting mood," regardless of the few tears that now and then rolled down her cheeks, she elevated the larboard bow of her calico sun-bonnet and perceived one of the men, a little in advance, sitting down in the sand; but ere she had time to speak, she heard him moan a little and gasp for breath. She ran to him and called him by name, and said all she could to encourage him; but he soon laid down on the road, and they all thought he was going to die. They nursed him up for a few minutes, but they feared they were endangering themselves by remaining in the place; accord-

ingly they whispered courage to him, and then left him. They could do no better. The same has been done a thousand times since, and will be done again this summer, only they will be different people.

This was Harriet's first lesson upon the necessity of hardening her heart; it was also her first lesson upon the vain struggles of ambition—the first upon mortality, and upon the curious organization of our fellow-creatures, that cause them to use up their existence in this world for the acquisition of wealth, and defer making themselves happy and contented until they get to another. Yes; Harriet perceived that she could not bestow the natural religion of her own heart upon the evils and misfortunes around her, until the world discarded the vain whims and follies, which cause people to sacrifice the life and the body that God has given them. Yes; she perceived that there was within her own nature, fallen or not fallen, a principle too sympathizing, too sacred and moral, to say, "Thank God! he has quit this world and gone to heaven!" but yet she tried to dry up her tears and harden her heart by the common saying, "Well, this world is sour grapes; and if I don't believe it, I might be induced to assist my fellows to gather some of them; so, I had better believe it, and then I can bear these horrors without shedding tears. Yes; if he dies in the sand there now, I must thank God that his troubles are over; but if he should not die, I must—what? curse God for not ending his troubles? Ah! mystery, mystery! I will neither thank nor curse about it. It seems to me that it is none of my business, any further than if I can get water to him before he dies, I shall do so." But while she was walking along in the burning sand, pondering upon this subject, another of the party (it was Jimie) became too exhausted to proceed, and sat down to rest; but he, too, fell beneath the stroke of the sun. Charley, his friend, was soon by his side, endeavoring to assist him to rise and walk, but Jimie was too weak to stand. Then, when he laid down, Charley sat down by his side, held his head in his arms, and said:

"Be the holy Virgin, if ye die, Jimie, I will remain here and die wid ye!"

Harriet looked at Charley, and she saw large drops of tears rolling down his broad Irish face; but she became confounded when witnessing this, for she thought she had made a discovery that would startle the nations—that the Irish were human beings! And while she looked at Charley's tears dropping into Jimie's face, she said to herself, "There ought to be a law against these 'uneducated Irish' coming to our country: their doctrines are interdictive to the spirit of the age;" and as she muttered the words, she felt something gushing out of her eyes and running down her face. Then she turned to look at the others, and she said to herself: "At the tomb I have seen men shed tears, but I have never before seen *men* so moved by sympathy." But they had no time to lose: they could not stop in the sun any longer. They all went on, leaving Charley at Jimie's side.

Their party were now few in number, and all greatly fatigued. Not long after this they perceived the tops of trees far ahead. They felt confident that those trees must be standing on the banks of Carson river; but they were at least eight or ten miles off, though not so far but that every one of the party believed they could reach them. As the sun lowered to the westward their thirst seemed to increase, and their hunger and weakness continued to depress their spirits. This was about thirty miles they had traveled since daylight, and, as it ultimately proved, but little more than half way across. This, too, is the most difficult part of the journey, for at that hour the temperature in the sun generally stands as high as one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Were the road solid, the difficulty would be a mere pleasure promenade; but the loose sand seems to make one's feet go as far back as forward—a difficulty that tries one's patience quite as much as it does his physical powers. Then, after the thirst commences, the throat seems to stick or collapse so as to make it extremely difficult to breathe; to do which, the mouth must be kept open. But the exercise of these organs causes the glands of the neck to swell, so that even the tongue will protrude from the mouth. In this condition they are sometimes obliged to travel for many, many miles; so that to be an observer of a few of these sufferers.

as they move along in a dejected single-file line, is to be in a position where your own feelings would be far more difficult to describe than would be the scene itself.

Such, then, was Harriet's condition—seeing strong young men, behind and before her, in a far worse condition than herself. This has been frequently noticed in crossing the desert, that ladies have accomplished the journey quite as well as the men, and in many instances far better. But with Harriet, doubtless, her anxiety to overtake Simons was the means of giving her as much strength as she already manifested. When the sun was about setting, or at least falling behind the distant snowy mountains, the heat slightly diminished; but though the air was cooler, their hunger and fatigue still kept them in fear of sinking before they reached the river. At sunset the trees seemed to be almost as far off as when they were first noticed, although the party had now completed upward of forty miles since daylight.

Harriet now began to fear, for the first time, that she would yet be unable to accomplish the feat; and, should she fail, her condition would be wretched indeed; for they were in a place where the Indians were said to be very hostile, and, as night was fast coming on, they would soon be strolling out to commit their depredations upon the emigrants. They were now at least twenty miles ahead of the teams; accordingly, it was her wisest plan to continue on, if possible; and so she resolved to do. But she noticed that, as the night came on, a weariness, occasioned by the less rarefied atmosphere, seemed to incline her to sleep. This is a curious sensation to a person worn down by fatigue and hunger, and seems to be accompanied by a death-stroke to ambition; it is a principle that makes one feel perfectly willing to meet danger or anything else, even death. In fact, he feels like saying, "let come what will, I 'm going to have a sleep." So Harriet began to think, but she struggled to suppress her drowsiness; and after an hour of severe struggling, she overcame the feeling, and "was herself again." Before the moon arose, their view of the green trees was entirely closed, which rendered their condition almost hopeless. Then too, they were becoming scat-

tered, some were fifty or a hundred yards in advance of the others, and really none of them were near enough to enter into conversation, even if they had been able to do so. But the moon arose; the silent desert was lighted up, and the distant, snowy mountain peaks were sparkling. And as they moved along in silence, Harriet muttered to herself:

"Welcome, lovely night! Though I am ready to sink down with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, I am more than paid for it all, by looking upon the glorious scenes that surround me. Far in the distance, on every side, I perceive snowy peaks towering so high above the hideous, black mountain ranges, that their sparkling sides ravish my soul with a pleasure more intense than I ever before conceived to be possible. And while I look upon them, so great is their grandeur, that I think they are coming toward me, and I am mounting into the air to escape from their chilly impressions! Then, when I quickly cast my eyes over their wild black outlines, I feel a lonesomeness in my condition, that almost persuades me that I have left my mortal existence, and am now dwelling within a garden of grandeur and solitude, that has been fitted up for my eternal home. It seems as though such scenes can not be upon earth! But, when I bring my view closer, and confine my eyes to the silent desert, a conflicting of earthly and heavenly contemplations convinces me that nature's domain is the highest and most unimpeachable evidence of the power and greatness of Omnipotence."

Yes, Harriet thought of all this; and so does every one that ever looks upon such glorious scenes. But we must not confine ourselves to these impressions, but hurry on with our story.

After nearly despairing of ever reaching the river, and after nearly wearing themselves out with fatigue and thirst, they did reach the river, where they hesitated not to lay themselves down and drink to their entire satisfaction. Here, Harriet accomplished a journey of fifty-five miles, which, at that time, had been done by few ladies, but which has been done by hundreds since. As soon as they were refreshed to their satisfaction, they took an old keg, which some one in advance had discharged as useless luggage, filled it, and started back to meet and to relieve

the balance of the company. Those who had given out during the day, had, when the evening set in, revived and were marching onward. Charley had succeeded in getting Jimie within a short distance of the river, when they were met by the returning party with water.

"Be me faith, pilot," said Charley, "ye are always afther doin' a fellow a good turn. A small drap to Jimie if it may plase yer honor, for meself can rache the river, and ye had better save yer wather for the poor fellows behind, jist."

"But you had better take a sup too, Charley."

"Not a drap, pilot, and all the thanks in the world upon ye, but sure I wouldn't touch a drap, at all at all. Faith, and did ye" turning to Harriet, "go all the way through till the river?"

"Yes, Charley, I reached the river," said Harriet.

"Sure, and it 'll be a lucky man that gets ye for a wife; but ye must be weary?"

"Not much, Charley, but I couldn't stop at the river alone."

"But ye can go back to the river and stop with Jimie, and we will carry the water to the fellows behind, while ye rest yer limbs."

To this proposition Harriet consented, and, accordingly, returned with Charley and Jimie, but the others continued on with the keg of water. The balance of that night and all the following day, was occupied in getting the company safely over, and encamped on Carson river. A few of their cattle died, but otherwise, all was well, and from that time onward but little quarreling was known among them.

Carson river is the first view that the emigrant gets of timber, which is quite a luxury after traveling for over a thousand miles through a barren country. But one of the oddest things is, that every emigrant is astonished to think that, of all the writers who have described the difficulties of crossing the Plains, no one has ever spoken of it as being a barren road; consequently, everybody is surprised to find that they are obliged to travel hundreds of miles without seeing a tree or shrub, or even a bush. Whether writers have purposely neglected to represent the route in its true colors, for the sake of public good, or whether they have always been used to barren countries and did not notice its bleak appear-

ance, it mattereth not, but such is the fact. As soon as the emigrants reach this river they usually rest awhile in order to feast their eyes upon the timber, and also, to allow their cattle an opportunity of improving. At these halting-places along the journey is an incident — or fact rather—which puts one very much in mind of a busy housewife, namely, a tumbling out of all the clothing, looking it all over, mussing it up a little and packing it all back again. In these little inspections, worn-out garments and empty boxes are discharged; and not unfrequently are to be seen coffeepots with holes in the bottoms, and sometimes are seen bits of harness, so that altogether, these encampments form quite an interesting appearance; and were they several thousand years old, no doubt they would make one somewhat melancholy when giving them a serious inspection. Upon these relics, as on the buffalo skulls, the persons in advance, thinking that some acquaintance might follow, have written their names upon the kettles and boxes, and generally set them in an upright position. As the Michigan Company remained for some time in this encampment, Harriet might be seen wandering among the ruins, closely watching every speck of tar or chalk marked upon the front of relics, in search of a well-known name; and sure enough, her labor was not in vain, for she found the following: "July 16th — Nathan Simons in prosperity." Harriet gazed upon it a moment, and half-aloud exclaimed, "Possible! four days in advance!

He has gained upon me, O! dear, what shall I do?" After a few minutes' hard study she laid the board down and proceeded directly to the Captain, and commenced: "Oh! Captain, how long will you stop here? Must we never start? Why, I should think, anybody would have more ambition than our company has; then you must know that this has been such a frequent camping-place that we *shall have better grass by going on further ahead!*"

"O, my dear girl," said the Captain, "don't be uneasy; for we shall start to-morrow, and we are going to travel very fast now; but I am astonished at you hurrying us up! I should think you had nearly enough of fast traveling by this time!"

"O, no, Captain, I am tired of waiting so much on these young men—I don't mean waiting *on* them, but *for* them, they are so slow! I think we might start to-day!"

"Faith, and ye are right, Harriet," said Charley, "such a lot of youngsters—bad luck to us—we can't travel as fast as yerself, and there is no pity for us."

Carson Valley is one of the most beautiful places in the wide world! And as the emigrant emerges from the long, desolate scenes behind, and enters into this vale of living grandeur, he is prepared to feast upon its superabundant richness and beauty, with untiring admiration and feelings of inexpressible delight. To the west are to be seen the great Sierra Nevadas, which form a wall running north and south for several hundred miles, seeming to cross the road and the valley, but rising abruptly, and so high in the heavens, that their snowy peaks are lost amid the blue and smoky haze, where the eye of the beholder becomes fixed and giddy while he feels unable to express his emotions. Turning to the north, one continued mass of bleak, desolate mountains seem to roll one over another, extending so far away, that the eye grows dim in following their wild, black curves through the hazy atmosphere. To the eastward, for more than a hundred miles, the small, dark-gray mountains seem to lie on a lower level, but spotted here and there with fields of snow, forming a variegated landscape of the grandest beauty.

But it is to the south where the mind loves to feast—there lies the valley of incomparable beauty! It is a meadow of the richest vegetation, partially interrupted in its extent by giving up from its midst, here and there, a sugar-loaf mountain, which is, at first, of the most beautiful green, and then, as it rises in the air, becomes huge, black, and wildly projecting over the rich vegetation below, but continuing to raise its awful pile until its tapering peak pierces the clouds! Through the middle of the valley flows the clear, sparkling Carson, its winding course ornamented by a continual row of tall cottonwood trees, following its meanderings through the vast green meadow. The gentle slopes of the valley on each side of the river, is coursed by thousands

of rivulets—fed by the melting snow on the distant mountains—which extend their little murmuring channels for several miles through the tall green grass, and, finally, empty into the main river. Here, excluded from the whole busy world, and protected by the strongest walls on earth, the emigrant knows no language that can express his admiration of so beautiful a garden among the wild mountains, for even its solitude is surpassed by its richness and grandeur.

The Michigan Company had a very favorable drive until they reached the foot of the Sierra Nevadas, where they were obliged to halt and discharge a quantity of luggage. At the foot of these mountains commence the forests of pine, fir and hemlock, so that only a few hours are required to hide the "valley of beauty" forever. Perhaps, every one has seen remarkable sights, for which they would have given half their lives away, to have had a friend to participate in the enjoyment of the scene, if so, they can easily imagine our young heroine of romance taking her last view of Carson Valley.

"O! could I have looked o'er thy enrapturing scenes, and beneath thy smiling groves, mingled my voice with his, while his comprehensive mind accompanied the vivid flights of mine, I could have forfeited my self-love, and resigned my wishes to the will of thy inanimate fields! Could he, too, have passed this glorious view? Ah! I see the same mountains and valleys, the same groves and meadows, the same clear light, and even the same curtain-like clouds, that he, too, has seen. Then, too, he looked to the eastward; he saw those distant gray mountains, spotted here and there with fields of snow, o'er which he peered through the hazy skies that rest upon them. And while he looked upon these, he heard the melancholy hum of this mighty forest; he heard these fountains of water too, that come rushing down these hideous cañons, mingling their crashing and foaming roar with the wheezy-like echo that continues to rise among the leaves above, but never escapes. Then he saw the tall grass on that extensive slope waving gently, and he heard these little rivulets trickling along their hidden channels; and while he saw and heard all these, he, too, thought about the change to

which this wild and lovely scene would be subject, when civilized people settle upon it. But he, too, had to take his last view of this Vale of Beauty! And I must leave it. A few minutes more, and I must be climbing the mighty Sierra Nevadas! The dark, wild forest will hide the view to me forever—forever!"

Harriet had now abandoned all hope of meeting Simons, until she reached the mines or settlements in California. Indeed, she had only about two hundred miles further to travel, and she was not at all discouraged by so insignificant a remainder. But here, we must dismiss her for the present; and, reader, at the end of our story, you will be able to perceive why we are obliged to break off from the apparent course of our narrative; we are only introducing persons who are indispensable to the objects of the main subject. Therefore, take your time, and we promise to bring you safely over.

CHAPTER XI.

A CURIOUSLY matched pair of individuals were Warner and Uncle Thomas, but in order to ascertain a few of their peculiarities, we must relate a sketch of an afternoon with them along the road in the mountains. Here we have a road composed of steep mountains and narrow defiles, down which, deep creeks of cold water are seen dashing their sparkling foam among the long branches of fir, hemlock and pine, which hang in such rich profusion, as to prevent a glimpse at the clear sky above; all dark and dreary, the roaring water seems to wheeze and moan to escape its wild solitude. Up the side of these creeks, passed the narrow road which leads to the summit, and along this road we find our inverted V on the back of a pretty little gray horse; his mouth, filled with tobacco, is pouting, but now and then opens a little to let fly a liberal discharge of Kentucky cartridge, then closes, and looks important again. His legs are dangling lifelessly nearly to the ground, but his short body, bent a little forward, *full-breasted behind*, his "wide-awake" resting upon his

shoulders, his white eyebrows climbing his low forehead; but his beauty is completed by a dark-yellow streak of tobacco juice trickling down each side his long chin, over which a sickly-white furze is growing; with this face, *such* a face, wild with ignorance, lighted by two rather queer-looking eyes, directed toward Uncle Thomas, who has been trying hard to explain the causes of mountain elevation.

"Certainly," said Uncle Thomas, "it required a great force to elevate such a range of mountains as these; but, if that force did not proceed from the interior of the earth, we can not conceive of any method that will give us any explanation of their upheaval at all. But if you don't think the cause exists within the earth; where, Warner, where do you imagine the power does exist?"

"Well," said Warner, stretching himself up a little, and assuming an important air, "well, I never study these things much, but I always thought that the mountains was as old as any other part of the world; in fact, I always understood that they was a little the oldest, if anything."

"O, but you see that cannot be, Warner; for the mountains could not stand until something existed beneath them?"

"Yes," said Warner, "yes, uncle, you are right; but I never tho't o' that afore. I see at once, as quick as you advanced the idee, the mountains can't be the oldest part of the world; but how did you say the mountains was made?"

"Why, the earth is supposed to be in a state of solution at a depth of about twenty miles, and the crust, in resting upon it, is risen or depressed by the action of other planets upon it; for as one portion is rising, another is sinking, but if this action is not uniform, the crust is cracked, and either elevated or sunk; but in the eruption here, the land was elevated."

Before the old man could get through with a single idea, Warner's mind would be strolling after something else, or, perhaps, toward his horse's ears—a mark that he usually fired his tobacco juice at—an operation that would give rise to the following address to his horse, "Ha, ha! take that, will you, or I'll give you one on the other ear, too. You infernal lazy beast—what are

you lopping your ears so early in the day for? I'll brighten your idees—if I don't—you can take my hat."

Such speeches he would frequently commence when the old man would be in the act of explaining some scientific problem; and any one can easily imagine what sort of company he would be for Uncle Thomas, when such a scope for geological metaphysics was within their reach. Anxiously indeed, did Uncle Thomas wish to reach the end of the journey, where he soon expected to mingle in better company; but, alas! poor old soul, he was not aware of the high position that this same Warner would yet hold in California.

Riding along after the above fashion, the old man generally grew very weary when night approached; but here he had most of the labor—attending to the horses and preparing supper—to perform; for, even yet, Warner's knee prevented him from assisting, or at least afforded a "soldier's excuse." Uncle Thomas withstood the hardships of the journey as well as many young people; and, had he had a liberal companion, doubtless he would have stood it much better than many.

Before the emigrants reach California they usually talk very much about what they are going to do—how much money they wish to make—how long it will require to make it, and by what means they are going to make it.

Upon this subject the old man finally turned the conversation, for really it was the only one on which he could secure Warner's attention; but whether he had an idea of awakening a new sense of reflection in his young companion, does not appear very clear; more probably he loved to talk, and would talk with anybody on anything rather than be quiet. But we must give a specimen of their own words, and should it awaken new ideas in anybody's mind upon the inalienable rights of man, it must be remembered that it did not effect as much as that upon the mind of Mr. Warner.

"So, Mr. Warner, you think you shall commence gambling as soon as we reach the mines? But have you ever thought whether you would be doing as useful a business as if engaged in something else?"

"That ain't my business; you know it's a free country, and it's my business to make money at what I can?"

"You Americans seem to have a curious notion of freedom; in England we don't understand by a country being a free country, that a man can follow an illegal business, or rather, anything he chooses; for he may be thereby trampling upon the rights of others."

"But here's the fact of the business," said Warner, stretching himself into an important attitude, "if a country's a free country, why a man may follow anything; and if he can't do that, why it isn't free, that's all. Look what Washington and Jefferson said on the freedom of this country."

"But if I mistake not, Washington never wished to carry freedom to such an extent as to tolerate gambling! But I am not arguing other men's opinions; I only speak of gambling being a business that is trampling upon the rights of others, and that, consequently, it can not be said that a man has a *natural* right to engage in it?"

"O, yes! uncle, I'll show you in a minute how that is. You see, if a man's *free*, he can do what he likes; and if he can't do that, he ain't free. Now, we'll say you are going to the mines to dig gold; well, if you can't get to dig, then you ain't free, are you?"

"Ah! but look you here: by digging gold I am not interfering with any man's right; I am not injuring anybody; I am really a benefit to society. But by gambling, you are taking another man's money, which it is his right to keep."

"O, no, uncle, he has a right to spend his money; and if he's fool enough to come and gamble it into my pockets, why he has a right to do so."

"Ay, if he is fool enough; but do you know that in England we consider the business of a government is to protect the rights and property of such people as are not capable of judging for themselves."

"Pshaw! what is England? Why, you can't go into the fields and shoot birds!"

"Ah! but see here, Warner; what particular harm does our game law to society? I do not approve of it either; but we

English people consider that a place where the government tolerates gambling, is of decidedly low morals; but that is not what I wish to get at—it is this; how far do the rights of man extend; or in other words, how much freedom has a man by nature?"

"Why," said Warner, growing still more important, "why, I consider, if a man 's a free man, he has a right to do anything he chooses—anything."

"O no, Warner, surely that cannot be; or at least, it is very different from what we English people think."—We must mention here that Uncle Thomas was not devoid of the general character of the English; and although he was one of the best men that ever lived, yet that eternal weakness of making so frequent allusion to England and to English people, was the first and greatest of all his crimes; and dull as was Warner's comprehension, yet he was capable of perceiving it.—"For," the old man continued, "if we give a man a right to do as he chooses, he may wish to run naked into a ballroom, for that is only giving him the most extensive freedom."

"Ah!" said Warner, "I don't mean that a man shall be free to do such a thing as that; but he has a right to do any kind of business he chooses."

"Any kind of business that does not injure society, I will admit; but a man has no right to be setting traps along a public highway to catch people and rob them, has he?"

"O no, I don't mean to uphold any dishonest business by giving a man perfect freedom; but I have a right to gamble if I choose, and it 's nobody's business."

"But that is very different from what we English people think. We say, if any occupation that a man follows is an injury to society in general, then that man has no natural right to follow it."

"But by gambling I 'll not injure society. I 'll just open a monte-bank, and if people are foolish enough to injure themselves on it, why they can do it."

"Ah! but see here, Warner; everybody will agree that gambling is a bad thing as it does now exist: well, then, the question is, have you a right to hold temptation before the public?

Your argument is precisely the same as that used by the manufacturers of spiritous liquors: they say that *they* have a right to *make* whatever they choose; and if people do not know enough to let their liquor alone, why, let them drink it. Now, I do not say that these manufacturers trampled upon anybody's rights by *making* the liquor; for if it was destroyed immediately, it would not injure the public; but by placing the temptation before the people it then injures society, and consequently it is not right in the manufacturer to engage in such business."

"Well, I don't care," said Warner, growing somewhat impatient; "it's a free country, and I have a right to gamble if I like."

"Why, not as we English people think, you have not."

But Warner could bear it no longer; so stretching himself well up, and commencing with that dreadful place where he wished all bad people, he replied: "To h—ll with your d—d foreign notions: you are like all others—you want to dictate to us Americans, by G—d, what is right; but you don't come any of your slack over me, I'll bet."

"O not at all, Warner," replied Uncle Thomas, surprised at such a sudden burst; "I did not mean to dictate anything at all; but I supposed anybody had a right to speak their opinion in this country."

"So they have; but we don't want foreigners to dictate to us about our affairs, nor, by G—d, we won't have them do it either."

"But I was only expressing an opinion; I do not want to *dictate*."

"Yes, you're just like an abolitionist: he says he's only expressing an opinion, but all the time he is trying to rob us of our rights."

"But do you know that you can express your opinion on anything in England?"

"To h—ll with England!—a nation of people that can't trust to each other's word!"

"But see here, Warner; does it never occur to you, that when there are institutions in a country against which a man cannot

express his opinion, those institutions must be wrong? I will agree that we have great curses in England, but against any of these a man has a right to speak and to advocate his own notions; and because I speak against gambling, you accuse me with meddling with the rights of the country. No, Warner, I tell you I am the last man to *dictate* to anybody; but you will find me a true Englishman— I *will speak* against whatever does not seem right to me."

"Well, I don't care; but I am going to open a bank as soon as I get to Sacramento, and it's nobody's business."

Warner and Uncle Thomas had but few of the mountain difficulties to encounter, and consequently reached the mines in advance of most of the emigration. Immediately after their arrival they sold their horses. Warner went to Sacramento to commence gambling, and the old man started for the diggings; but as we shall keep an eye to their prosperity, we must now return to welcome our happy lady, Harriet, across the mountains.

CHAPTER XII.

After the Michigan Company entered the mountains, their whole attention seemed to be directed to everything that would accelerate their speed, and, with the exception of the loss of a few cattle, they met but few difficulties.

Near the summit of the Sierra Nevadas the road is frequently very good, being nearly level for many miles; but, as it does on most of the route, it follows along the side of creeks and ravines; and in the mountains these creeks are nearly hidden by the thick underbrush, and along their very narrow valleys are sometimes small patches of grass, but the mountains are covered with snow.

In the early emigration, grizzly bears were to be seen almost every hour of the day, either strolling along the road in the hot sun—for it was the middle of summer—or wallowing in these

little creeks; so that it was not very wholesome for a single person to go very far in advance of the company, unless he was well prepared for a tussle with the very friendly-looking Mr. Bruin.

ASCENDING THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

A little after sunset, one evening, the Michigan Company were in the act of encamping upon one of those grass-patches close to the side of a creek, which was completely inclosed by a dense thicket of willows, when a rather laughable incident occurred among them. Harriet had taken a bucket to bring some water from the creek, and went in a careful, stooping posture, creeping under the brush until she stood at the water's edge; but behold! she had scarcely straightened into an upright position when Mr. Bruin arose to give her a hearty welcome; and, within a few feet of her, he looked not very unlike some comical monument topped

out with Michael Angelo's God of Moses—only the bear lacked the horns and the beard. In such a formidable position, and not having showed his card, poor Harriet did consider that his desire for an embrace—in the dark—was a decided breach of etiquette, and herself at liberty—being a real American in principle and birth—to decline his solicitations; and accordingly she commenced a gentle screaming, and at the same time betook herself to her hands and knees, making a hasty retreat beneath the brush in the direction of the camp. But Mr. Bruin seemed to consider such a hasty denial an insult to his dignity, and forthwith proceeded to follow the poor girl for an explanation, and the way those willows shook, mingled with poor Harriet's screams, seemed really serious.

In the midst of this unceremonious march toward the camp, Charley, the ever-faithful Charley, being prejudiced in favor of his traveling companion, and thinking Mr. Bruin was a Corkonian,—a race of people who had not many years since planted quite a projection on the side of his head, and for whom he entertained no very good feelings,—did proceed, with shillelah in hand, boldly toward Mr. Bruin, who soon came to the very wise conclusion that the sooner he abandoned his intentions upon the poor girl, the better; and in a moment after, his ungainly person was "among the missing," while Charley was left, calling out: "Run, ye cowardly blackguard!—bad luck to yer impudence, to be afther bating a poor girl! There isn't a spark of the true gintleman about ye, and divil the honor there is benaith yer jacket at all, at all!—run, ye blackguard, run!"

Poor Harriet, pale and trembling, was now overcome by a good hearty laugh, and soon after, it was noticed, she had changed a very ragged dress for one of better appearance. The others brought up the water-bucket, and thus the scene terminated, and thus ended the last exciting acts of the Michigan Company on the Plains.

On entering California in the hottest days of summer, one is apt to form a very different notion of the country from what a certain explorer represented it to be. All over the valley of Sacramento is not to be seen a spire of green grass—nothing but

a level, dried-up plain glimmering in the sun; and, but for a few squatty oaks scattered over it at wide intervals, it would appear as desolate as the deserts of Arabia. However, this is really the California winter; for at six months from this period the entire valley—ay, hundreds of square miles—are literally hid beneath the innumerable variety of flowers upon it. But such is not the case in what is called summer. Then, clouds of dust, a dry atmosphere, and an oppressive sun, are all the enjoyments with which the emigrant is greeted. But, bad as it is, who can judge of the heartfelt thanks of the emigrant who has just accomplished this journey! No one but an American would have dared to perform such a feat. But so great is the migrative disposition of our nation, that even our women and children venture where civilized man has never been.

After nearly four months of severe toil and exposure, the Michigan Company encamped close to Sacramento city. We have thus hastily passed over Harriet's adventures, experiences, excitements, hopes, and despondencies, because our story would have been too long had we not confined our remarks to the most prominent, interesting, and instructive incidents that this venturesome creature met with. It is not to be supposed that she crossed the Plains without experiencing bad colds, headaches, and fevers in the hot sun; and that some of the company were very kind to her, some indifferent, and some disagreeable; these things contain nothing new to most readers, for there has already been much written upon that subject; then, beside, since the period of which we write, the journey has been performed by many other ladies, both old and young,

Of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, and Jimie, and Charley, we shall have a little more to speak after a while; but with the rest of the company we have done. However, among these, Harriet had some warm friends, as may be judged by her remarks when taking a farewell of them all. This was on the next morning after their arrival, and when the company had just arisen from their out-door breakfast, but yet stood in a circle around their camp-fire — it was their last camp-fire! After going round among them, shaking hands and bidding them farewell

individually, she stepped to one side of their circle, so that she could look upon them all; when they all became quiet to hear what she was going to say, she said:

"Gentlemen, I must now leave you. Our journey is accomplished; our struggles are over. We must separate. My feelings toward you make me wish our journey continued on! But the end has come, and I can know your presence no more! I say, no more; but yonder! yonder! we shall meet again. But, till then, we must live and wander among the busy world, struggle to achieve our various wants, and continue to remember each other. And you, gentlemen, need never think that a single day will pass by in which I shall not remember you all—remember having witnessed your kindness, labors, and distress, while on that long, long road. But those troubles are all past now. Those wild and dangerous scenes have disappeared, and we are now surrounded by happy and civilized life. But, when I think of our long ramble over those wild plains; those mighty mountains, and those desolate hills; among the many tribes of injured, but dangerous Indians, and among the wretched scenes of suffering emigrants—when I think that *you*, that *I*, have done all this, so strange and troubled are my feelings, that I tremble and fear that my life itself is not real. Ah! I remember you all, gentlemen. I have seen you all on the Platte, where those dark, wild clouds were hovering over us—where the rain and hail fell in torrents—where the cold winds chilled us all, and dashed our tents and wagon-covers in pieces—where you so kindly held the torn canvas over my head, to shield the storm from me! You were kind to me, gentlemen—too kind. I know not how to leave you. But, I must, I must go—go! I can never expect to see you all collected again. Very probably, I shall never see some of you again on earth! For your kindness to me, I know not how to thank you; but, such are my feelings, that I almost wish our journey continued, so that I could enjoy your presence. Even our struggles on the Great Desert are now dear to me—ah! that burning sun, that yellow moon, beneath which our wearied limbs bore us over. Yes, gentlemen, you are all dear to me; but, henceforth, our joys

and sorrows can not unite! As you now stand together, you will, perhaps, no more. But, come what may, while life lasts, an affectionate heart will ever cherish your remembrance, will sympathize with your troubles and hardships, will do all that the heart of woman can! Farewell, gentlemen; farewell! I must let this be my last view of you! Farewell!" and she turned, pressed her hand upon her face, and walked away. Though years have since rolled by, Harriet has never forgotten her sad feelings when leaving the Michigan company.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Harriet arrived in Sacramento, she was almost penniless, and in possession of a very scanty suit of clothes, beside the poor, ragged one upon her back. In this miserable condition, she now found herself in an immense country, where people knew so little of each other as to be entirely ignorant of their neighbors' names; and, so scattered were the population, that she now feared more than ever that she might yet miss the object of her attachment. What this persevering lady endured has, perhaps, no equal in modern times; and, for faithfulness, energy, and presence of mind, affords one of the most important arguments upon "woman's rights," of any of the fair creatures who have ever taken upon themselves such extensive liberties.

Only imagine a plump, rosy-cheeked, gray-eyed girl of seventeen, in a half-wild city, ragged and destitute, with hands better adapted to the pencil and the piano than to the common kitchen duties—so much spoken of by old housewife philosophers—as an entire stranger to everybody. Of course, everybody will say she is on her road to ruin; and even less daring ladies might say it served her right for attempting to follow her lover; but, let none rejoice until they hear her fate, and then, should they ever wish to be so enthusiastic, they will have some notion

of what some of their fair sisters can accomplish when they make a bold attempt.

Harriet now commenced looking for some employment whereby she could earn the necessaries of life; and, in a few hours' search, she chanced upon a boarding-house, where she succeeded in making an engagement, for the no trifling sum of one hundred and fifty dollars per month.

A slight description of this house may not be uninteresting, for it will afford a limited notion of most of the houses in California at that period, and such as were her abode in different places. Its frame consisted of a great number of poles, standing, leaning, and bracing against each other at the top, where an abundance of nails secured them from slipping; but the lower ends of the poles were driven into the ground, so as to look after the style of a common frame house—houses which have been, unfortunately, common in our country; but the construction was a single, low story, of exceeding length. The frame was covered, outside, with a good quality of brown muslin, but inside with the most gaudy, red and green calico that could be obtained in the country; and, within, it presented attractive qualities really laughable. These flashy colors had the desired effect of superseding paintings, particularly as regarded their brilliancy of appearance and economy in construction. This edifice was divided into two very necessary rooms—a dining-room and kitchen. The former occupied about two-thirds the building, and, although it was upward of sixty feet in length, yet it was so very narrow, that a single table, which extended the entire length, and a row of bunks on each side, scarcely left room for one to walk. The table was formed of unplaned boards, supported by posts driven in the ground; but it was covered by a good oilcloth, which was nailed firmly upon it. On each side of this table was a rude bench, patiently waiting for the hungry boarders; and well greased were those benches. The bunks were the nightly resorts of the boarders, and many a good sleep and happy dream passed upon their squeaking humbleness; but, during the day, the blankets in those bunks presented a sorry appearance, and *prima facie*

evidence that washerwomen were rare novelties, if not altogether unknown.

The kitchen was occupied by a few shelves for holding the china and tinware, which seemed to abound rather luxuriously, and an immense cooking-stove, over which a colored man and his lady were to be seen in a gentle perspiration, preparing the fat pork and beans—the principal articles upon which early Californians subsisted. The floor of this establishment was nothing more nor less than terra firma itself, and in warm weather quite as pleasant and neat as are similar ones in the land of Erin.

After Harriet's arrival in this mansion, it became necessary to construct a wing to the building, to answer for her dressing and sleeping room; and in those fast days, only a few hours were required for the completion of her apartment. Her occupation at this place was merely to superintend the table; but her *presence* was to give a respectability to the house, and thereby enable Mr. Long, the proprietor, to make an extra charge for board.

As soon as Harriet found herself safely located in this establishment, she sat down and wrote a few long letters to her betrothed—expressing such feelings and sentiments as are never interesting to third persons—and immediately proceeded to the office to mail them to different parts of the country.

It must be stated that, at this period, no government post-office was established at Sacramento, and that everybody who liked, kept one; and, in consequence, there were about one hundred post-offices in this little city! In fact, nearly every store, grocery, grogshop and every other shop, was a post-office, and well represented by a large painted sign above their doors. The reason of so many post-offices being in the city will appear plain, when it is remembered that most of the miners were anxious to send specimens of gold to their wives, sisters or brothers, or intended lady-love in the Atlantic States; and, as no other opportunity existed, they were obliged to send them through by the mail. In this way scarcely a letter was mailed in that city, that did not contain several dollars worth of gold—in answer to which, the poor, honest miner expected his "dear" would bend

her affectionate heart and remember him. But, immediately after these letters were mailed, the self-appointed postmaster, who always received a dollar for "prepaid," withdrew to a back room, and there, deliberately and confidentially did break open the said letter or letters, and place the same in his own purse; and then, just as deliberately consign the "dear—dear" letter or letters to his stove, there to be burned and destroyed forever! This was a profitable business, and, probably, the principal cause of so many post-offices, and of so few letters containing gold never reaching their intended destination—a trifling fact that came near causing a secession upon the dilatory conduct of Congress—it was not a Calhoun secession, but the cold hand of lost-confidence-feeling pervading an intelligent and injured public.

Harriet felt somewhat puzzled at seeing so many post-offices, and was a little lost and embarrassed to know how to proceed. While standing on the corner of J and Fourth streets, taking a general view of the signs, she was approached and addressed very politely by a young gentleman, apparently about twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age. The appearance of this gentleman was quite prepossessing—robust, full-sized, well-proportioned, straight, of dark complexion, arched brows, large forehead, lips rather thick and denoting dignity of feeling, and always lighted by a smile; beautifully carved chin, ornamented by a short, neat rim of black beard; he wore excellent black-cloth, black kid gloves, and a neat walking-stick. Lifting his hat, he bowed and said to Harriet:

"I beg pardon, Miss—but you seem lost, as well as myself!"

"Thank you, sir, I am not really lost, but there are so many post-offices here that I scarcely know to which one to go, to mail some letters."

"I am sorry, Miss—but I can not give you the information you need, for I only arrived a few hours ago in the city; but if I can assist you to ascertain I shall be happy to do so—excuse me a moment and I will make inquiry for you." And bowing gently away, he soon disappeared behind the dense crowd of people on the sidewalk; but, in a moment more, he appeared again, bowed politely and said:

"This way, Miss, if you please, I am told that Mr. Moore's is the best post-office. If you will allow me, I will assist you through the crowd."

"Thank you, you are very kind," replied Harriet, as they moved across the street to Mr. Moore's.

As soon as they entered the store, Harriet handed in her letters and the money for postage; but, while waiting for her change, this new acquaintance, who proved to be Elias Parker, afterward a prominent man in California—being taller than Harriet, cast his eyes over the calico partition, into a back room, where a clerk went with Harriet's letters, and he perceived the clerk breaking open said letters, where, of course, he expected to find a few dollars in gold-dust. Parker looked for sometime, to satisfy himself that he might not be mistaken, but, enraged at such a breach of justice, he finally called out:

"What are you doing there?"

The clerk started, and observed Parker watching him. Parker then said to Harriet:

"He has torn your letters to pieces," but his indignation began to arouse, and with a bold, firm step, he burst through the calico partition and seized the frightened clerk, just as the letters burst forth into a blaze of fire. Harriet stood pale and trembling, and beheld her letters consumed; but such gallantry on the part of Parker, sent a magic thrill to her very soul, and while he brought the mercy-begging scoundrel toward the door, she thought that never man looked so noble as did Parker.

There were no officers present to whom to deliver the clerk, and of course he was obliged to be allowed his liberty, as soon as he promised to leave the city—to which he consented in a remarkably short time. Mr. Parker now accompanied Harriet to her residence—Mr. Long's—where he engaged boarding. Harriet returned to her little room, where she had been so long engaged in writing the letters, and now the difficulties in finding Nathan Simons, and her gratitude to Mr. Parker, made her feel as never woman felt before; and while large drops of tears rolled down her burning face, her heart throbbed and seemed to die within her.

On the following day Harriet again wrote letters, and, in company with Mr. Parker, proceeded once more to a post-office, but this time she tried a different one, and was promised care and attention. With a somewhat lighter heart she now returned to her residence and entered upon her household duties.

Mr. Parker continued to board in the same house, and was for some time engaged in looking after some suitable employment: he finally purchased some town-lots and prepared to build upon them; but as we shall again see this remarkable and yet unfortunate young man, we must leave him for the present, and return to follow Simons.

CHAPTER XIV.

After Simons joined his sister on the Plains, his health and prosperity became the most prominent characteristics. Few troubles interrupted them, and they were soon at the head of emigration. Julia again became merry and sang her happy airs to everybody, laughing loud and long at every strain. Her husband understood the management of the team, and it prospered and grew fat under his care. A happy mess indeed was Simons', and the way they sped over the sandy valleys and stony hills was really astonishing. But the Sierra Nevadas nearly used them up.

The ascent and descent of these mountains are performances very laborious, yet rather pleasing and interesting. Imagine a bushy-whiskered, good-looking man about thirty years of age, holding fast to the reins by the side of four long-eared mules, with his whip whirling and cracking over their backs, his mouth wide open, and the words, "hep—get'ep—je—haw," escaping with the greatest rapidity, while his black eyes look quick and sharp at every stone and tree, and himself unconscious of the profuse perspiration rolling down his face, and then the person of Mr. Hamlin driving up the mountains, may be pictured forth.

But at the wheels is Simons, a rather fresh-faced young fellow, lifting, pushing, and sweating, his lips half open and firmly set by the same resolve that caused his brow to knit, while his half-bent body expressed, "do or die," and at each furious heave the wagon moves. But just behind the wagon was a pretty little black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, plump, laughing woman. In her half-gloved little hands she held a scotch-block, and at each successful move she placed her block behind the wheel, then panted and laughed—it was Julia. In that style they continued to make the ascent, always fancying that each mountain ahead would bring them to the summit of the range, but always perceiving another still higher before them. After a few days of this kind of labor they reached the summit. Then commenced the descent, which, though also laborious, was one of mere amusement. With a long rope tied to the wagon, Simons and Julia held back, but Hamlin was still at the team, crying, "Wo! wo! ho! wo-ho!" while the crazy wagon went leaping and bounding over stones and logs, followed by Simons' and Julia's gigantic strides and torn garments; but at each awful plunge, their voices rang with, "Wo!" and their eyes ran wild with fear and fun. And down they went, thinking that each mountain would be the last, but, like the ascent, each one following seemed to increase in magnitude and length, and reveal still greater ones ahead. However, after a few days' perseverance, they followed down until the mountains dwindled away into the Sacramento valley, across which they proceeded to an encampment called Sacramento city. This was about one week in advance of Harriet, and Simons immediately wrote her a letter to Cincinnati! After some deliberation, Hamlin concluded to open a small store in the mines, and accordingly proceeded to the celebrated Weber Creek, accompanied by his happy wife, to engage in the business. He was to purchase the goods in Sacramento, and haul them up to the store, where his pretty wife was to remain as wholesale and retail manager and disposer of the stock. They built a house for their store-goods something after the style of Harriet's residence, but not by any means so beautiful or costly; but, from the fact that its parlor, kitchen, garret, and cellar, store and all, were in

one room, it was an exceedingly handy house. It stood under one of those large, spreading green oaks which adorn so much of the lowlands of California, and thus it was considerably protected from the dry, burning suns of summer. They also took the precaution to build it close upon the banks of the nearly dried-up Weber, which gave them only about two-and-a-half steps to a celebrated spring, where many people were in the habit of coming for water; but they never said whether they built so close to that spring for the purpose of obtaining plenty of custom, or not: it was a case, notwithstanding, in which a suspicion of that kind might be justifiable. Here it was they entered into mercantile life; but from the fact of their never having more than one wagon-load of goods on hand at one time, it was very probable their capital was limited. Here it was Mrs. Hamlin could be seen, late and early, weighing out flour, pork, sugar, and tea—the principal articles used in the money-making days of California—to the different miners who chanced to be living near by. Day-books were dispensed with there; for all who had the "dust," paid as they bought, while new arrivals—so poor and hungry—were told to take what they wanted, and to come and pay for them when they made the money: even names were not given, but implicit confidence was universal—so great were the honor and trust that existed throughout the land in the early settlement of that flourishing State. No law, no politicians, no priests, no courts—no, none of the binding said-to-be-indispensables existed among the miners, and yet all moved along in more harmony and morality than any other collection of men since the days of history began.

It is no wonder, then, that Mrs. Hamlin loved her occupation, since she had such an honorable class of people to deal with. She had no uneasiness in regard to the fact of her husband carrying such great bags of gold-dust when on his way to the city, and was almost certain that in about every seven days he would return safe and sound. Neither murder nor robbery ever entered her mind; but skipping about all day, singing and laughing, she was prepared for a safe, happy rest at night—"all alone," As Simons had no capital, he was under the necessity of going

to mining; and accordingly, having heard great accounts of the richness of the Yuba, he took leave of his affectionate sister, and struck off for Parks' Bar. Not having means to carry on business alone, he united with a small, black-whiskered German, commonly called by the familiar name of Hance. It must be borne in mind, that in the diggings, as it was on the Plains, people seldom got farther than the easy part of the name pronounced, before they came to the conclusion to dispense with the balance. Hance was one of those little, odd, talkative men, who, though of unimpeachable morals, afford a sort of amusement to large men; and yet, from his good judgment and sprightliness of disposition, he was rather a desirable companion as a miner. He had been more than a week in the diggings, previously to Simons' acquaintance, and perhaps he was somewhat justifiable in endeavoring to explain that such localities as were likely to be exceedingly rich, were perfectly plain to a man of *experience*.

"Now, you see, Mr. Simons," said he, "where dese rocks lie him up straight-like, so you see, well him always pay rich; ah! very rich sometimes. What you say—we try him here?"

"O! certainly; you are much better acquainted with it than I am: and then, you know, if it will not pay in one place, we must try another," said Simons.

"O! to be sure—to be sure; but, den, dis must pay. You see de water comes rushing down ober de rocks and tings, and carries all de loose stuff away; but de gold, him lie heavy on de bottom, and neber can cross de little (what you call em, eh?) crebices: so him stop. Well, bym-by, de rocks wears out, and de water carries him all away; den de gold, him slip into anoder (ah! what?) crebice. Dis de way de gold come him togedder."

Such was his style of lectures, which generally lasted from sunrise to sunset; and, although his ideas of denudation were remarkably good, yet his curious manner of describing, together with his broken dialect, were equally attractive to all who had the opportunity of hearing him.

They had a very comfortable brush-house, which answered the principal object of any house on that sunny hill, namely, to

keep their blood about twenty-four degrees below Fahrenheit's standing point from eleven until two. The manner in which their side of the river was protected by a high, abrupt, red-looking, bald mountain, holding its broad, glimmering face toward the "sun's dinner time," rendered their lounge quite a social resort, where they could see and enjoy the playing electric lizards, darting their slippery, shining, green, purple, red, and blue sides through the brushy walls of their little palace, as though their precious necks were of less value than the time occupied by their vision going in advance. In this wild home they amused themselves by conversing as their own inclinations dictated; but that was, generally, upon the amount of gold they were making, and going to make.

Hance came to California with the intention of remaining two years; about six months of which had already been passed in San Francisco; but, while there, he had received a letter from home, stating that his wife and only child, in New York, were very ill. This induced him to quit the jewelry business in San Francisco, to try the more hazardous but speedy business of gold-digging, which had, up to the aforesaid period, been anything but flattering. His wife was, undoubtedly, in hard circumstances; so he now resolved to return as soon as he could collect a few hundred dollars, which seemed likely to be at no very distant period. At this time, there were but few miners on the river, compared to the number who have been there since; but almost every day witnessed a host of arrivals, all marching up to the mines, with as much courage and hope as if a few days would give them money enough to live upon at ease the balance of their lives. Now, it was usual in those days, when new arrivals took a general view of the labor going on, to watch the manner of separating the gold—for it was believed to be something of a feat to "pan out a dish of earth without wasting the gold;" consequently, when anybody was panning out, a number of spectators were generally collected to observe the operation. In this way, they perceived how much gold the party was getting; and, if it proved to be a handsome yield, some of the spectators would immediately take possession of the

adjoining ground. This occasioned most of the miners to be huddled into groups along the river banks; but these groups would frequently be a mile apart.

For two weeks Simons and Hance prospered rather slowly, not laying by but a very few ounces; but, fortunately, one Saturday evening, they hit upon a valuable spot. Many miners were about them when they were panning out, and, very soon, all the adjoining ground was claimed. The manner of signifying ownership was by scattering their tools upon the ground; these were the only registers of claim-titles, and it was quite sufficient. While they were panning out, Hance very scientifically entered into a description of the philosophy of gold deposits, and how plainly it seemed to him where rich veins were lying concealed. "I told you so," he would say, "I know dis all de time; in de pint ob de bend, like, is sure to be one great fortune—sure. Just like I say all de time; de water comes rushing round de rocks, and de gold, him stop, 'cause he can't go no farder." But it mattered not whether he knew it before, certainly they had hit upon it, and Simons was quite as well pleased as was little Hance; and he was none the less pleased to think that his sojourn in California promised to be a short one.

"Soon we will make plenty gold now, Mr. Simons; very soon we will make one fortune; I think so, sure."

"I hope so, Hance; and our prospect is rather favorable at present."

"O! I am so glad! Den I will go away to see mine poor, sick wife, and mine leetle boy. Ah! mine poor, leetle child! When I come away, him look his leetle eyes to me, and O! him make me cry. O! my poor, leetle boy! Him not know I am gone so far! May be soon I will come to him. O! I does cry when I tinks ob mine poor family."

"But you should not think so much about them. Your thinking does no good to them."

"Ah! you for one young man can talk, but I must tink. Him tink heself, not me. Him make me one happy man to tink ob mine family."

"But I thought you said it made you cry to think of them?"

"So he do. I does cry one way for happy, and one way for mad like. Mine poor wife is one fine, ah! fine lady, and she not got much money; so I not know what she do when she sick; so I cry for cause I can not get money quick; so I cry when I tinks ob mine poor, leetle child; he so leetle, him not know nothing like, den I like to see him. O! I tink dis will make a leetle money, so I will go away—I tink so."

"Well, I think it is quite likely, if you don't want much; but I'm sure it has paid us a handsome yield to-day; and, if it continues so, you can soon get your little pile. We must commence early on Monday morning, and try and follow up that rich crevice below that large boulder."

"O yes, I know de rich place; I come early on 't next week, you see."

Such were their remarks on the evening preceding the general prospecting-day. Hance, though by no means an irreligious man, could hardly content himself to remain quiet during Sabbath; and after changing his old "hickory" for a new one, he was to be seen often taking a quiet survey of the lucky spot where he expected a short time would enable him to see his family. Many an anxious thought fluttered in his mind, when he remembered the sudden misfortune of his affectionate wife; but now a bright hope awakened a sense of thankfulness for an answer to his oft-repeated prayer. It seemed wonderfully strange to him, if all his "great luck" had not been, by some providential cause, intended to award his honest endeavors. Thus his mind was strolling in anticipation of a small fortune, made comfortable by the society of his wife and child. But in a few short hours all his happy contemplations were given to the winds. A musty breeze of satanic selfishness, like the hot winds of summer, casting a cloud of filthy dust over the bright, fragrant, harmless, and sweet-scenting flowers of a blooming garden, cast a polluted robe of outrageous blight over his air-built castles, and chilled and soiled his heaven-like visions.

A little past noon of that same sunny Sabbath, a party of four young men were seen wandering along the stony banks of

that rumbling river. They seemed not as robbers, but moved along more like curiously meditative, unconcerned, honest men. Their new, clean hats and blackened boots showed at once that their white faces had only been a few days in the bright, sunny land of the West.

Simons and Hance sat by their tent, talking upon the appearance of the strangers, who would frequently sit down on the boulders and pick into the sand, as if to discover the hidden treasure. Then they noticed that the strangers walked along the point of the bar where their claim was, where they seemed to take a general view; then, as if satisfied with their Sunday's labor, they started down the river and soon disappeared.

Simons and Hance thought nothing strange of it. The evening came. Clear, calm twilight hovered over the bleak, bald, lofty mountains, where the rumbling of the foaming water sent its coiling echo warbling over their reposing grandeur. Then came the gentle darkness, so calm and still. But the heaven, the clear, starlight heaven, still reflected its awe-inspiring purity over the wild mountains, and revealed the presence of the Comforter to the lone wanderer, soothing his cares and anxieties by a dignified administration of heaven-like glory. With clear consciences and brilliant hopes, Simons and Hance slept as sweetly as ever did two mortals. Neither did rain or dew fall upon them, so pleasant was the night. But the night passed away. Cool, refreshing morning was made a welcome guest by the appearance of gay singing-birds fluttering merrily among the leafy mansion of the happy twain.

So far, we have not made mention of Simons' anxiety to make a fortune—not even mentioned the great care he took to sit down and write a long letter, of all his difficulties in crossing the Plains, to his lady-love, and how soon he expected to return and meet her—all this we have purposely left out, for every one can quite well enough imagine what sort of feelings a man would cherish, when writing to his intended from such a distance as he supposed himself to be. In fact, he only thought of Mary Sparks as his wife, and imagined himself making preparation to be her future husband; and in this light we leave his matrimonial

anxieties to public conjecture, while we relate the progress of his struggles.

To Hance he formed something of an attachment, perhaps more because the little fellow was so anxious to return to his family in New York, than on account of his industrious habits or honest disposition; and at all favorable opportunities he encouraged him to believe that he should yet get money enough to return with.

Monday morning was bright and lovely, but the sun had not yet peeped over the dark blue mountains to the east, when little Hance leaped from his blankets and came forth gayly whistling: he lighted the fire, and set the pots and kettles among the curving flame. Simons, too, was soon out, and ready to feast upon the "slap-jacks," fat pork, cold beans, and hot coffee; and down to their humble fare they sat, happy as kings, merrily laughing and talking. While in this gustable mood, their attention was directed to four men—the identical same that were seen on the day before—walking hastily along the river-side, not turning to the right or left, but hurrying to the extreme point of the bar, where they made a sudden halt: this was Simons and Hance's ground.

The strangers hesitated not a moment, but seizing Simons and Hance's shovels and picks, flung them furiously to one side, and commenced working upon the rich spot before alluded to. Simons and Hance looked upon the scene, but could not conjecture the meaning; for it must be remembered that they were both new miners, and not yet initiated into the principles of claim-jumping. With a few hasty mouthfuls they finished their breakfast and hurried on to the ground, and Simons lost but little ceremony in giving them the following words: "Gentlemen, that claim belongs to this little man and myself: we have worked here every day for the last two weeks."

The four men continued to work, but one of them replied: "I guess you think we 're some green 'uns, but you 're getting up the wrong fellers this time;" and his peculiar nasal chewing of words placed him in the mind's eye as having been for some time a resident of the so-called city of "steady habits;" but

Simons, a little nettled at such a taunting remark, and feeling himself to be a man, firmly demanded: "What do you mean, sir? this is our claim, and we want you to abandon it immediately."

To which the other coolly replied: "Yer dew, dew ye? but dew ye see anything green there?" pulling the lower half of his *orbicularis palpebrarum* just low enough to give his eye that sarcastic, fun-making look so inviting to a fighting man's fist. But Simons did not strike; for the party looked to be of fighting dispositions, and were decidedly too many for him and Hance, and he resorted to words.

"If you have any reasons for jumping our ground, why can you not tell them? or do you just mean to plunder us of our property because you are a stronger party? Why do you not give your reasons?"

"I guess we 're just doin' things accordin' to law, we are," one of them replied; but another seemed perfectly willing to explain, and said: "This tarnation Dutch foreigner hasn't paid his license, and he has no right to mine, until he walks up to the teune of twenty dollars a month—he hasn't: and we don't intend no foreigners to be robbing us of the wealth of our country—we don't."

"But," said Simons, "how can you take all the ground?—I'm no foreigner."

"We don't want to take yours, but that tarnation foreigner hasn't any business here at all. You can come along with us, if you have a mind to, but he 's not the sort o' fellers we associate with—he isn't."

"But he is a first-rate miner and a good fellow: I can't think of leaving him."

"We don't care nothing about how good he is—he 's a *Dutchman*, anyhow, and we are only going according to law by driving him off the mines; and he can't come into our party—he can't."

Although Hance understood English moderately well, yet he could not exactly understand the foregoing, and turned to Simons and asked: "What for dey take mine claim? I not know why come dey to jump our ground."

"Why, Hance, I'll tell you: the law requires all foreigners to pay a tax of twenty dollars per month; and as you have not paid yours, these men have determined to take your ground."

"O, is dis de law? I not hardly tink it."

"Yes, Hance, that is the law."

"But den I always hear, in dis country, ebery man has some rights like anoder; but dis is no like to me—so he is to you?"

"Ah! but such is the law, Hance; and although I am ashamed to acknowledge it, yet I cannot help it."

"But de law no own de gold in de ground—he belong to Got, and he no care if a German, or if American, no more de one nor de oder dig it."

"But, Hance, our laws are only based upon God's laws, and upon equal rights, so far as suits the interest of a few office-seeking demagogues."

"Well, den, if dis is de law, I will pay mine tax, and keep mine claim."

"But you cannot pay it to these men—you must go to San Francisco to pay it."

"Den I not go dare before dey work all out de rich place; by tam I not know dis before; and dem is big rascals to take mine claim when I not know de law."

"Now, gentlemen," said Simons, turning to the jumpers, who were hard at work in the richest part of the claim, "I know very well that you care nothing about Hance's paying that license—it is only an excuse for jumping the ground."

"Ye dew, dew ye," replied one; but Simons interrupted:

"And be your notions whatever they may, good and honorable feelings would not permit you to take another man's property, even if the law allowed it."

"But I guess his country wouldn't let any of us dig gold there; and we're not going to have foreigners getting our own property: that's not the way we dew things down to Bosting—it ain't."

"And suppose his country would not allow the public to dig gold, must we take that for our guide—and yet boast of equal rights? But you say the gold is our own property, and yet you

don't say if it is ours by natural right or justice, or merely because we have power to keep it. But I'm not going to argue about it, I merely want you to restore to us the property which is ours—which is ours by justice, and by all other rights."

"Well, I guess ye can keep on wanting," coolly replied one of the four; "but we ain't a tryin' to take *your* ground—but that tarnation *Dutchman* shan't come into our crowd."

"But do you think I will leave him for the sake of the gold in that claim, and come to work with such men as *you*?"

"Why, I guess ye can do as ye mind about that; we're sort 'or green, but we're the clear grit, right from Massertoosetts; and I guess we can work the ground ourselves."

"But," said Simons, a little enraged, "can you come and take a piece of ground, which is almost as valuable as money in a safe, which we opened and discovered, and have prepared for working, without any regard to the labor and industry of this little man? Are you so regardless of his condition—only wanting to make money enough to carry him home, and feed his sick family—that you have no conscientious scruples?"

"It's just for that we're doing of it—he hasn't no business to being digging the gold of our country!"

"That's all humbug," said Simons, "equal rights cannot call the gold ours; nor will any honest man attempt to argue such stuff; but if it was ours—but it is not—but I say, if 'twas, could you call yourself an American and yet begrudge that poor little German what would keep his wife from starving?"

"But, I guess, it's the law of the country, and we intend to stick to it, too—we do."

"But that ground is worth at least two thousand dollars—can you think of taking it without paying something for it?"

"Why," replied one of the party, all of whom kept remarkably cool and continued steadily at work—"why, if it's worth tew theousand deollars it's all the better for us; but, as we told ye before, you can stay and work with us; but no foreigner comes into our crowd."

"I tell you plainly I'll not do it, unless you admit Hance also!"

"Well, we're not anxious to have ye come in with us, I guess."

"Then will you not pay Hance something for his share?"

"Well, I guess *one* of us won't pay no foreigner to rob us of our rights."

"Well, I guess here's *another*."

"Well, I guess here's *another*," replied the last of the four, every one having the same languid, nasal snarl and apparent coolness. We cannot here relate all their dispute, which lasted for something over an hour; but no further ideas were given, and it finally ended by Simons' and Hance's defeat, the latter of whom, greatly discouraged, and with his eyes filled with tears, replied:

"Well, I neber before seen so bad a ting like dis, neber,—neber in all my life. Dis law make one man to rob anoder because Got make him born in anoder country! By tam I will go right to mine wife, and den to mine own country; neber again will I come to anoder country; but I will stay in mine own land, and I will work, and I will work till de blood comes out ob mine hands before I will come where I am not liked—by tam I will! In mine country no man say to me, "you Dutchman what for you here?" no, no man say dis to me; and den I will work for a little money till I die, before I hear dis say to me ebery day; but in mine country de law is to you so like he is to me—de same to one as to de oder. By tam I neber tink dis; I tink all de night I will soon make a little money, and den go away troo de sea, and come to mine poor wife and mine leetle boy; but now I tink I neber will make no more money—neber!"

And for a moment he tried to suppress his tears, and then added: "I will go! I will go away to mine own country, dis country no like me. I would radder be poor in mine own land dan be here!"

Then, suiting his action to the word, he gathered up his tools and started for their brush-house. Simons remained for some time pleading for a change of sentiment in the jumpers; but meeting no success, he also took his tools and proceeded to the camp, where he found Hance making preparation to leave.

"So you intend to leave, then, Hance?"

"Yes, I will go right away to mine own country—right quick; I will go now."

"But I think if we prospect for a few days we shall find another good place!"

"What for, we will find one good place; den somebody come and drive me away! Only where dare is no gold, dare I can work, but so quick as I come to de gold den I must go away! No, I will stop no more; neber I will stop in one country like dis."

"But I hate to see you leave with so little money—you will have scarcely enough to carry you home! Then I hate to see you leave my country with such poor success in it."

"So I hate to leave you too; for cause you have been like one gentleman to me; but what can I do? In all dis big country! one poor little German can have no place to work! De people tink cause Got make me born in Germany, I am no man! No, by tam, I don't want to stop no more in a country like dis; but for you I have sorrow to leave you too; but for de law, by tam, I wish de country him may sink—him say I am no man like you! De gold is made here by Got; and mine hands deserve dere own labor de same as any man; for 'cause I am de same child of Got as anybody is; but de law seek to rob me 'cause I am, what?—'cause I am obliged to bear it! No, by tam, I will go away from such a country."

Simons made some considerable entreaty to get him to try again, but, like his countrymen are apt to, Hance indulged in the gloomy thought that he was not getting fair play, and would not make any further exertion; but in a few minutes he was winding his course down the river—and his family, New York, and finally Germany, were his only thoughts.°

Simons was now without a partner, and not seeing any other lone miner with whom to unite, and being firmly resolved not to work with the party who had so foully robbed him of his claim,

° For this German story, we are indebted to Mr. Nash, on Parks' Bar. He was Justice of the Peace there for sometime; and was the only old man we ever knew to hold an office in California—neither was that all, but he was a temperate and honest man. But he and his eldest son have long since been called away!

he was somewhat puzzled to know what to attempt next; but after some deliberation, he resolved to commence packing provisions to the mines to sell to the miners. To carry this business on properly, he started on the following day to Sacramento, to purchase his mules, and also to lay in a stock.

In the early days of California there was, perhaps, no business in the country more promising than packing; and to this business Simons now directed his attention, with the flattering hope, that a few months would enable him to leave the country, and of course, return to Cincinnati and meet his lady-love in such circumstances, as would make Dr. Sparks sorry for ever having opposed him.

As soon as he reached Sacramento, he proceeded to the horse-market, which, for noisiness, has no equal on this side of a bar-room in an English hotel; and then and there, did purchase a pair of excellent mules. After this he made his selection of goods, ready for starting out toward the mines on the following morning; but his day's work was a tedious one, and by the time he had his arrangements all completed, night was upon him.

Such a lovely night as that was, is scarcely known anywhere except in Italy and in California—it was one of those mellow, sacred, impressive and meditative nights, when one thinks of all their dearest friends, and grows somewhat melancholy to think they can not enter into their enjoyment! A full, bright moon cast a gray purple light over the great valley, and faintly revealed the snowy tops of the mighty Sierra Nevadas—sending an awe-inspiring thrill to the very soul, by their magnificence, grandeur and stillness. Even the tall sycamores along the streets of the young city were still and calm; and but for a few cowbells on the level plain that surrounds the city, not a discordant sound broke upon the car. But farther down, and along the principal streets of business, a few gambling saloons were made an attractive scene. As soon as Simons had his business all completed he repaired to one of these places—the only attractions in the city. The saloon he entered was about as large as a Roman Basilica, or in plainer language, about as "big as an Ohio potato patch." All through this immense building, common sized

breakfast tables were scattered in tolerably good order—they were covered with red or blue blankets, and gold and silver; and around each table were a few individuals—some sitting, some standing—gambling with right good-will. The whole establishment was lighted with the most beautiful lamps, which were suspended from the red and green papered ceiling, but hung their many branches of sparkling crystals just high enough to clear the tallest loose-jointed part of the community. All along the walls of the room was a choice collection of painted and printed pictures, which illustrated the degraded genius of somebody, and yet of such curious fancy as to forbid public criticism. But it was a free country, and of course such pictures had a right to hang here; and so they did—to attract attention. At the far end of the room an immense bar extended clear across the building. Behind it, about a dozen neatly dressed, greasy-headed young men, who seemed capable of speaking all the modern tongues, were busy handing the rich, red bottled delicacies to the loud-talking men in front, and in exchange, drawing in the half dollars. The collection of glassware behind the bar showed at once that the proprietors had spared no expense in adapting their house to the taste of the most extravagantly fashionable of every country.

But of all the attractive *things* in this remarkable turn-out of the nineteenth century, the vast crowd of people took the prize. English, German, French, Spanish, and Italian, all representing some odd fashion in dress; some walking up and down the great room as idle spectators; some clustered closely round some table, where heavy betting was going on; some standing by the tables, and merely risking dollar and half-dollar bets; and yet, through all the house, a general quietness, considering the motley collection, was one of the peculiarities which Americans can claim without any thanks to policemen. A few neatly dressed persons, occupying an elevated position on one side of the room, were entertaining the whole audience by their fiddles, horns, and pipes in such a way as would have done no discredit to the (London) celebrated Drury-lane theater; and, from their dialect, it was not at all improbable that some of

them did help to fill that very "little coop" a few months before. Such were a few of the leading characteristics of the house that Simons was promenading so slowly from one end to the other; but the particulars of the dress of "gentlemen," and of that blue, drab material worn by the miners, must be left for the present, while we observe individuals. Simons, it must be remembered, came down to the city to engage in packing provisions to the mines, to sell to the miners; and, having arranged all his business ready to start out next morning, he did as most other people did in those free-and-easy times—namely, took a stroll through the gambling-house—not to gamble—but to *see* and to *hear*, and pass the calm evening away. He marched slowly down to the far end of the room; then turned along the white marble bar, and moved across to the other side; gazed a little while at a Spaniard playing French monte; then moved a little farther, and stopped to hear the clear, soft tones of the merry band. But while he listened to the wondrous strains that went echoing round the walls of the great establishment, his intellectual eye was surveying the throng of people, with that peculiar kind of reflection which goes beyond dress or language, and seems to be endeavoring to grasp the thoughts of others. But while in this meditative mood, made rather melancholy by the touching harmony of the music, his attention became suddenly fixed upon the people at one of the tables. His eyes flashed—they sparkled—they fell, and yet they seemed riveted to the spot. He stooped; he straightened himself; he looked, and looked again. On the table was a bank of about one thousand Spanish dollars; but the owner was sitting behind it, and facing Simons, busily engaged with his game. This individual was of such a peculiar appearance that any one once seeing him, could never forget him. His upper end, while sitting, seemed to form a quarter circle by leaning forward; but his lower end was divided into two immense prongs, which extended from the base of the periphery at right angles, but decidedly too far under the table to be designated by the term radii of their circle. His dress was of excellent material—a beautiful black, and neatly made. On

the center of his bosom was a large, clumsy, gold breast-pin. On his long and very unhandsome hands, were a number of heavy, gold rings, which would, among a certain class of people, have been likely to attract attention to his ungainly proportions. But the top part of this person was the most interesting of all his possessions. Just a little above the middle of his face, an immense opening showed at once the beautiful arrangement of the animal economy to the prominent faculties of his mind. No matter how much he loved to eat, there was a mouth all-competent to accomplish the task; no matter how much he wanted to smoke, there was ample means provided. If he wanted to chew, there was a mouth to do it; if he wanted to drink, still it was ready. In fact, it was a prominent organ, and it was never denied its regular exercise. When material was not going in, it was coming out; and that, too, with such precision, that the great Napier might have learned a good lesson on the velocity and power of flying bodies had he been present on the evening mentioned. With exceeding grace and deliberateness he would draw the "long nine" from his extensive opening, squirt forth a volley of darkened fluid, and then, with just as much grace and affection, place the lovely article in his mouth again. But, in repeating this operation, an emission occasionally escaped at the sides of his mouth, and trinkled down his beardy chin, which somewhat defaced his beauty. A little above this mouth, a pair of white eyebrows, by continually trying to get to the top of his back-sloping forehead, showed that what little brain he had, was actively occupied in the interesting game before him. His hands held a pack of cards, which he often turned and shuffled until they pleased him; when he would draw forth four, and place them carefully on the table. Then a few persons in front of the table, would lay a few dollars down on their choice of the four; then Warner—for it was no other—would raise one of his large hands, and let it fall rather awkwardly down to the table, at the same time saying, "All down; all down." Then, with a sort of business air, he would run off the cards, to see who had won; after which, his bank was replenished or diminished according to the result. Then again

he would shuffle; place out four cards; take bets, and then again run them off.

Thus he was engaged when Simons first discovered him; but, having changed his appearance in dress, Simons was a little puzzled to know how such a change could have occurred in so short a time.

After having gazed a little while from a distance, Simons drew closer, in order to observe his old companion in his newly-selected calling; but, when coming near, he made a sudden halt, and, though astonished before, his features now seemed nearly convulsed with the view before him.

His eyes were directed to the opposite side of the table, and seemed ready to burst from their sockets; his cheeks first turned pale and wan—then flushed with excitement; but, in a moment, his eyes were turning alternately from Warner to a little man—it was a man in tears! While he seemed to be contemplating whether he should stride directly across the table, and grasp the little man in his arms, or whether he should withdraw without speaking. However, only a minute passed. Simons could witness those tears no longer, but strode boldly forward—not now as a teamster on the Plains—but like a man rescuing a friend from danger. He pushed the crowd fearlessly away, and soon stood beside the little man, and exclaimed, "O! Hance, why do you cry?" But the little German was nearly overcome with joy, and, throwing his arms around Simons, exclaimed, "O! mine fren, mine fren! God bless you, mine fren; but I have lose all mine money, and I can neber come to see mine wife and mine leetle child—neber! O! mine fren, what shall I do? O! I 'll die!"

"Did you gamble your money away, Hance?"

"O, yes. Dey say to me, 'you shall bet, and den you shall win;' so den I bet, and one time I win much money; but den him all go—all go! And now I have no more money—none! O! I shall neber see mine wife and mine leetle child—neber, no more! *I will kill me!*"

"Did you lose your money here, at this table?" Simons asked; but, at this time, some of the gamblers began to think

that he was meddling with their gaming business, and commenced a general murmuring among themselves; however, he waited to hear the German's story.

"O, yes; dis big man, he got all mine money. He say to me, 'you shall bet, and if you shall lose, I will give to you all your money back;' but den, when I lose, I say dis to him, and den he say to me, 'go away, you child—you foreigner—you Dutchman.'"

But here he was interrupted by Warner, commencing with a furious oath, and saying, "You d——d Dutchman, if you don't go away from my table now, I'll bet that I'll give you a sickener that you'll carry to your grave; now, be off! And you too, Simons, you are always trying to kick up a row; I know you very well. I want you both to leave. I pay my money for this table, and, by G——, I want you to understand that," finishing with a violent blow on the table; but there was such an abundance of dreadful oaths in this man's conversation, that it is impossible for us to represent his debased character.

"Sir, I am not doing anything to interfere with your game," said Simons, shortly.

But Hance could not keep quiet, and said, "Nor me, neder, too, you bad man; you are robber; you are one t'ief; you take mine money."

But Warner felt himself too much of a gentleman to stand that; and, rising, said, "I'll bet I'll move you, you d——d foreign son of a ——; I'll learn you to shut your mouth;" and immediately flourished his revolver. The noise instantly collected a very dense crowd—every one in the rear pushing up, in order "to see the row," and every one trying to quiet the disturbance. Hance became fiercely bold when Warner drew his revolver, and cried out, at the top of his voice,

"You robber! you t'ief! I care not for your pistol, you coward! You steal my money, you t'ief!" Nobody seemed to know what the row was about; and, though they saw that there was danger, they kept crowding forward.

Simons endeavored to keep Hance back; but the injured man seemed to have acquired more strength than common, and kept getting continually closer toward Warner, who was flourishing his revolver, and swearing that he would blow Hance's brains out if he came any closer. But, so dense was the crowd, that no one could move as he wished; for many endeavored to free themselves, but could not. Knives and pistols were shining all around, and some of the people were crying, "Stand back!" "Shoot him down!" "Don't shoot!" but it was impossible to gather any sense or application to the different utterances, in consequence of the confusion. Warner kept leaning over his table, and holding up his revolver; and Hance kept grabbing at Warner's arms, and calling out, "You tam t'ief! you robber!" etc., as loud as he could yell. Warner then leaned farther over the table, and grabbed at Hance's collar; his motion was awkward, and he missed his hold; but, as his hand passed downward, Hance caught it, and, being naturally quick, jerked Warner forward, so as to tip the table, and send Warner's silver dollars on to the floor. Warner soon recovered his upright position—for he was much stronger than little Hance; but every time he attempted to point the pistol at Hance's head or breast, Hance would ward it off, and strike at him. Simons grabbed Hance's arm, and endeavored to pull him back; but, as he thus held him—though he did it to save him—Warner clapped his pistol to Hance's head, and drew the trigger! Hance was shot! The top of his head was literally shattered to pieces! He instantly fell, not even uttering a groan, and his brains were scattered upon the floor! But we must stop, for its horrors are too bad to relate!

The instant that Warner fired, the crowd seemed as much inclined to scatter as they were before to push together; and, in a few seconds, the corpse was lying a ghastly spectacle, with only three or four persons standing over it. Warner now commenced to collect his silver, which was scattered all about, but even yet continued to swear eternal vengeance upon the "d——d Dutchman."

We have now given a fair relation of this horrible murder, though neglecting to mention the favorable light, for Warner, in which things were now construed; for scarcely had Hance fallen, when the word went round, "The Dutchman tried to rob the bank, and Warner shot him in self-defense." And it was merely by a chance that Warner was taken charge of, to have his trial on the following day; for many already declared it to be justifiable homicide—and yet they knew nothing about the case. In fact, of all the crowd who saw it, not more than three or four knew the cause of the murder, and yet they decided upon its line of justice.

While the subject was undergoing a general discussion among the astonished spectators, Simons and one or two others removed the corpse and placed it upon a bench at one side of the room, where Simons covered it with a blanket. This effectually broke up gambling that night; however, it was quite late enough, or in all probability it would not have done so. The greasy-headed bar-keepers then commenced to clean up the floor, swearing and cursing at Warner for giving them so much business at such a late hour. In the course of an hour, most of the people were gone, excepting the gamblers, who generally slept upon their own tables. Warner slept in that same room; and even before Simons left, which was not later than one o'clock in the morning, Warner was sleeping as soundly as if nothing had happened. But the house became quiet, and Simons left to look after his mules.

The moon had disappeared, and only the bright starry heavens lighted the great valley. How calm was that night! Even the gentle waving of the leafy branches of the sycamores made no sound. The whole city seemed to be sleeping. Then Simons went a little to one side the city, where he had his mules fastened to some hay: he spread his blankets and laid him down to sleep. Did he sleep? will he ever forget that night? No, no! Did he fathom the cause of all this? did he see wherein it might have been prevented? Did he think of Hance's wife and child, and reflect that no one knew where they were living? Did he think about the law that taxed foreigners twenty dollars a month, but upheld gambling-houses, and the privilege of shooting a man in

defense of them? Yes; Simons thought about this, and so did many others, who were not in a position at that time to "show up" what was going on; but they felt it, and it left a mortal sting.

The next morning was clear and beautiful. The sun once more rose from behind the snowy mountains, and shone upon the great plain. The slight fog commenced to rise, and daylight once more began to dazzle upon the dusty roads and streets. Then came loud, merry voices along the busy thoroughfares, and teams of cattle and mules and long wagons were beginning to move slowly through the vast crowd. But at one of the gambling houses on J street was the most attractive scene, where a number of people were collected. The house was completely filled, and five times as many were closely crowded in front of the establishment. All the modern languages seemed to be spoken, and everybody was trying to talk at the same time; yet inside of the house good order was generally observed. Near the body of the deceased sat a jury of twelve, in company with a coroner. A few witnesses were standing on one side who received the solemn oath, and in a little while the evidence was all given in. The jury then withdrew. Warner was firing tobacco-juice at one of the "spitboxes," and talking to some of his gambling friends; but Simons was sitting on one side and said nothing. Sometimes his eyes turned from the corpse toward Warner, when a cold shudder would steal over him. All in the house seemed to be looking at Warner, while they were talking lowly among themselves. But soon they began to wonder why the jury staid so long: whispers of "can't agree," were dropping among the impatient ones. However, a few minutes settled the business—not like other places, where hours and even days are required to adjust such trifles, but *a few minutes* were sufficient. The jury moved along to where the coroner was seated, and all the house again became quiet.

"Mr. Coroner, we agree that the deceased came to his death by a 'pistol-shot' from the hand of Mr. Warner, the prisoner. We also agree that the said Warner has committed justifiable homicide! And we further state that, in the eyes of this jury,

a gambler ought to have a right to protect his property, even by arms—pistols or knives."

During the time of this delivery, two or three of the jury, laughing, stepped forward to shake hands with Warner. But a little time now elapsed until the house was all in a lively conversation. Blankets were spread over the tables, and the general course of gambling commenced. The band struck up its merry tunes to drive sad thoughts away. The coroner had a cart drive up: the body was placed in a box; then, in the cart—then driven away. The coroner and Simons followed. A little way below the city, where the land rises a few feet, the three deposited the corpse!

Now, it is only justice to mention two things in connection with this outrageous murder being made justifiable. The jury were selected from the well-dressed gambling community. The coroner himself was a notorious gambler. These are the misfortunes of a new settlement under a republican government. Bad characters are sure to form a large part of the population, and they then have power to elect their own officers and to control their own business. Here the American can see the crimes of a new settlement, and, while his soul turns sick, tremble and grow sad to think that the heedless acquisition of territory is threatening the entire overthrow of republicanism by internal corruption. Here his hand presses hard upon his heart; his thoughts fly rapidly over the greatness of his country, and his bosom heaves with pride; but when he remembers the greedy, depraved, inconsiderate cry for annexation, tears seem to flow from his very soul, and his blood boils indignant at the inhuman monsters who boast of enforcing such civilization and liberty upon distant soil.

Simons now went to see after his goods, and to prepare for leaving the city. But where, among what people, in any part of the world, could he have left so valuable a stock of goods without being stolen? In New York? No. In Boston? Never. In London? By no means. In Paris? Perhaps, if a body of police stood by. But in Sacramento there were neither police, soldiers, nor priests. Then why were they safe? Shall we claim the

laboring class as Americans, and attribute it to that? Is it not likely that the *good circumstances* of the common people were the principal reasons? Then is it not likely that if the people of other countries were in good circumstances, they would also endeavor to respect each other's property without a host of police at their heels? What is there in the organization of an American citizen, that he should be *the only man who esteems his word inviolable?* But in all countries the people who are well provided with the necessaries of life, generally maintain good characters and endeavor to do justice among men.

From the fact of money being so plenty in California, in its early settlement, all the people, no matter how poor, were sure to be in possession of a handsome sum before the next meal was ready; in fact, the labor of stealing would have been nearly equal to that of procuring it honestly.

After the first trip, Simons fixed his trading points from Marysville up the Yuba. His new employment proved to be far more remunerative than bookbinding, and soon persuaded him that that old trade would be obliged to look somewhere else for a man in his stead. During the time of his prosperity, he never neglected the post-offices, and although almost everybody believed that letters to be sent out of the country never got away, yet letters coming from the other States—not suspected to contain money—generally came direct; but why he should receive none began to give him some distress and anxiety on account of his intended. However, by hard struggling he persuaded himself to believe that the awfully mismanaged post-offices were the cause of a non-communication between himself and the fairest creature living. But here in prosperity we must leave him for the present.

CHAPTER XV.

HARRIET'S employment proved not so pleasant and attractive as she could have wished; but through the kindness and attention of Mr. Long, she was disposed to undergo many privations and hardships, which she could not have done otherwise.

Among her troubles was that of avoiding the society of gamblers—of whom their boarding-house afforded a home to no very small number—some of whom would be considered modern gentlemen in the fullest sense of that term; for they could not only quote Byron, Shakespeare and Homer, but dip into French, Spanish and Italian phraseology so liberally as to pass for learned men; then, beside, they wore such fine cloth, such large breast-pins, and such a number of rings upon their fingers, that it was impossible to consider them under any other than the title—for you know in our country we have but the one title—of gentlemen.

These *pretty men*—I mean *gentlemen*—generally gambled at night until most other people were among the reposing; but in consequence of keeping such late hours they usually spent a good part of the day in the bunks, of which we have given a faint description; and, by occupying this public position, they were not very enticing to Harriet's feelings, when she busied herself adjusting the knives and forks upon the aforesaid table; however, they possessed that ever esteemed character—of which Americans can justly boast more than any other people—to respect woman and her feelings; and bad as they were, they conducted themselves like gentlemen when in her presence. That such a lot of idle men should be prejudiced in favor of Harriet's beauty, which was a source of trouble—and try to ingratiate themselves into her confidence and affection, was not at all unnatural or different to what good men might have done under similar circumstances. But, being Dr. Sparks' daughter, and having been

taught—as ladies are in Cincinnati—to look upon gamblers with a suspicious eye, she very prudently endeavored to avoid their society; and, consequently, never permitted herself to exchange but a few words with anybody except Mr. Long and Mr. Parker, the latter of whom, she feared, was beginning to have affectionate inclinations toward herself. From the moment that Parker captured the post-office clerk, Harriet could scarcely persuade herself that he was mortal, so noble a fellow Parker looked. In his strong and manly voice, was that tender pathos so touching to the soul of woman—it was that melody of which all her former life had dreamed; and, but to see him, she feared that her spirit mingled with his! Often she would return to her room, and burying her face in her hands, exclaim:

"Oh! why steal these phantoms o'er my vision? Whence that almighty power that seems to expand and dissolve my whole existence while in his presence? Oh! say, is this love; and am I weak and faithless to another whom my heart is dying to meet—for whom I have so long struggled? No, no, it can not be—the constancy of woman's love shall never falter—by me, never!"

Parker was a very Apollo, as regards figure; but so great have been the statements and *mis*statements of this unfortunate young fellow, that a brief sketch of him will generally accompany each chapter upon Harriet.

For a few weeks after his arrival his business prospered exceedingly; and in a short time he had a house built, where he expected to carry on the druggist business; and from the glowing prospects before him, his naturally happy mind began to look forward to the easy days of affluence. But while thus cherishing glowing prospects for the future, a new land-title sprang up on his ground and swept off everything he possessed—save a few dollars in his pocket. Here we might comment upon the dilatory conduct of Congress, in neglecting to send Commissioners of Land Titles soon enough to avoid these misfortunes, while they were foaming and sweating over the secession of Carolina with degraded vehemence; but more of this at another time.

For a young man to be so suddenly deprived of all he possessed, is a misfortune that very few can withstand, even when surrounded by good society and warm friends; but when dogged by a host of gamblers—in those days, the most honorable men—one's very senses seem to abandon him, and he can scarcely wish to live. Such were Parker's discouragements; and in no other but Harriet's presence found he any solace. To her he acknowledged his misfortunes, as to a sister; and from her he received that encouragement which no other but woman can give. At this time there was a Mr. Miller living at the same house—he was a gentleman gambler, and a clever fellow. His full-sized, hunched-shouldered tabernacle seemed to be of about thirty-five years' standing, and not a white hair was to be seen in his straight, black beard—which partially hid his closed lips and covetous-looking face; so that, had not his nose indicated, by its eagle-beak looking curve, that he delighted in picking, it is doubtful wether his long, blue nails and talon-like fingers would have directed anybody's attention to his muttering nasality which seemed even to begrudge the half-pronounced words that his sarcastic tongue was eternally heaping upon somebody, whom he came "mighty nigh raking."

A curious man indeed was Mr. Miller; and although he was eternally talking, yet he never laughed except when hearing, or seeing, the misfortune of somebody else. But—as may be known from his description—Mr. Miller was a politician—a prominent, available politician; somewhat flattered for having written a few newspaper squibs, on his pride for being born upon American soil, and upon the prospects of annexing the Sandwich Islands; and how willing he would be to "spill his heart's blood" to enlighten his fellow man. But, to give him his due, he had talents; he considered that the condition of man had been progressive since the foundation of the world, until the Constitution of the United States was written; and that *it* was as perfect as the Creator of the universe; and if the world should stand a million of years, yet it would be impossible for man to make any salutary alteration in the Constitution—it couldn't be done without danger; in fact, a real *hard* sense politician was Mr. Miller; one who would not

hesitate to have everybody, who dared to say aught against any of our institutions, cowhided out of the country.

Strange as it may seem, this advocate for national glory and civilization, now directed his attention to the unfortunate Mr. Parker, and actually coaxed him to try the gaming table! Here was Parker's first great fall. Through Mr. Miller lending him a few dollars to commence with, he soon found himself in the society of gamblers. But yet his feelings were pure, though flooded with remorse, which soon ruffled his noble face, and depicted the sad conflict between virtue and vice. Coming one day into Harriet's presence, who was nearly frightened by the sadness in his looks, he seated himself and turned his eyes, filled with tears, upon her, while he seemed to tremble and grow pale, but, placing one hand upon his forehead, exclaimed, "Oh! Miss Lindsey, I am ruined—I have gambled!"

Many weeks passed by, and Harriet continued to attend to the post-office as regularly as the days arrived, but no letter relieved her rapidly increasing anxiety; and a sad despondency began to steal over her at nearly all hours of the day. One hope still remained—perhaps the mail communication, at San Francisco, would afford a better opportunity for correspondence.

As soon as this thought entered her mind she determined to leave for San Francisco. This was late in the dry season and rains were daily expected, which she fancied would render her canvas boarding-house too disagreeable to live in. Arranging her bandbox and bidding farewell to Mr. Long, she started for the steamboat—the only one on the river—which was about as large as two Chestnut-street omnibusses. The carter placed her things on board and she climbed over the lumber and greasy pork barrels and seated herself on a moderately comfortable bench on the quarter deck. She was the only lady passenger on board, and consequently obliged to bear the gaze of about two hundred men standing on the bank of the river; but, considering that men were naturally inclined to feast their eyes upon the ladies, she withstood it with remarkable calmness and good-will. While sitting in this position, and just as the wheels of the little steamer began to turn, her attention was directed to Mr. Parker, Mr. Miller, and

our inverted letter V friend, Mr. Warner, all on board. For an instant she shuddered with fear, for she recognized Warner, as being the man with whom Simons had traveled on the Plains, and also, the one who had murdered the little German, Hance; but to see Parker in their company gave her an oppression of spirits which she had never endured before; but hear her own words, "When I saw the sorry change that a few short weeks had made upon him, I almost wished that the country would sink! Really the whole world seemed to grow dark wherever I gazed, and I feared that I was in a dream, from which I should never awake!

Unfortunately, Warner did not recognize Harriet as the same lady whom he met on the Plains, or in all probability he would have relieved her anxieties by giving her information of Simons. In a perplexing state of ennui, she remained a silent spectator of the hosts of gamblers taking their merry good-bye of our three on board, as the little boat pulled out into the river and wound its way among the crowd of ships, schooners, etc., and sped rapidly away from the city. Scarcely had they left the noisy throng on shore, when Mr. Miller commenced upon Warner on the subject of politics; but before we give a sample of their remarks, it is necessary to state that this was at that season when some of the inhabitants made the first exertion to get California into something like state organization, and that gamblers were roving all over the country, electioneering themselves into office or to get into office as soon as the State should be admitted into the Union. This was several weeks after Parker commenced gambling, and, through the influence of Miller and his other friends, he now seemed also inclined to live by his talent in political matters; and between the gaming-table and public office, these three had fully resolved to have some good living. Parker proved to be an expert gambler and made money very rapidly, so that now he and Miller were among the first gamblers in the country; and, as a matter of course, expected to take no ordinary standing in the new State. But to enable them to accomplish their purposes, they associated with a man already noted for wealth—Mr. Warner. This green-looking boy had made a few

successful hauls off some of the miners, and could lay down doubloons with any man who would dare bet with him. But in reference to putting himself up for public office, he had been for some time hesitating; and it was to bring him to a conclusion, that Miller now set himself faithfully to work upon him. But while their conversation was going on, Harriet remained a painful listener to the sad change in Mr. Parker's views now, to what they were so shortly before.

"We'll have the Legislature at Sacramento yet, Mr. Warner?" questioned Mr. Miller, but not giving time for an answer, he continued: "Make a fine Capital—right in the midst of the very best part of California—good land, business and enterprising inhabitants. But what do you think about the Legislature—will we get one? or have you concluded to run for office if the State is admitted?"

Warner, pulling the stub from his celebrated opening, and discharging a few rapid squirts of tobacco-juice, then placed his inverted V well apart at the bottom, and at the same time shoving his white eyebrows as near the top of his forehead as possible, and taking one good breath, answered:

"Well, yes—I b'leive—I may say—I have. The fact is—howsomever, I'm 'most pushed into it by my friends. It isn't much object in me doin' it, either, for I can make jist 'bout as much by turning the 'picture-bible' as at anything. But I'm afeared may-be they won't admit it into the Union yet."

"O, you need have no apprehensions on that score," said Miller. "The thing is here—Congress don't care a straw about California. They think so that we have the *number* for a State, that is sufficient. Well, you know as well as I do, that the miners are too busy to care whether it becomes a State or not; and if the men of *wealth* and *respectability* (not mentioning our *business*, you know, for on a piece of paper our names look as long as anybody's) that is, if *we* all unite, we can easily make this into a State. And now I tell you candidly, Mr. Warner, (of course, I don't say such to every one) that if this is admitted as a State, and *I* can succeed in getting a seat in the Legislature, I would not, candidly, take all the monte-banks in the

Eldorado for my chance. It is not, my dear sir, here, as it is in the States, where everybody is watching like hungry dogs to see what the officers are about. The people here are all going back to the States; and just so they can get their 'piles,' as they call it, they don't care one fig what the government does. Then here is another thing—these great Spanish grants are to be attended to—(perhaps we would like a section or two): some of these will be to purchase—do you understand? The government has plenty of money: they don't think about what a State can do so far away, and they are not going to trouble themselves about it. Neither will we, if we can only get it into the Union, and get credit upon it—that is all we ask."

"Well," said Warner, still stretching his eyebrows earnestly upward, and spitting faithfully at various little objects on the deck, "well, I think your ideas are mighty nigh right. But how much do you think legislators will git, say by the day—or by the month, I b'leive, they are generally paid?"

"No, they are paid by the day," said Parker; "but as they will regulate that to suit themselves, you may be sure they will not make the pay any too little."

"O, I thought Congress fixed the rate of wages," said Warner, much better pleased with the appearance of things.

"No, the State regulates its own affairs on all such matters," said Parker.

"But the people here won't pay their taxes, may-be," Warner suggested.

"What do we care about that? Let all the people here return to the States, it will make no difference."

"But, then, we would not get our pay?" Warner questioned.

"Certainly we would," said Parker; "there it is, you see—we can fix the expenses of the government at just what we are a mind to; for the people here will not care anything about it, and we can run the State into several millions of dollars' debt, if we wish—the other States will be good for it: and you can take my word for it, they will never inquire into even the *general* expenses."

"Well, that looks mighty likely," said Warner, "but the most I would like to know is, how much wages would be given to the officers: for I 'm doin' mighty well at monte, and I would not like to quit for any common trifle."

"To quit!—to quit!" said Miller, "why, I am astonished at you! What hinderance will the office be to your profession? I tell you, my dear sir, it will give you respectability, so that miners will not be half so shy about betting. I know of more than a dozen candidates, and they all say they intend to gamble most of the time; and I am very sure of *one* that will. Then here is another thing—a real advantage, too—there is no government-seat; so that we can have an opportunity of shifting about wherever *our business* is the best."

"O, I didn't know that was the idee," said Warner; "and I thought, too, it was mighty curious if a man couldn't foller his regular *profession:* but ah! if that's the game, you can bet your life I'll have a finger in the pie, 'cause I like good things myself, I do."

Considering the great amount of profanity that accompanied Warner and Miller's conversation, it is utterly impossible for us to represent them in their true colors, and yet preserve our story suitable to the public; but suffice it that after the manner of the above, blackened by a furious oath at every sentence, they continued to lay the foundations for the organization of the government of the new State. But perhaps there is no place in our great country where such infamous characters, attempting to ride into public office, presented to the reflective mind so much disgust and mortification of feelings, as it did in this new and promising territory. Neither could their vicious schemes have been so impressive at any other place as upon that beautiful river, and upon that sunny afternoon, when the brilliant luster of that cloudless sky mantled the great valley with its purity and loveliness, made grand and sublime by the declining sun's dazzling rays sparkling upon the snowy mountains which rim the flourishing State upon its eastern boundary with their lofty border of awe-inspiring whiteness—adding an indescribable charm to that wealth and prosperity that was daily outstripping

anything that had ever occurred within the history of man, and, pointing to the great future, unvailing the dignity and affluence of rising generations living under a government constructed by the vilest of blacklegs!

During the conversation of these worthy gentlemen, Harriet busied herself for some time looking over the valley, and reflecting upon her own particular condition; but, finally, wearing out her patience by listening to Miller's political whining, she concluded to change her position, and went down into the cabin—a little place, like an English railway car—where only one can enter at the same time, and then only by crawling upon hands and knees. Not very well satisfied with that kind of confinement, she again came upon deck; but, having been only a few minutes absent, she was astonished to find that the politicians had changed their subject, and were now promenading about the deck in truly important style—Warner with a long cigar in his mouth, his thumbs under his vest, hat a little to one side, white eyebrows climbing his forehead, legs dragging, and, in fact, his whole person seemed to be making preparation for the legislature;—Miller, with a cigar between his fingers; his hand accenting every word that escaped his compressed lips; his hunched back now and then bowing, to show how plainly he was illustrating; his harsh, nasal voice lowered into half whispers of earnestness—all, it all showed, that he was determined to make a fortune by the last contrived scheme. As to Parker, also smoking—once so noble a fellow—his eyes seemed to avoid the public now, and his gentlemanly manners seemed to be entirely controlled by Miller, with whom he was already concocting schemes to plunder his fellow mortals! Side by side, these important individuals were walking; but now, instead of politics, their conversation was still worse—fixing their plans for entrapping "green uns" at the gaming-tables; and it was upon this subject that Miller was directing his remarks—positively assuring his companions of success; and upon his plans he continued to comment until San Francisco came in view.

Now, with two of these, Harriet had some acquaintance, and, considering herself among strangers, together with the curious

fact of their going to San Francisco at the same time, gave her some rather serious apprehensions on their account; but, endeavoring to dispel her fears, she directed her attention toward the animating scene before her: islands and bluffs, enlivened by innumerable birds, but seeming to be civilized by the great forest of tapering masts, whose density nearly hid the lower part of the city, but added a charm of romance to the collection of houses crowded upon the hill above, where their whiteness seemed as though their shackly walls were made of Italian marble. But common criticism was not the reason of Harriet's earnest gaze. Before she started from Sacramento, she had indulged the hope, that, by going to San Francisco, she would be sure to hear from the person to whom she had been so long attached.

Of course, there is some excuse for commenting upon the love of a young lady who would follow her lover through a wilderness of two thousand miles; but, whether there are many of those pretty creatures who would perform as much, is a matter for them to decide; certainly, few ladies ever did cross the Plains for the purpose of meeting their lovers; and yet, it is very probable, that if some of them had "good chances," and met much opposition from the old folks, they would run too.

But now, when Harriet was drawing near to the city, shadows of doubt seemed to gain a place in her mind. Her attention was fixed toward the young city, but absent thoughts had turned her reflections into melancholy conjecture, and she seemed to avoid looking at others. Sometimes, her snowy handkerchief would rest upon her eyes; but she turned her face, so that others should not see her tears; and, of all on board, no one knew the thoughts that gave her trouble; for, true to the nature of her sex, profound secresy of her own love, was the easiest of all her accomplishments. How soon her troubles might have been over, had she asked one of the gambling candidates for the person she wished to find! But, poor girl, she was not aware that he knew.

It was nearly sunset when the little boat crossed the wide part of the bay, and beat up toward Long Wharf. The evening

was one of those cold, windy ones, in the middle of autumn; so dry and dusty in that disagreeable city.

Previous to landing, Parker advanced to where Harriet was, made a few remarks about the disagreeable change of the weather, asked her if she had a place to stop at; and, being answered in the affirmative, assured her there would be no servants on the wharf to carry her luggage, but that it would give him great pleasure to assist her. She looked a little while thoughtfully, and then accepted of his kind offer. The boat hauled up; ropes were thrown out; the plank was laid, and the grand hurrah of the passengers was offward — the newspaper peddlers onward.

Harriet and Mr. Parker pushed their way through the crowd, and marched toward the upper part of the city. On this occasion, justice demands that Parker should receive much praise for saving poor Harriet from being pulled to pieces by the hotel-keepers. This city can complain of outrages, in this respect, which perhaps no other city in the world can with equal propriety. Almost all Americans, when going to England, say, that on their arrival, they know not where to go—no hotel runners to be seen—that it is an awful shame; but, in San Francisco, they have the other extreme: one hotel keeper at each arm; one at the skirts, behind; two in front, and six or seven running all round, like hungry wolves, all barking and swearing furiously. In this instance, Parker was of invaluable service to Harriet; and, by being a large, strong man, and having been brought up in American fashion, to protect the weaker sex, he succeeded in rescuing her before they had her divested of a single dress! Whether these hungry hotel-keepers continue their violent behavior up to this period, or not, has nothing to do with what they did a few years ago. But it is not likely that their *extreme* politeness is done away with so soon; and, in all probability, visitors to that *fiery* city, would yet see some of those hungry-dog solicitors lurking about the wharves.

After Harriet and Parker had made their escape from these ferocious gentlemen, they met but few difficulties; that is, few

beside the great piles of lumber and pork barrels over which they were obliged to climb.

Like a certain person and his horse, fat, greasy pork and California, are, always have been, and, probably, always will be, indispensable companions. Go into the mines — it is greasy pork; go into the villages—it is greasy pork; go into the open valley—it is greasy pork still; go on a boat—again you are surrounded with greasy pork; go on the wharves—they are covered with greasy pork; go into the streets of the cities, and it is nothing but greasy pork continually. Excepting that sickening, greasy pork, they had but few obstacles to encounter. It is true, they had a few deep ditches and dangerous holes to cross, on some of the streets; but, over the most of them, they were accommodated with boards; the others they could leap. The cold winds and clouds of dust were not caused by any neglect of the people; therefore, we shall not comment upon their dreadful, insupportable effects.

After some difficulty, the pair of adventurers drew up to a small frame house, at the door of which stood quite a neighborly-looking fat woman, of about thirty. Parker immediately took his leave, hoping he should again see her. Harriet thanked him for his kindness, and turned to address her fat, but good-looking hostess—

"Is Mrs. Case present?" The fat woman nodded in the affirmative.

"Did you get an address from Mr. Long, of Sacramento, that a lady was coming to stop a short time with you?"

"O law, yes," said Mrs. Case; "and I s'pose it was you he had reference to—Harriet Lindsey?"

"Yes; that is my name."

"Why, law me! come in. I am very glad you have come, for you can tell me how Mr. Long is doing. Will you have some water to wash? Our city is so awful dusty. Did you come down on the boat? O! it is such a little boat, I wouldn't trust my life on it. I s'pose that gentleman who came with you was your husband? he is such a good-looking man. Now,

you mustn't mind what I say; for I always say just what I think. Is Mr. Long still keeping a boarding-house?"

"O, yes; I have been waiter in his house for a long time," said Harriet.

"O, the dear, good soul! I wish he may do well; for he has one of the nicest families at home I ever saw. He has been very unfortunate; but may-be he will be right yet. And did you say you was waiter for his table? Why, law me! it does me so much good to see you. Here, come up stairs; I have a room on purpose for you; though, from your looks, it will be rather poorer than what you have been used to."

By this time, she had Harriet up the ladder, and into a little room, about nine feet square. A comfortable looking bed stood on one side; a low bench at one end, with a tin wash-basin upon it, accompanied with a liberal-sized piece of soap. There was one chair in the room; but it, too, looked as if it had seen better days—its whole back had been amputated, and the wounds left undressed. But when Harriet's bandbox was in the room, it looked moderately well furnished, compared with most of the houses in those early days. The door was one of those old-fashioned, blue blanket, hanging ones. It must be borne in mind, that this part of our history was before the stealing and murdering period; and, although four-fifths of the houses in San Francisco had no locks, there was not the slightest danger of thieves. Many people are apt to comment upon the crimes and the morals of different nations as being the result of natural differences in the people; but, from the fact, that every nation of the whole world was well represented in that city, no other satisfactory reason for the security of property can be given, than that the people were all in prosperous circumstances. And now, when Harriet had her gold safely deposited in the bottom of her bandbox, no uneasiness was entertained, although she might wish to walk about the city, in company with Mrs. Case, when no person was left at the house. They had scarcely entered this little room, when Harriet, recollecting her principal errand, asked:

"Can you tell me where the post-office is?"

"O yes; but law me! you can't get in now. It always shuts about three o'clock. The postmaster does jest as he pleases here. Sometimes he shuts at dinner-time."

"You are sure it is not open?" said Harriet.

"Why, law me! yes. O, we have had a terrible fuss here about it. Some of the people says if Congress don't do something mighty soon, they intend to have California made into a separate government—I tell you they 're getting determined on it, too. Why, law me! there 's not a person in this city can get their letters. Nothing is 'tended to right, and nearly all the people thinks Congress is not caring much about them, anyhow; and I 'm sure if they don't look mighty sharp, California 'll give them the slip: all the foreigners are in favor of it, 'cause, you know, the Governor made a heavy tax on 'em; and I 'm sure it'll take mighty little to ——"

Harriet interrupted—"Do you think the post-office will open early to-morrow morning?"

"Why, law me! how do I know?—may-be they will, and may-be they won't. But I will go with you as soon as we have our breakfast, and see: but come now—Harriet, I think you said your name was—as soon as you get washed, we will have our tea; and I want you to tell me all about Mr. Long. O, he is a fine man! They have the prettiest little children you ever saw—heads just as white as snow; and O, so smart! Poor fellow! I'm sure he wishes he was back. But I'm keeping you away from washing."

Here Mrs. Case turned to descend the ladder, and, miraculous as it was, the slender, trembling thing sustained her ponderous form. She then made her course to her supper-room, resting her dimply-jointed hands in that comfortable position so envied by the slender part of the human family. There she seated herself, making the chair sing a little Chinese music, fully determined to have a good night's fun with her young lady companion. Why it is that fat people always take the good side of things, and seem to relish a life in this world more than lean ones do, and yet why their breed is not encouraged by everybody, seems to be one of those fancies that never get possession of the human

mind. Mrs. Case's account of the post-offices rather filled Harriet's mind with dissatisfaction. However, she came to the conclusion that if she did get no letter, she would have all the more evidence for believing him still to be living. She lost but little time until she was in company with her hostess at tea.

"Do you live alone?" Harriet asked.

"Why, nearly all the time I do. John—that is my husband, you know—he is got into the Express business, and he 's gone most of the time; but nearly every day I have visitors, or else I am going somewhere myself. Nearly all the women here are in the same fix as me. We must stop about home, while our husbands run all over the country. But why didn't you ask your husband in? or was that your husband who came up with you?"

"O no; I have no husband," said Harriet.

"Why, law me!" said Mrs. Case, "if I wasn't sure that would be your husband! Then I s'pose he will be?"

"No, indeed," said Harriet.

"Ha! you always will deny it; but you must tell him to come, just the same as if it was your own house. I s'pose your people live in Sacramento?"

"No, no; I have no connections in the country," said Harriet, thoughtfully.

"Why, law me!—no connections in the country!" exclaimed Mrs. Case, fixing her dark-brown eyes most sympathetically on Harriet; but she continued: "Why, what in the world brought you to such a place as this? I s'pose you met some misfortune at home?"

"O, not particularly," said Harriet.

"Does your parents live yet?" Mrs. Case asked.

"They were living and well when I left."

"And did you come over the Plains?"

"Yes," said Harriet. But her good hostess was wonderfully put to it to imagine a cause for such an adventure.

"I s'pose your people are on the way out?"

"No, no; they will not come," said Harriet.

"Why, law me! I never heerd of such an undertaking by a young girl! But *do tell* me why you came so far, without some of your connections coming along?"

Poor Harriet was getting into a tight place; but the fat woman's inquisitive powers were accompanied by so much innocence of expression and sympathy of feeling, that the poor girl's long pent-up secret burst forth—she told it all! Strange it seems, that, as well acquainted with Mrs. Ellis as she was, yet she had never revealed to her the true cause of her undertaking. A curious creature is woman!

Mrs. Case proved to be a sympathizing, confidential friend, and assured Harriet that as her John traveled a good deal, the missing man would soon be found.

After Harriet and Parker left the boat, his companions and fellow-gamblers, Mr. Warner and *Mr.* Miller, marched off together to the "Eldorado," a justly celebrated and much admired gambling saloon. Our whining friend, Mr. Miller, being an old hand at his profession, had been to this city before, and was somewhat acquainted with the extravagance of many of these legally recognized houses; and he had been describing some of their wonderful attractions to Warner. He even took the precaution to speak of the shrewdness of the London and Paris gamblers, and the necessity of keeping a sharp look-out for them. Warner was one of the cautious kind of gamblers, and had made most of his money by little dribs; and in this visit, for fear of being fleeced, he had left about one-half of his money at Sacramento. With the exception of killing Hance, he was, altogether, not a very bad sort of gambler. He had paid strict attention to the words of Mr. Miller, and felt determined that no Paris or London gambler should discover that he himself was an American gambler; preferring, for security, to have them think that he was a Londoner. Accordingly, when they approached the celebrated "Eldorado," he commenced making as short paces as his long understandings would permit of, for this was the mode he chose to convince people that he was no "green 'un." He remembered, too, to place his thumbs under his vest and his fingers upon his breast. With these disguises he was sure he could

pass for a gentleman of no ordinary consequence. His important manner of standing, so as to resemble an inverted V, was his natural position.

When they entered the establishment it was nearly night, and several hundred finely-dressed persons were either promenading about the room or engaged in gambling. The first thing that struck Warner's attention was, to see several *ladies* gambling, some of whom were extremely good-looking; and whether it was a peculiarity of Warner's to look at a pretty lady, or whether it is common to his sex, it matters not; certain it was, he looked long and steadily toward them.

There were a great host of pictures hanging against the walls of the room, and although their peculiar construction forbids description, yet Warner took the liberty of gazing furtively upon them part of the time. Upon the stage, or rather low gallery, a famous band of musicians added still greater attraction to Warner. His whining friend told him the tunes they were playing; but after listening for some time, he came to the conclusion that either his friend was mistaken, or else the tunes were played wrong. In the midst of so many attractions, he neglected to drum on his breast, and to make the short steps; and, needless to say, many of the gamblers thought he was an excellent bird to pick. From several different parts of the house the opera-glasses were turned upon him, and, strange to say, he noticed their gaze; but this made him open the lower end of his understandings in a truly important style. His little white eyebrows commenced in great earnest to ascend his forehead, as though he was likely to outshine anything present. In this appearance he was, when a little man, dark-complected, black, heavy-bearded, and of foreign appearance, as if by accident fell into conversation with him.

"Dis von vine ouse in your contrée," said he, turning his opera-glass in the direction of the ladies.

"Yes," said Warner, "I'm d—d if I ain't clear beat by this sort of fixing up. Must be the finest house in the world."

"Me nider. I never seen so vine ouse like dis—not in mine

contrée, never so vine," said the little man, turning his glass toward the pictures.

"I think it's a shame to have sich pictures, though, where women are," said Warner, keeping his eyes earnestly fixed on the one-eyed spectacle.

"Dis is vine painting," said the little man, pointing to one on the other side—a still plainer illustration of somebody's degraded imagination.

"Is them the kind of spectacles you use in your country?" asked Warner, taking the little man's opera-glass and examining it cautiously. Of course, so green a one attracted attention, and many of the gamblers already began to envy the little Frenchman for his good fortune in being the first to achieve the capture. The word *spectacle*, however, was further on in the English language than the Frenchman had yet been; but, true to his country, where words were not handy he could illustrate by motions: and after getting Warner to try the glass, the peculiarity of its construction did not interest him; but anxious, too, to appear in the fashion, he determined to have one at the first opportunity. While Warner was thus engaged, Miller had met an old acquaintance, with whom he had stepped aside to drink, and to have some private conversation. This arrangement suited the Frenchman exactly; for the greatest trouble a gambler has, is to get a green one separated from his friends.

"O, dis fust-rate! I vill teach him to me to gamble. I like dis very vine. O, grand!" said he, after the glass had been properly explained, and walking slowly along with Warner to the other end of the room. Certainly, Warner thought that the little man had come to a dangerous place to learn, for he might lose all his money by learning.

"Ah! it is a bad business," said Warner; "don't you ever learn it. You take my advice, and go off to the mines, where you can make a fortune. These gamblers lay all sorts of plans for to take fellers in. They don't care whether they rob a feller or not."

"O, I no care. Den I loss—den I vin; I no care. O, I vill

teach him to me, sure," said the little man, looking most innocently into Warner's face.

"O, you can do as you like," said Warner; "but look here; I've been a-gambling a long time, and I'll bet I know jist as much about the business as anybody; and if you'd a seen some of the fellers I fleeced, up at Sacramento, you'd never think it was worth while to learn."

Just before they reached a table where they were throwing dice, the little man halted shortly to tell Warner about the dice-player.

"Dis man vot play de dice, him loss much money—ah! him loss plenty: he not see him good. Last night I make to me much money. I take up de box ven he not look, den I vin all to me—may-be to-night I vill do so too, de same as before."

Then they advanced to look on, for a few were betting small "lays-out." The two nations were very fairly represented by these two individuals—that is, in personal appearance and in a criminal point of view.

Although Warner had not that nasal tone of voice with which our nation is inflicted, yet his extreme length and awkwardness of appearance, and his disposition to place entire confidence in the stranger, were not very unlike a goodly number of our citizens; and, although a bad man, he immediately took part with the little Frenchman, and advised him not to gamble, lest somebody should take advantage of him. The Frenchman, of small stature, deeply skilled in personal appearance, and not pretending to know anything, in order to deceive Warner, was not a bad sample of a French rogue. But his manner of attack was no less ingenious than is characteristic of his great nation; for he was intimately acquainted and in partnership with the dice-player to whom he had been all this while bringing Warner, as it were, accidentally. Here these two criminal representatives seated themselves, and commenced betting dollar bets. In this game the dice-thrower has a tin cup, open at both ends, into which he throws the dice, all of which are lettered: corresponding letters are printed upon the table. Upon these letters the bettors place their money. The dice-thrower then raises his cup, and

if the wager lies upon a letter matched by the one on the upper side of any of the dice, then the bettor has won; but if unmatched, he has lost. When fairly played, it is what gamblers call a "perfect chance-game;" but where the players are so disposed, the most foul deception can be carried on without the shrewdest observer being able to detect it.

Warner had but a few silver dollars with him—having changed his silver for gold, a great quantity of which he had stowed in his pockets.

Although the Frenchman was an equally interested partner with the dice-player, yet he continued to bet in such great earnest that Warner never dreamed of the true state of affairs. All the time his tongue kept a continual run,—either finding fault with his "luck," or priding himself upon it. As he seldom bet more than two or three dollars at once, he remained nearly the same—sometimes getting a little ahead, and vice versa. Warner soon made way with his silver, and commenced with doubloons. With these he sometimes lost and sometimes won—not getting below, nor above a hundred dollars for over an hour after they commenced. But after awhile they ran up to as high as a hundred dollars a bet. At that time their table became surrounded with eager spectators. A few beside Warner and the Frenchman were betting small bets, but Warner was the principal object of attraction. The word was going the round that he was the "bully" from Sacramento—the same who killed the German. His private character had nothing to do with this case, any further than they were all anxious to see the man; but his large bets were the principal things that brought so many spectators. A secret pride now fluttered in his bosom, that he was interesting the people so much; and, to show the extent of his ambition, he kept continually increasing his bets. While this excitement was going on, an acquaintance of the dice-thrower stepped up to one side and entered into a low conversation with him. While the dice-thrower's attention was thus called away from his game, the little Frenchman lifted the dice-box so that all the bettors could see what letters were up, and then, clapping his whole pile on one of the corresponding letters,

waited patiently for the dice-thrower to lift his box. Nearly all the bettors did the same as the Frenchman—some betting as high as fifty dollars; but Warner, having seen the dice, coolly laid down the sum of five hundred dollars. In about one minute the dice-thrower turned to attend to his game, telling his friend he would see him some other time, when he had more leisure.

He seemed to be surprised a little at seeing such large bets lying upon the table; but, true to a gentleman gambler, he determined not to shirk. Many of the spectators had seen the dice, and a little smile was lighting up their various physiogs when the box was about to be raised. After looking carefully at the various piles, as if contemplating something serious, the box was lifted—Warner, as well as all the others, won! This only made a small draw upon the bank, and the game continued on as before. Several others seemed to notice the negligence of the dice-thrower, and plenty of bettors were now crowding close to the table. One of these again called the attention of the dice-thrower to change some money. Here, again, the little Frenchman tipped the box, to see the dice. All the bettors now threw down their money with great freedom. Warner laid down all he had in hand; and, just as the dice-thrower turned to lift the box, he called out,

"Now, stop; you must break me, or I will you!" reaching down into his pockets, and hauling forth a few large bags of doubloons.

"Let me shake the dice up again, and then you may bet as much as you like."

"No, no; no, no," said the bettors; "a game is a game all the world over, and you must let us bet;" every one fingering out what change he had.

In a case of this kind, it is a rule among gamblers not to back out from taking bets; and, where they do offer to refuse, the crowd frequently become so enraged as to place the banker in a very dangerous condition. If he had, in this instance, absolutely refused to take bets, a serious row might have taken place; and, although many spectators saw the dice, and knew the banker was taken advantage of, still, if they should have

spoken of it, their lives would have been forfeited upon the spot. In this innocent manner, many good men were shamefully murdered in those *legally* recognized houses. Here, however, the people had already learned to control Æsop's favorite dish, and allow every one to attend to their own business.

When Warner had his gold all down on one of the letters, then commenced the most eager crowding to witness the result; but only a minute was required to decide the contest. The dice-box was raised—Warner, and all the bettors, lost!

A smile was about settling upon many of the spectators, when the little Frenchman tried to look grave, and said, "Marchand qui perd ne peut rire;" and, rubbing his head, as though he had actually been a loser, turned to the dice-thrower, who was also French, gave a meaning wink, and spoke, rather humbly, "Une souris qui n'a qu'un trou, est bientôt prise." Of course, Warner knew nothing about what the Frenchman had said; and, thinking that the poor fellow might murder somebody on account of his misfortune, he turned to him, and said, "Don't be discouraged, my little man—that's just what we fellers are used to;" and then, affecting coolness, he rose to meet his friend Miller, who had just returned in time to see Warner lose. In a few minutes he returned, and again commenced to bet; and, in less than an hour, lost five hundred dollars of Miller's money. This cooled him, and they both withdrew. Warner had often spoken to Parker about his skill in gambling, but since he had lost so much, he was ashamed to meet Parker; and, in consequence, resolved to leave the city on the next day—a proposition that suited Miller also; so that, on the following morning, they left San Francisco, fully determined not to visit it very soon again.

After taking leave of Harriet, Parker put out for the Belle Union—this was another gambling saloon, but of less pretensions than the Eldorado. It was also ornamented with those fancy pictures, a band of music, and with a few fair ladies—for some of them were exceedingly fair. Among those dear creatures our friend soon became an intimate companion, and his whole nature seemed about to be changed from high and honor-

able intentions to a life too low to bear description. At this house he passed the evening; but, how miserable his own reflections must have been, no one, save himself, was ever the wiser; evidently, his distress of mind was making rapid inroads upon his appearance, and even threatening his health. It is painful, indeed, to comment upon this unfortunate young fellow; and, although his bearing begins to have the appearance of vice and criminality, yet it seems hard to turn a reproach upon him; as will be acknowledged, when we have continued farther with our story. He was much astonished to learn, on the following day, that both his companions were "among the missing;" but it was quite plain enough, when he ascertained that they were in penniless distraction—a fact which he feared would retard their progress into the legislature.

On the following evening, he felt so much uneasiness about Harriet's situation, that he called to ascertain if she was comfortable. Harriet and Mrs. Case had been to the post-office early in the morning; and, after a few hours' faithful search for a letter, and final disappointment, poor Harriet was nearly overcome with grief; for the fact of her lover still living seemed to be very doubtful. As before stated, she had written to nearly all the post-offices in California, and, if he was living, it was impossible to account for the fact of not hearing from him. The idea of him being tired of her, and falling in love with another, never entered her head, and constancy and confidence remained the guardians to whom she applied for *conferer* and solace; but the folly of her attempt began to seem very palpable, and her distance from home began to frighten her. Retrace her steps she knew she could not; for she was too well informed not to remember that it was by her strong hopes she was enabled to perform the great journey over the Plains; and yet, if her lover was no more, she could perceive nothing but a sad, unhappy life before her. Then, too, to return to the home from which she had taken such an unceremonious leave, was the most trying of all her considerations.

She loved her parents as much as any girl could, but her love for another had caused her to abandon them; and with her,

as with all other mortals, disappointment, by an unforeseen cause, gave place for despondency in spirits, and forebodings of despair.

In this dejected mood, she was not well prepared to meet Parker; for she now began to fear his intentions to win her affections; and, different from what she had been a few weeks before, when she would have laid down her life to save a hair of his head, she would now have given half the world to see him no more; consequently, under a plea of ill-health—which was partially true—she only remained a short time in his presence, when she very politely excused her absence. Parker remained long enough to relate the gambling fate of his two companions, which we have already given.

On the following day, Harriet advertised for Simons in all the papers published in the city.

Mrs. Case endeavored to perform all the duties toward Harriet that any one could, and really seemed more like a mother or a sister than merely a friend. Harriet never told her that Parker was a gambler; and, probably, because she had been so much in his company, she did not wish to do so, lest it might lessen Mrs. Case's opinion of herself. The consequence of this neglect was, that Mrs. Case formed a high opinion of him; and, also fearing that Simons was no more, endeavored, by the most ingenious maneuvering, to change Harriet's attachment in the direction of Mr. Parker; and, although her intentions were highly honorable, yet nothing could have been more painful to Harriet's feelings than such an attempt.

For many weeks, Harriet met nothing promising, nor depressing, save the same sad disappointment; but almost daily did Parker make her trouble increase, by paying her visits; and, woman-like, she commenced to hate him—and, though the sun had stood still, yet hate him she would; but, with all her hatred, his address was still so noble and fine, that it was impossible for her to extricate herself from his presence. This hatred continued to rise, until she would as soon have met a grizzly bear as meet Mr. Parker. Even in his absence he was burdensome to her meditations; but, to become absolved from his

presence altogether, she would have willingly given all she was worth; and yet there was a peculiarity about this gentleman that so unnerved her, that her firmest resolutions quailed before him.

Parker's business was nothing but gambling and attending to some of the Pacific-street dancing-houses; and, as he was somewhat acquainted with the Governor—who highly approved of gambling, as a free institution—and most other gambling officials, he was promised an office as soon as an opportunity offered. With those gentlemen he generally loitered about the gambling saloons, smoking cigars, or drinking wine—in fact, lived like a gentleman, discussing the glory of our country, and our right to civilize the "*Kanakers*," by introducing free institutions among them; yet, a regular politician—that is, making the great cause of morality subordinate to self-interest—and a promising officer was Mr. Parker.

During the winter, Harriet had but little opportunity to enjoy herself, but generally tried to make a trip every day through the muddy streets, to the post-office; and occasionally helping Mrs. Case to visit some of the neighboring women, were about the extent of her excitement. Her hatred toward Parker became almost insupportable, but was finally broken down by a single blow. It was one of those warm, rainy days, when the whole heavens are resolved into an invisible-gray, and when the slow dropping rain has, in its gentle fall, that deep, homesick melody, so stirring to the memory of the lone wanderer, when the person of Mr. Parker again entered the house of Mrs. Case. Her John had returned the day before, and, at this time, the three were sitting close to a small stove, conversing upon the Express business. Harriet had made earnest inquiry about Simons; but John had received no information of him; and, although she constituted one of the party, she said but little, and sat looking through the window, contemplating upon her own unhappy lot, when this gambling individual made his appearance.

Parker had the address of a gentleman, and soon made himself at home; and the good-natured fat woman, gave him an

introduction to her John with as much laughing good-will as any fat person could have done.

"Why, Miss Lindsey, are you lonesome? You look as though you had been thinking about your lover, and finally concluded not to have him!" said Parker, taking a hearty, unconcerned laugh, while Mr. and Mrs. Case, either from the want of room, or apprehending something else, very thoughtlessly neglected to remain in the same room.

"Do you think I look as though I was in much trouble?" Harriet asked.

"That is right—endeavor to find out what I think of you! You ladies always have an ingenious method of pumping out our sober thoughts. It is not many years since I was badly caught in that way, and it came well-nigh being a death-blow to me."

"Why, how was that?"

"Ah! Miss Lindsey, those were serious days to me. I hope, from my very soul, that you may never see such times as those," becoming very sad.

"Perhaps, if you tell me about it, I might know how to escape!" said Harriet; but Parker kept looking through the window, as if lost in absent thoughts; then turning, his eyes glistening with tears, looked toward Harriet.

"Ah! I shall never forget that moment. Before that I was a good man. I didn't gamble then, Miss Lindsey. No; I had plenty of people to love then. O! my God! if I had my life to live over! I tried to be good—I knew nothing else. I had a mother and father then; but, ah! they, too, are gone! Nothing but a dark and dreary world is before me. The deep, heavy shadows of melancholy despair cluster around me wherever I go. The doom of an uncared for mortal seems to be sounding in my ears continually. People blame me for gambling—but I only take their money: but, O! how cruel is the gambler who robs another of love. Ah! Miss Lindsey, you are a happy lady. But, test human beings as well as I have, and you will then never permit yourself to love. It is just two years ago, if all the world had sworn that I would be disappointed, I should

have refused to believe it. But, how shamefully I was deceived! I did all that anybody could have done. I saved her and her guardians from disgrace, by giving them what money I had. Ah! why shall I try to be good any longer? For trying to be good, a person is laughed at for being a fool. I beg your pardon, Miss Lindsey, for using such language; but how can I help it. I may turn all my attention to the promoting of the comfort of others, and yet only meet their ridicule! If I am a gambler, I can have more friends than if I am an honest man! But, O! Miss Lindsey, thanks be to heaven! I have done with that unhallowed business. A better day is dawning. A good and honest sister will soon speak in affectionate terms to me. Ah! there I can love. No cold feeling of deception rests within her heart. A few short weeks, and I can converse in confidential terms, without being laughed at. Then, too, I will have an honest occupation, where I can roam the wild mountains with a clear conscience; then, when I return, I will have a friendly home to comfort me."

"You are going into some other business?" Harriet asked, becoming considerably interested in his melancholy looks.

"Yes, Miss Lindsey, I have commenced a new life; I have been chosen a tax collector;" still looking absently thoughtful through the window.

Whether it is that love and sympathy are the same thing, or whether the one has anything to do with the other, becomes a difficult question, the more we attempt to trace their various sources. Some people think a sympathy can exist where there is no love; but, as such people only jump at conclusions, let them jump back again, and explain the cause of sympathy? In all probability, sympathy is the first stage of love. Another thing is quite as difficult to solve: why is there a greater affinity between two persons who have met similar misfortunes, than between any other unfortunate persons? This can only be answered satisfactorily in two ways. By one—the two persons are supposed to be more fully aware of the distress that each has sustained; by the other—there is a supposed channel in which the soul is continually traveling, so that similar misfortunes

cause the two channels to break into one, when the souls are left mingling together. In this way, misfortunes cause the mental powers to be united in contemplation. Some even carry this theory so far as to account for all love springing, as it were, by a continual pressure of little misfortunes. But all these difficult questions have nothing to do with our story, further than that this sympathy, or love, always does occur between similarly unfortunate persons, and that in a proper relating of these little things consists the principal art of making love; and it is upon this principle that men act when trying to gain a lady's attachment for any particular purpose. First find out as nearly as possible the course of their anxieties, and then, unobserved, break into the same channel, and weep with them. This generally accomplishes the end, if faithfully tried; but, as simple as it seems, it is one of the most difficult lessons that the accomplished gentleman is obliged to learn before he can pass; but some, by nature, seem to be organized for the purpose, and, among that number, our friend, Mr. Parker, stood near the head of the class. His keen perception could almost see into the silent thoughts of another. His fluent tongue, and affected emotions, were guided by an excellent judgment. By commenting upon his own misfortunes, he could make any one sympathize in his distress. By his glowing prospects, and noble intentions, he could prejudice any one in his favor. By the honest affection for his sister, any one might think he was neglecting them. By his seeming sincerity, none could doubt his fidelity and faithful promises. Only a little while before, Harriet could have earnestly prayed never to see him again; but now she became so interested in his unfortunate attempt at love, that she immediately set herself about prying into his whole history, and felt almost willing to acknowledge her own bold attempt in the field, and relate her own sad disappointment.

Over his sad life they continued to converse, until she felt herself greatly relieved by his presence; and he never neglected to pledge his word that he had finally reformed, and intended to lead a good life. Harriet pressed him for some time "not to be in a hurry," but finally, taking his hat, he arose to depart,

saying, "No, Miss Lindsey, I can not remain now; I must go and prepare for my mountain tour, for I must leave on to-morrow."

"But you will call again before you go, won't you?" questioned Harriet; and, instead of cold, inexpressive looks, must be imagined a fair creature, now looking into his face, with eyes half-glimmering with tears, while she arose to accompany him to the door.

"I scarcely see how I can," said he. "Then, too, I have called here so often, that really it seems like leaving home."

"How soon will your sister arrive?"

"In a few weeks, if all is well."

"Then you must come to-morrow, and tell me all about her; won't you? I shall be so happy to meet her."

"Ah! if I could bring her along, I would gladly come to see you to-morrow; you will like her, I 'm sure. She is better than I am, or you may be sure I would not recommend her to *you!*"

Harriet felt a blush in her face, and almost thoughtlessly replied, "But if she is as good, I shall be well pleased;" and, to mend it a little, added, "you don't know what I might think of you, if you do really quit gambling!"

Parker undoubtedly put more meaning to her words than she intended; and, looking her full in the face, he said:

"Miss Lindsey, by all that is in heaven! I do swear, never to play another game, or lay another wager—never, never! No; I have forever done with that wretched business—forever done! I will never gamble again as long as I live—so help me God!" and his eyes were sparkling, and resting upon those of Harriet. After a moment's pause, he added, "Now, I must go, Miss Lindsey. It will be many weeks before I meet you again; but I shall often think of you; ay, I shall never forget you. When I return, you will see me a better man; you will see me sober and honest. Now, I have already overstayed my time, and I must go. Good-by; good-by!" and he shook her hand warmly, and departed.

Harriet continued to look after him as he hurried down the street, and she thought it was curious that her voice had trembled

so when she bid him good-by. It had never done so before, and the poor girl began to fear that she would yet be unable to ward off his entreaties.

Here we must suspend our account of Harriet until we bring forward other persons; for we prefer to keep pace with the time of each, rather than to pursue one or two for a while, and then be obliged to fall back. This, we consider, is preferable to running on ahead; for, unless one becomes somewhat acquainted with the intermediate contents of a story, before they have learned the terminus, it becomes less attractive. Therefore, bear with us a while, and we shall tax your patience as little as possible.

CHAPTER XVI.

How bright and sunny was the month of August. A feverish glimmer was waving in the air, where clouds of dust traveled in broken columns, whirling and wasting away in the wild meadow. The drought and hot suns had put to flight the little birds, and ruined the valley of flowers, and not a cloud hovered over the barren plain—so wild and still it seemed. In a straight line, the dusty road stretched away toward the mountains, further than mortal eye could discern. Here and there were to be seen a few covered wagons, gently moving their rounded tops, slowly going or coming — they were the communication between the miners' palate and the Sacramento merchants. Along this road were the representatives of all nations, in parties or in single file, "going to the diggings."

One walked alone. His step was feeble—his hoary locks whispered of the tomb. Upon his back was a blue blanket, a pick, and a shovel; his burden made him weary. His thin face was covered with perspiration; his eyes were intelligent and sad. Over the wild plain he looked; the view made his delicate frame tremble.

"Have I come to this?" escaped his thin lips, as a deep sigh reddened his wrinkled cheeks, and his eyes turned to the trail—dim with tears.

"Perhaps fortune may attend me, and I may yet return to my native home! Oh! I should love to be buried in the 'old churchyard!' I have a child sleeping there!" his step quickened, and his emotions were deeper than words can express.

He arrived at the mines,—'twas where wild, red mountains were divided by a foaming river, whose deafening howl sent its quivering echo among the distant hills. Scarcely any trees sheltered the noisy miners along that stream; but he spread his blanket beneath a shady oak, and 'laid him down to sleep.' Next morning was bright and clear. The old man arose, his slender form became nimble, and his mind was happy. He purchased a tent, more tools, and made preparation to mine, and then he said, "I must go and seek a partner, for one cannot work alone!" Forthwith he approached a large encampment of thrifty young men.

"Gentlemen," said he, and he looked familiar when he spoke, "I perceive that it is almost impossible for one to work alone. I want a partner, will some of you join me?"

Silent looks were exchanged, but a few low voices said, "He's too old and feeble, he can't do as much work as I can, and I am not going to work with him, for one."

The old man was sensitive, he was glad to withdraw, but he trembled to think of the new aspect before him. To work he proceeded, but the "cream of the diggings" was gone; and in order to procure anything, he was obliged to dig deeper, which placed his feet among the water. After filling his buckets, he would sit by the cradle "to rock it out," and then again proceed to his hole, when lo! it was filled with water. But he was persevering, and bailed out the water, and again filled his buckets with earth; and again endeavored "to rock it out," but lo! again his hole was filled with water; again it was bailed, and again it filled, and so it continued.

"Oh! how can I work thus alone?" he cried, and sat down to weep. When night came, he repaired to his little tent, and weighed his gold.

"Two dollars only!" he exclaimed, and sat down to think.

"Ah! my living will cost me three, at least. Must I toil in the water all day, only to save two-thirds of my expenses? But oh! they say it 's all a lottery, perhaps I shall be favored yet."

Day followed day, and the same sad results continued, and serious trouble began to worry his mind.

"But I must try—try—try!" he said, and his disappointment moistened his aged face with tears. In a few days a still greater trouble arose, it was the same that had troubled him for many, many long years—rheumatism. Exposed so much to the water caused the disease to renew its aching sting and throbbing pulse, until his groaning voice cried for death! Death would not come, and his emaciated frame limped so pitifully about his camp that life seemed a burden. But he was learned in theory and in practice, and soon performed a temporary cure.

Certainly he knew too much to venture into the water any more; and again he sat down to think.

"Oh! I remember," he exclaimed, and he arose with joy, "'twas yesterday that I heard good accounts from the 'dry diggings,' I will move," and new hopes enlivened his view; happiness seemed to dawn. But to move over such mighty mountains was no trifling task, for already he had quite a collection of household and mining furniture; yet by taking a little at a time his trembling knees bore him over; and in three short days he found himself encamped—'twas a wild and lonesome ravine—where a heavy forest of pine and oak clustered along the mountain sides, and cast its refreshing shadow over a clear, cold spring, vailing the hollow, where half a dozen miners encamped, near a retired beauty only known to the lover of the wild woods. It was a spring where a winding trail circled round, to afford weary miners a refreshing rest, when traveling to the upper diggings, where a single file line of miners were often seen marching beneath their bundle of blankets. Beside

this spring, and beneath the humming branches of lofty pines, the old man pitched his tent—'twas to be his nightly abode, where his intelligent eye could peer through the waving leaves and see the twinkling stars folding the blue and purple sky into rolling seas of majestic loveliness; where each tint resembled the smiling little children that once clustered round his knees, and lisping innocent questions, rested their confiding eyes upon his, and pronounced playful words that still sounded in his ears; where the howling wolves could be seen skipping through the forest, and startling the crying owl from its hiding-place, leaving a wild echo to mingle with the forest's dismal hum, as sad and melancholy as ever brought tears from mortal man; where the trinkling of that little spring over the ridges of slate dropped a murmur so like the rumbling river where poor Downie tossed his hands aloft, cried goood-by, and sank forever! Ay, Uncle Thomas was lonesome; but to work in his new diggings he applied himself with renewed hope. Picking, shoveling and rocking by day, and aching and fitfully sleeping and dreaming by night; but his labor seemed useless, and his pockets continued empty.

"Perhaps fortune will yet favor me; I must try—try—try," he said, as each evening he viewed the scanty yield.

So he continued to try—try; but his money was nearly gone, and despair began to make his feeble form tremble. To add still greater trouble to his mind, he remembered that the other miners had declared the ravine to be good for nothing, and left it in disgust. But people say, that "the miner must not run about, and he shall surely make a fortune," and under such conviction did Uncle Thomas work; every day continuing to exhaust his pockets, until, finally, starvation threatened to be his woeful end. So old and weakly, he could perform but little labor; and each day he felt his weakness increasing.

"O! what's to be done—what's to be done!" he cried, and laid his aching joints down to rest; but tears—they were tears of distress—closed his vision. He awoke, and happy smiles stole over his aged face; for a new thought had flitted through his mind.

"Perhaps the adjoining ravines will pay?" he thought, and sprang to his feet; and forthwith did he proceed to a beautiful ravine, about half a mile distant—afterward known by the name of Uncle Thomas's ravine—and, sure enough, made the discovery of hidden treasure in greater abundance than was ever before known in that region!

His heart grew cheery, and his health improved; his bright hopes gave him strength; and like a youth seemed Uncle Thomas. For a few days he continued alone, each day making a beautiful addition to his purse, and promising still greater success. But he had lived a public life, and his greatest privation was society; and immediately he resolved to make his discoveries public. This was his great mistake. At this time, emigration had nearly all arrived from the Plains, and great numbers from the sea; so that all through the mines, through the mountains and valleys, through the forests and over the plains, along every creek, river, ravine, and hollow, both by day and by night, droves of prospecting miners were strolling, beneath their burdens of blankets, picks, and shovels, in search of "good diggings."

Uncle Thomas still camped at the Spring, and always walked down to his work. Almost every evening a few miners were encamped at the Spring, merely for the night, but on their way to the upper diggings. To these the old man communicated the fact of his discoveries; but, at this time, people generally judged of the richness of the diggings by the number of miners at work; and, as no others were there, they made light of the old man's story.

"See here, gentlemen! I made all of this to-day — two ounces!" said Uncle Thomas, showing them the precious metal.

Looks of astonishment enlarged their eyes, and they could scarcely wait for the morning to arrive. The morning came; but, before the next day passed, fifteen miners were working upon the ravine; the richness of the vein seemed to be rapidly increasing, and all were merry. In a few days the ravine was completely filled with miners, from its rise to its junction with the creek below. Crackling camp-fires were lighted along its

sides, and white tents clustered under every tree. In the evening the wild wolves were gone, but blazing lights glimmered in every direction. Fiddling and dancing changed its mountain wildness into public gaycty; and the woodman's ax, his laugh and jolly whoop, made it seem as a civilized home.

Uncle Thomas had taken the precaution to mark off his claim before the place became crowded, which was remarkably fortunate; for the place was so exceedingly rich, that, in a few days, many of the miners were engaged in serious disputes about their respective boundaries. Every inch of ground was most eagerly sought for; since the smallest portion was of great value. The old man's claim promised to yield the little fortune that he was desirous of obtaining; and, in a few weeks, he believed he should possess a sufficient sum to enable him to live a more happy life. The animating scene pleased him; his old age seemed to change into boyhood, and his delight was to converse with his young companions. His rheumatism disappeared, and he could walk nimbly through the village of tents, imparting good humor and friendship wherever he moved. In the evenings, a few young men would cluster about his tent, to hear his agreeable descriptions of foreign lands, and the scenes of his youth; here, at a late hour, when the little ravine was quieted in sleep, he would be diverting his young companions, or leading their gay minds away from silly trifles, to devotional contemplations; and his words fell with so much truth and soberness in this wild retreat, that the young men sat, fondly catching every syllable, as though its purity nourished the soul—so much like an imaginary heaven was the melody of his trembling voice. But, alas! the scene was soon to change—the fine, golden prospects were soon to be scattered.

The news of the richness of the ravine became spread abroad, and the prospecting community continued to crowd in, until the place was overstocked by an immense population. Many were exceedingly poor, and where they could obtain an inch of ground they seized upon it.

It was a bright, sunny morning, but still and clear. The long shadows of the pine and the oak contrasted strangely with

the yellow leaves strewn along the mountain side, and their pale and varying colors seemed sad and melancholy; even the birds —the little birds—sang with more feeling than before, and the very air of heaven seemed to contain a damp and woeful gloom. 'Twas that soothing season, when the dew-drops fall so mournfully from the leafy trees, marking the lapse of time by each gentle "tick—tick."

Where the immense crowd of miners were once busy, picking, shoveling, laughing, and talking, now not a living soul could be seen, save a dense crowd, huddling upon the old man's claim! He was in their midst, but his trembling voice could not be heard above the thousand tongues that seemed to be clashing with furious oaths. Jackets were pulled off, sleeves turned up, and that positive "He shan't," "He shall," was ringing through the crowd; pushing and jamming even commenced.

A packer, with mules laden with provision, was coming: 'twas Simons. He rushed into the crowd, and, with a strong voice, cried out, "O! gentlemen, don't; for God's sake, don't;" and, in a moment, Uncle Thomas was brought from the crowd —bleeding! His pale face was covered with blood; his eyes seemed wild with fear!

'Twas ten o'clock. A respectable-looking jury assembled in the shade beneath a spreading oak. Thirty or forty persons were present; the rest were at their respective places, at work. Beside the jury stood Uncle Thomas; his face was patched. He trembled; but tears moistened his eyes no longer.

"Gentlemen," said he to the jury—but his voice was faint, "I have been here a few weeks. I was the first man on this ground—I discovered it. Here are my witnesses."

The men whom he invited to the ravine stepped forward, and testified to the same; and then he proceeded again:

"I have wrought here every day since I made the discovery; and, according to all the rules of the diggings, I consider myself entitled to the ground."

After a moment's silence, a rude, large, two-fisted man stepped up, and said, "Not so fast, old boy," giving Uncle Thomas a sarcastic smile; "every story has two sides—d'ye understand

that? I s'pose you think you foreigners are going to come in and make laws for us, eh?"

The jury said to him, "Sir, don't abuse the old man: proceed to tell us why you jumped the claim!"

"Gentlemen, me and my party took it, because he hadn't any right to it. He's a d—d foreigner, and hasn't paid his tax—d'ye understand that?"

Uncle Thomas exclaimed, "Why, what do you mean by tax? I was told the mines were free."

"They are not free to you d—d foreigners, to be stealing our gold away."

Uncle Thomas became indignant at the word stealing, and advanced and said:

"Tell me not that I was stealing, until you have trampled my dead body in the ground!" and he struggled forward. The jury held him back, but he trembled with indignant feelings—his aged brow knit, and his eyes flashed fire. The large, ugly man smiled—'twas a demoniac hatred—and proceeded:

"I know the law of this country, and every foreigner that won't live up to it ought to be tied to a tree and have his d—d hide whipped off, d' ye understand that?"

The old man looked at the jury and turned pale with fear, but he asked:

"What is the law, that you are hinting of?"

"If I had you tied to a tree—you d—d English son of a —— and had a good lariat, I'd teach you what the law was; come here to talk to us Americans about laws—you d—d thick-skulled foreigner," striding toward the old man.

Uncle Thomas quivered with rage, but his eyes flashed and showed how feelingly the insult had goaded him; but, as the ruffian advanced, another—it was Simons, for he was one of the jury—stepped between Uncle Thomas and him, and while his brow beamed with manliness, and his strong, clear voice carried courage in its accent, he said:

"Stand back—but touch that old man, if you dare!" Then turning to the old man, he said:

"What he is after, is this: there is a law in this country, requiring twenty dollars a month from foreigners—it's a low, selfish piece of rascality, got up by gamblers (for the purpose of lining their own pockets), under the pretense of supporting the revenue—and through this infamous law—which caused one of my own partners to be murdered—this scoundrel seizes the opportunity of glutting his Irish vengeance upon you, because you are English." Then turning to the two-fisted man, he said:

"Shame, to your dastardly cowardice—see your marks upon that poor old man's face! Style yourself an American! been here two or three years, and made a little money, and now wish to have vengeance on this poor old man, for what your country suffered from England a hundred years ago! But don't touch him any more—it might not be wholesome."

A curious man was this two-fisted Irishman. Not very unlike a few newspaper publishers that continue to disgrace the land by an unnatural, ungrateful, contracted, inhuman, unwise, criminal distinction between the natural rights of man. But the Irishman was not to blame—*a law had set him an example.* That law was and now is, claimed to be a just law by many newspapers of our great Republic! Foreigners can not speak much about it in California—few of them speak our language. But, meet them in their own countries, and, our word for it, reader, you will hear something to your advantage. But we are going to confine ourselves to facts that occurred to persons who speak our own language, and who are yet living among us. The case mentioned, needed no further testimony, and the jury asked the old man if he was a foreigner, to which he replied:

"I am. I was born and brought up in England. I came to this country about a year ago, with the intention of remaining here the remainder of my days. But I did not take out citizenship papers, because I was yet unacquainted with the country; and, another thing, I did not dislike my own country so much as to withdraw my allegiance. No, I love England! How can I help it—all my ancestors are buried there! The dust of my own father and mother is reposing upon that isle! I can not cry out against them! Nor will I! I was too poor to live there,

and that is what brought me here; but if I can't be treated as a man, as an equal, you may depend that there is yet too much independent blood in my veins to permit me to yield allegiance to such a government as this. Take my claim! I don't want it! But I do not yield it because the great Creator of the universe gave you any better right to it than he did to me; but I yield it because my rights are taken away from me—because I feel unable to bear the outrage you are heaping upon me, and because I am obliged to submit to your wishes."

They laughed at him, and took his claim.

Time rolled on. October came. Clouds streaked the heavens, and a hazy atmosphere almost hid the stars. Late at night, by a small camp-fire in the open air, sat uncle Thomas—alone! alone! alone! It was a small log on which he was sitting; his hands were crossed, and resting upon one knee; his face was calm and sallow; his eyes were sunken and distressed, but gazed alternately upon the stars, the fire, and into the dark woods; and he shivered and looked again, but the same sad scenes cried, alone, alone!

"What *shall* I do? what *shall* I do?" he said, and tears of disappointment stole down his pale, but honest-looking face. "By fair and honest exertion have I tried for half a century to earn my bread, but all my attempts are foiled, and I am obliged to yield at last, to the obstructions that have been strewn along my pathway. Oh! Giver of all good, thy earth—half-inhabited earth—is too small! man hath not possessions enough! But oh! God, why gavest thou me a passion and power to roam over the earth? Knowest thou not that I have no right upon this soil, unless I swear to hate—to hate my own land? thou hast placed the gold in the earth, but lo! thou hast neglected to inform me that thou hadst intended it only for some of thy chosen people?" but while his voice yet lingered, a beast clothed in *black* and *white*, whose head glistened with bowie-knives, whose fiery-red nostrils were bleeding with duels, and whose mouth foamed with political speeches, with a Bible in one hand and a catechism in the other, and "freedom" on his breast, advanced, and with a sarcastic nasal tone, said:

"You would carry the gold to another country, if you were allowed to dig it!"

The old man answered:

"I did not intend to have done so; but *I should now!* Ay, I shall do more—you have kindled a vengeance against you, more dreadful than all your mines are worth," and his ire was rising—he feared nothing living—he sprang toward the beast; but lo! the political scamp vanished as a dream, leaving his mortified brother of the human family mourning over the contracted views that some people have of natural rights, and of the noble tone of legislation that is necessary to great power, strength and long existence.

Uncle Thomas still lingered about the river, washing over "second-hand" earth; but almost daily did his purse continue to decrease, and serious trouble began to affect his health.

The rains soon came, and his old complaint returned. Provisions rose from one up to two dollars per pound, and his money was rapidly going. He could not procure good diggings and retain his claim, neither could he go all the way to San Francisco for a license, for his funds were too small. In this distressed condition several weeks passed, but his rheumatism confined him to his camp, and only a few dollars were left in his possession.

"O! my God, must I starve?—starve among these wild mountains!" he said, one night, laying himself down upon his blanket-bed. It was an awful night; the wind was blowing, the rain falling in torrents, and the heavy forest roaring fearfully and wild, while every bend and shriek of the little tent cried with terror, and the poor old man shook with fear.

"Only seven dollars! 'twill only last me two days longer! 'O! my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!' Must I die here? alone! alone!" But his voice was scarcely still, when distant voices and blundering footfalls were heard approaching. The old man became silent, raised a little in his bed, then faintly said to himself, "O heavens! why must my fellow creatures travel through the wild forest on *such* a night! Hark! oh! even their voices render the howling wilderness more terrible! and oh! this rain! this rain is too horrible to contemplate! But oh! this

whirling wind, this crashing of trees and this twisting and bending of my little tent—my only home! And these poor fellows are out such a night! O heavens! Ah! I will strike a light, and these lost men may be sheltered," and Uncle Thomas leaned over his bedside and struck a light, which shone upon the sides of his tent and made it an attractive object. Then again he laid himself down to think upon his own miserable condition, and, while he thought, he said to himself:

"Only seven dollars more, and my money will be gone! O! what 's to be done, what 's to be done! Americans boast of freedom and equal rights! would to God they could be foreigners in their own country awhile! To be treated as beasts! To have their money and their property taken away from them, and to be driven to beggary by law! law! law! yes, law! Shame to such outrageous piracy; but—hark—hark! They are coming. O heavens! how horrible this night!" and while he hearkend, persons came up to his tent-door, and one of them asked, "Halloo! anybody live here?"

Uncle Thomas rose into a sitting posture and replied:

"Yes, my friends, one sick old man. Come in, out of the storm!"

"We have been lost, and we wish to remain all night with you!"

"Certainly, gentlemen, come in."

The strangers then unloosed the tent buttons in order to enter; but one of them said:

"Faith, old gintleman, but I believe I know yer voice. If it may please yer honor, are ye not Uncle Thomas?"

The old man commenced to rise in his bed, and replied:

"That is what I am called, but, if you please, who shall I call you? I think I also know your voices."

The two strangers then entered, young men they were, and were carrying heavy bundles of blankets all soaked with rain! their boots were covered with mud, and they seemed very cold and tired. But as soon as they entered, before they laid down their bundles, they came to the old man 's bedside, and shook his hand warmly, saying:

O! uncle, we are so glad to see you!" But the old man was so overjoyed that he could scarcely refrain from shedding tears; for he fancied they were old aquaintances. The lamp, a sort of tin plate fixing it was, cast a dim light upon the faces of the young men, but yet the old man did not know them, and he said:—

"O, gentlemen, who are you? I am nearly dying to know you! Do tell me!"

Then one of them replied:

"We are Jimie and Charley, whom you knew on the Plains."

"O! is it possible! Well, I am happy to see you, my young friends, very happy indeed," and he shook their hands warmly, and rose from his bed. Jimie and Charley then laid down their bundles, and spoke much about the horrors of the night. But when the old man arose, Jimie said:

"O! uncle, why do you limp? Are you not well?"

"I have the rheumatism a little, Jimie, that's all. But I'm pleased to see you two look so well."

"Faith, uncle," said Charley, "then we deceive our feelings, for it's divil the morsel we have ate since the cock-crowing of the morning," and he and Jimie busied themselves by twisting the water from their clothes.

"Well, Charley and Jimie, then I will make you a cup of tea," said the old man, hobbling out to the camp-fire, and stirring up the coals.

"But you must not go in the rain, uncle," said Jimie; "stop here, we can wait upon ourselves, we always carry pots and kettles. It will endanger your health."

"No, I thank you, Jimie, nothing will injure an Englishman when he is making tea for his friends. You know we English consider ourselves *protégés* to Omnipotence when we are giving anybody something to eat or drink; we are brought up in that idea, and our faith is so strong that nothing can hurt us." And Uncle Thomas laughed and grew merry.

"Glad to see you, my young friends; but have you had 'good luck,' or what is it makes you both so fat?"

"O! uncle, do come in out of the rain," said Jimie, "do, on my account, do; we can prepare our supper."

For a long time Uncle Thomas kept punching and raking at the fire, with so much earnestness that he nearly forgot his rheumatism. For some time Charley busied himself wringing the water out of his and Jimie's blankets, and cleaning his boots.

"Well, uncle," said Jimie, after they had placed a kettle of water carefully over the fire, "well, I suppose you cannot do anything at mining when you are troubled with the rheumatism?"

"I haven't for some time; but I was so poor that I was obliged to work as long as I was able."

"Have you been so bad, long?"

"No, a few weeks only; but I feel better to-night than I have been for a long time. Tell me, have you been fortunate?"

But they were entering the tent, and Charley, just wet enough to feel full of mischief, took up the reply.

"Faith we 've been lucky enough to pull all the claws off our fingers' ends, and give the sour colic to our moral perseverance; but divil the thing comes into our pockets, save a few holes at the bottom end. I say, Jimie, where did ye place our bread? oh! here it is; but, boy, ye should never wrap the bread up into an ould shirt—bad luck to it—it hasn't seed the soap-tub for a season, I 'll wager."

The old man burst into a fit of laughter; but asked again, "Then, Charley, you have not made your pile yet?"

"Faith if it 's earth and rocks ye 're meaning, I 'll wager Jimie and myself have made more o' them into *piles* than we 've ever been paid for!"

"Well, I am glad to see you enjoy good health, Charley."

"Thank yer honor, uncle, for it's all I've got, save the clothes upon me; but I 'm sorry, uncle, that I cannot speak well o' yer looks!"

"I have not been very well, Charley, but I am so anxious to hear your history, since you have been in the country, where you have been mining, and how you have been doing!"

Charley made a comical bow and replied, "As soon as we get our tea I shall give ye a history as long as my finger, and as

hard as the Corkonian knot on my head. I'll tell ye o' things about a miner's life that beats all the holes in my shirt—solid facts. Faith it's no little that yer humble servant has ascertained about the metaphysics o' gold digging, I'll wager; nor is it few tracks he has made along these yellow mountains."

It is extremely difficult to represent Charley's language, for at times he spoke very good English, and again he spoke very Irish-ified; but still he acted perfectly natural, and was a fair personification of any good-souled Irishman.

Uncle Thomas finally had the tea made; and the three sat down in the tent to enjoy their repast; and while the rain and wind continued to peal upon their little house with a dreadful mingling of sadness and terror, the happy Charley lighted up his good-humored phiz with a pleasing smile, and said:

"Well, uncle, now for yer humble servant's experience, but if it may please yer honor another drop o' tea before I commence. Uncle, that tea puts me in mind o' ould Ireland; a little slice o' bread Jimie, if ye're after my blessings jest!"

Charley smiled, and always helped himself.

"Well, uncle, the Michigan Company concluded to run under close reef, and grounded; so yer humble servant and my friend Jimie there, waded out, and scud through the dust and hot sun 'til Sacramento, where Jimie was obliged to stop and write a line to his darlin'——O! I beg pardon, Jimie, but I didn't intend to tell it."

"And who did you write to?" asked Jimie

"To my sister," said Charley, "I always write 'Dear Miss,' when I write to her. But never mind now. Uncle, you bake the best bread I've seed the winter, if it may please yer honor. Well, d' ye see now, after leaving the city—bless the name, given to a few tents—we went 'til Stony-Bar, a better named place never starved a beggar, and commenced digging—I beg pardon, uncle,—everything else but gold;—that's the most moralizing tea. Well, uncle, we tumbled rocks and shoveled water until we became ashamed o' our ill luck. So I says to Jimie, 'We shall move,' and he says to me, 'Mormon Gulch was a capital place,'

and cleaner than my boots were two pockets that moved in a bee-line for Mormon Gulch."

"Are you not going to speak of Miss St. John?" Jimie asked.

"Och!—bad luck to it—it's her I 'm forgetting all the time. D' ye see now, a fine old man—by the way has one o' the bloomenest craythurs for a daughter that ye ever laid eyes upon; but what d' ye think Jimie said to her?"

"Perhaps he wanted to marry her!" said the old man.

"Not a word did he speak 'til her—another slice of bread; ah! thank yer honor—but if I should had as good an opportuni-fluity of words as himself, I 'll wager I 'd made a solitary march through her affections, plain as the knot on my head." Always stopping, at each sentence, to eat and drink. "Well, d'ye see now, it was in the Mormon Gulch we labored so severely; and, after scraping thegither two hundred dollars, we purchased a bit o' ground, about nine feet square jest, d'ye see now; well, faith, we went to work, and like good fellows we pulled, and tumbled, and shoveled rocks for a month, and nary hate o' ground did we leave unturned; and what d'ye think we made by it?" Then Charley sipped his tea, and Uncle Thomas replied:

"A thousand dollars or two, I suppose."

"Nary red!" says Charley, sedately. "So I says to Jimie, 'We shall leave the Gulch—bad luck to it;' and he says to me, 'The newspapers are spaking well of the Yuba;' but what d'ye think we done?"

"I s'pose you went to the Yuba," said Uncle Thomas.

"The very same, yer honor, and we camped among the mountains jest; and while Jimie was after spreading the tarpolin, I took a squint o' the mines; and never were more truthful words spoken than what the newspapers *left out!*" and Charley grew exceedingly sedate. "But, d'ye see now, we were determined to be afther giving it a trial; and, no sooner had we our camp set to rights, than into the stones and water we pitched; and what d'ye think we made, the first week, jest?"

"Not anything, I expect."

"We made holes in our boots—that 's good tea, uncle," and Charley looked serious. "Faith, uncle, we were, *entre nous*,

nearer like two beggars than the *debris* o' that bit o' ground is," pointing to the fragments of supper; "and our moral philosophy began to ferment, and our prayers tried to murther our bad luck, by holy petitions to unsound sleep, jest. But what does yer honor think we were afther doing then?"

"I suppose you moved again?"

"Faith, we did—bad luck to it—move 'til we had nary red left. So I says to Jimie, 'Ye shall prospect, and I will hire out, to get another stake, jest, d'ye see?' Well, I went at it; and, faith, I never earned two hundred dollars in one month so easy in all the days o' my life. And what d'ye think we were afther doing next?"

"It 's hard to say, Charley."

"But it was harder to keep the money. No, uncle, we went —bad luck to it—to prospecting, and every blessed foot o' ground in California have we traveled over, save this ravine; and, as soon as it's day, I 'll wager we'll give it an examination, and leave it poorer than we came 'til it."

"Well, Charley, you have had quite a romancing life of it; but you are neglecting your tea!"

"A thousand thanks to yer honor, but I 've drinked and ate more than I wanted, bekase it 's the cheapest meal I 've had for a fortnight; but give us your history o' gold digging—doesn't it rain though?"

"Mine is a short history, and not a very pleasing one, I can assure you."

"And, faith, I expect ye have made a fortune in this ravine; but, I beg pardon, I 'm hindering ye from telling it."

"Well," continued Thomas, "after leaving Warner, I came over to the North Fork: but there I was attacked with the rheumatism, and obliged to quit. I heard good accounts of this place, and immediately moved over; but, when I arrived here, I found only a few miners, and that the ravine was good for nothing. In a few days they moved away, so that I had it all to myself; and I might as well have had a hundred leagues for all the good it was to me." But Charley interrupted:

"But tell me, if it may please yer goodness, why they call the place Uncle Thomas's ravine?"

"In a moment, Charley. Well, after I was entirely run out, I concluded to try a small ravine just below here; and, sure enough, I discovered a vein of almost pure gold."

"Faith, I knew ye were a lucky man; bad luck to it, I wish Jimie and myself had been with ye."

"Well," continued Uncle Thomas, "I had been here a good while then; and, you know, I 'm very fond of company—in fact, I would rather be in company with a dog than to be alone—so I immediately gave out a knowledge of my discoveries; and that is why this settlement has been called after me."

"Faith, it 's few people I 'd invite to new diggings," said Charley.

"Ay, Charley, but one never knows what 's best beforehand. But—to continue with my story—in a few days the ravine became crowded, and everybody were making fortunes; even myself, who can only do about quarter as much work as most men, was doing very well. Well, as soon as I had my own claim fairly opened, just ready to commence taking out the gold, *it was jumped!*"

"What is it ye are afther saying?" said Charley; and his black eye grew indignant.

"Yes, Charley, they took my ground away!" and Uncle Thomas became sad; but Charley rose to his feet.

"Are ye telling me they drove ye from yer own ground?"

"Yes, Charley; an Irishman *accused me of stealing*, because I didn't pay the tax; and, you know, an Englishman couldn't stand that; so I struck him; but I came near losing my life, and only for a young packer rescuing me, I should have never escaped!" and the old man shuddered; but Charley became excited, and said:

"I 'll wager the villain was from the county Cork."

"But do not be in a hurry, Charley; I always like to take my time in telling a story. Well, when I asked why they took my claim, they said, because I was a foreigner;—and these are your republican laws," said the old man, turning his remarks

toward Jimie, "to profess freedom, and practice pilfering people who had the misfortune—or rather, I should say, *fortune*—to be born on a different soil. Shame on your freedom, that guarantees your own people the right to steal from others!"

"Yes, it's a very selfish law; but," said Jimie—

"But, what? You can stand up and preach about *liberty*—great country—freedom; but, let me get as much as will carry me back to my native land, and you will see what I think of Republicanism."

"But I don't see why you apply your remarks to me; I am as much opposed to that law as you are. There is where you English people all judge too hastily of our country; but—"

"Can any man say I am judging too hastily when I am robbed of my property—property in the ground is as much one man's as another's—when I am literally robbed, under the pretense of law?"

"But here; this is what I mean—you are not considerate enough of the manner in which that law was made. Don't you know, the Governor himself is a blackleg, and all who are connected with him?"

"But there's the trouble with these republican governments. We have, in England, men in office, only, who do not need the little pilfering dollars they can scrape off of foreigners."

"And, faith, did the miners not be afther seeing ye have fair play?"

"O, yes! if I had only had their voice to deal with, I should have retained my claim; but where was the use of them giving it to me? The other party could have sued it away from me anyhow."

"Bless my soul; I would have called a jury, and turned the rascals off, before they knew what they were about; and divil the one I would have left."

"But I had a jury, and fine-looking men they were; but no—the trouble is just here: Republicanism is corrupt; and I am astonished at such men as you, Jimie, trying to uphold such a system," and the old man gave Jimie an exceedingly severe look of displeasure.

"But there is where you English people always pronounce, as we Americans think, too hastily against Republicanism. Now, Charley, there, can tell you what my sentiments are on this tax-law, and yet you apply your remarks to me, as though I was to blame for your troubles."

"And faith he is right. Divil the morsel o' tax will he let me pay; and he says to me, before I shall pay the tax, we will fight for the ground; and when the money is scarce, I would rather fight—and that is the truth."

"But," said the old man, "when you, as well as all good Americans, stand by, and see such laws enacted; then why have we not a right to blame you for them?"

"Why, here, I'll tell you; you are aware that in all new countries, everywhere, bad people, blacklegs, murderers, robbers, and thieves, form a large part of the population. Now, if such people make gambling and stealing justifiable by law, I have nothing more to do with it than you have. This is the *misfortune* of Republicanism—it may show that a criminal people are not fit for that kind of government; but it has nothing to do with the system when the inhabitants are mostly inclined to morality. A band of pirates may be republican—may decide by a majority—vote that they will plunder a ship; but that does not make the crime any the less; neither does it prove that the *equality* of the pirates in *voting* was corrupt; but, that the *vote* itself was corrupt, I do not pretend to deny. So it is in such wretched laws here; but you are blaming the government—the *system*—instead of the *law* itself. And here is the dangerous point, which every thinking American dreads—that such vile enactments are going to prejudice all foreign nations against Republicanism, and against ourselves; and that, should we become involved with any of them in a serious war, the foreign citizens in our own country would take up arms against the government. We have already had a little demonstration of this fact in the Mexican war; and, as we are aware, that nearly all foreigners are opposed to slavery, they could be very easily prejudiced against Republicanism, and in favor of Ecclesiastical powers. But, what good can I do? I may vote; I may argue;

I may do anything; but what does it all amount to? Only to be abused by other people—to be blamed by Englishmen, for, myself, trying to do the best!"

"But I do not attach any blame to you, nor to anybody, for trying to do what is right."

"But you blame us for failing!"

"Well, perhaps I was a little too fast there, but let me ask, how you would feel, if in some foreign country, where you were an entire stranger, some of the people were sustained *by law* for robbing you? Would you not feel like abusing any such people at every opportunity? Would the value of the stolen property itself be all your consideration? Would you not, most likely, be enraged at the principle, so that everything you saw or heard would displease you?

"I know it would be very trying to *my* nature," said Jimie, "and I have not much doubt but that I should become more passionate than most of men; but for all that, I have no desire to admit that I would be doing justice to allow myself to run to such extremes."

But here Charley interrupted:

"Och! bad luck to your politics, why don't you tell us all the story jest? Faith I have been waiting on ye until the bones o' my legs are getting stiff with the cowld. Bother the taxes, I pays no tax, and Jimie declares if none o' them pays no more than what I am going to pay, it will be divil the penny they will get."

"But that is all my story," said the old man. "Since that time I have been washing 'tailings;' but a few days ago the rheumatism got so bad that I was obliged to stop. And what I will do now, I cannot tell. I am so situated that I cannot work in the wet-diggings, and if I go to the dry-diggings and get a claim that will pay anything, why somebody will come and take it away from me. I wish I had money enough to leave the country, I would not trouble their diggings much; I would go where I would not be looked upon as a dishonest man, merely because I was born in England."

"O! you are getting really discouraged. Things may all come right yet—look at Charley and me; we have hardly as much as would buy a barrel of flour."

"But you are young, and have good health. I am old, I am troubled with a painful disease; I am where the law will not allow me to hold property unless I pay an enormous tax, so large a tax that I cannot pay it; I am so old and weakly that people will not work with me. Then, what have I to encourage me?"

"Your case is a pretty hard one," said Jimie sympathetically.

"Faith it is, and we are an unfortunate lot got thegither—faix the gold diggings; but ye're both forgetting that it's time to 'turn in'!"

"Well," said Jimie, "we must examine these diggings to-morrow, and see what opportunity is remaining."

"Why, there is nothing here now; this ravine is well dug—all turned over. But I'll tell you," continued the old man, "there has been a new place, called Bush Cañon, discovered; it is just behind the hills, and promises to be a very rich place."

"Well, we must try all the places; but really it is very late, and I think we must adjourn until morning."

"I say, Jimie, must the wettest blankets lie below us or above us?—bad luck to my holey boots, they stick tighter to my feet than a priest to a text, and little more good are they doing to me."

With right good-will the three laid down to sleep. The rain and wind still continued to whiz, and the darkness grew more terrible. Uncle Thomas was comforted, and sweeter repose was not his companion for many long—long months past. During the heavy gushings of water, and the squeaking of his little tent, the sound sleeping of his young companions made him appreciate the lonesome nights he had passed; and the comfort of friends brightened his gloomy prospects, and already joy and gladness seemed to dawn before him.

The morning was calm and sad. The rain had ceased, but dark, wild clouds cast a fearful gloom over the still forest, and each passing moment threatened a heavy shower. The young prospectors sallied over the hills in search of the new diggings; and Uncle Thomas busied himself sitting about his tent, waiting

their return. The day passed wearily. The night followed, dark and rainy, but the young men's absence began to distress the old man. Another dark night came, and they returned.

"Thunder and blizzen, uncle, but it's dark!" said Charley, blundering into the tent.

"Well, I thought you were not coming to night, you put it off so late. But did you keep out of the rain to day?" said the old man, pushing forward blocks to accommodate his visitors with seats.

"O! we escaped the rain nicely," said Jimie.

"Ah, I'm happy to hear it; but have you been to tea? I must take the plain fashion of asking beforehand, for my fire has gone out; but I waited a long time for you."

"Faith if we had known that, we would not have been so bothered with the plaguy fire; for the bad craythur himself would have smoked the eyes out o' his head to make it burn; but we made it go afther awhile, and had a good cup o' tea, and some slapjacks, with a nice bit o' molasses, and faith the same may be a stranger to us in a fortnight hence."

"Yes," said the old man, "I have seen a great many countries, but I know of no country, unless it is a part of Australia, where it is so disagreeable in the winter. It has rained every day, and I think every hour of the day, for the last fortnight. But that is nothing bad after all, for I generally find that in those places where it is so disagreeable in the winter, it is equally fine in summer. It seems to me as if the two extremes generally go together."

"Faith, then this will be a very fine counthry in the summer, for more misery could not come together."

"Then, uncle, I suppose you hold to the doctrine that, in all similar latitudes, about the same amount of evaporation and condensation takes place?" Jimie asked.

"Yes, I do, but with this exception, that the face of the country, particularly its altitude, being different, prevents the same effect from taking place in one place, that would follow the same cause in another. It is very probable that the hight of these mountains is a sort of condenser; and is the cause of, or

assistant cause of, so much falling weather; whereas, if the country was smooth and level for some distance, the clouds would be carried by without producing rain."

"Faith and I wish somebody would spread them down, for it is not only the rain I am caring for, but I am afther having better roads, so that Jimie and myself can travel easier; for if we are to follow prospecting all our lives I am thinking that will not be long, over such mountains as these jest."

"But, Charley, you know we 'll not need to do so now, when we get to work in our rich claim!" said Jimie.

"And bless my sowl we are not telling uncle anything about the new-diggings. Shall we tell him?" said Charley, assuming a somewhat comical air.

"And pray what is the news? you know it is a case of pressing interest when an Englishman asks questions. I am so anxious to go over there myself, that I want to know whether you think an old man, like me, could do anything?"

"Faith, I can't explain them to ye, for the mountains are so steep I never thinks about the diggings, but my mind strays after the ugly mountains. But Jimie, ye shall tell it all to the owld man yourself."

"No, Charley, you must describe the diggings, no backing off, sir," said Jimie.

"Yes, Charley, give me a sketch of them. I only want the particulars," said the old man.

"Faith, and it is them that troubles me; for, do ye see, I never was a particular man," said Charley.

"Was the road very bad, Charley?"

"Faith, it was that—bad luck to it, we were obliged to crawl upon our hands and knees to find our way out; and if Jimie had not been a hunter like, divil the hate I should ever seed o' this place again."

"But how was it going over?"

"An' faith it was fine enough, for beyant that hill it goes straight down, and ye would think ye were going to purgatory to keep on down it all the way; but jest close in the bottom ye will come before ye see a living soul; and it is that makes me

think it is rich diggings, for, like the bad craythur, the gowld always snakes off into some dark, ugly gully."

"Were there many people there?"

"Faith, and it is hard to say, bekase the brush hangs as thick as the hair on an Irishman's head, and divil the more order is it in; but we tried the ground, and what does yer honor think we found?" Charley asked, reaching down to his long pockets.

"Well, bad enough I suppose!"

"Bother the pockets, and it is in here I put it—bad luck to it—Jimie, do you know where I put it? Ah! here it is," said Charley, drawing out a small piece of paper, carefully done up. Sure, and it was bad enough jest; but do ye see that—bad luck to your lamp—I never likes a lamp made in a tin plate, it makes me think o' my poor owld mother in Tipperary. Do ye see now, we gathered all that the day; and how many pans do ye think we washed for that morsel?"

"Well, I can't tell I'm sure; but to get so much, it must be very rich!" said the old man, delighted at the prospect.

"Faith, and that all came from two pans o' earth jest; and I can tell ye what is more, when daylight comes in the morning, ye shall pull up yer tent and go along with Jimie and myself where ye can make a fortune quicker than your owld brain ever dramed o'."

"O! I am so delighted to hear it; but do you think there is plenty of room?"

"Plenty—plenty, uncle; but we must not say anything about it to any one," said Jimie.

"Ah! there is no danger of me ever mentioning good diggings again; I have learnt a good lesson on that," said the old man, brightening up, as though a new era had commenced.

Their plans were all laid, ready for an early start in the morning; but, just before they retired for the night, Charley said, "Uncle, ye shall do the cooking and making tea, and Jimie and myself shall do the work, if it may please yer honor."

"But you don't mean for me to be a partner with you?"

"Certainly—certainly," they both answered.

"But I can not work as much as either of you!" and Uncle Thomas began to be agitated by their kind offer.

"But that makes no difference—we are not anxious about you doing much. We have not tools sufficient to work alone; and, by going into one party, we have plenty."

Uncle Thomas became happy; but the following night was tedious; and rolling and tumbling, half-awake, and feeling grateful, the time seemed long ere he looked upon Charley and Jimie again.

"Ah!" said he to himself, with a low voice, "why is this mighty difference in man? Why are some so noble and good? Is it because I have before spoken to these? Had the villains who stole my claim been my acquaintances, would they, too, have been my friends? Can it be because people are taught to believe that human nature is corrupt, that each treats the other as an enemy? If people were taught to look upon each other with a higher opinion of their natural dispositions, would they not *act* with a higher regard for each other? But, lo! I am straying! I must believe that the hearts within these two young men are wicked! but, O! my God! will that prevent me from loving them? Ah! can this be an evil spirit that makes me wish to call the nature of man good? or is it an evil spirit that makes me try to believe that their hearts are wicked? Ah! it is like the hideous night—impenetrable darkness wherever I gaze, through which flowers and thorns must remain forever untouched by all who would be happy. Sleep, my friends, sleep! You are not aware, that the news you have told to me, prevented me from sleeping. Sleep! sleep on! How calm you sleep! Ah! you are yet young, and ignorant of the hardships of life; and, how happy, if you could always remain so! But, alas! time will pass away! Those red faces will become lean, sunken, and pale! Those rich, heavy locks, will become wasted and white; and age will weaken those bodies! But, O! where shall I be then? moldering in the tomb! unknown and unmourned! Ah! my eyes are clouded and dim—I am weary with conjecture! Sleep, my friends, sleep on! I, too, will lay down and sleep—I will try to sleep. May the blessing of heaven

smile upon my friends!" and the old man laid his head upon his rude pillow. The rain was falling lightly; but the darkness was terrible. Uncle Thomas was pondering upon the various scenes of life; the young men by his side slept soundly. The old man heard the rain falling upon the tent; but, in the distance, far out in the dark night, he heard something like horses' feet. The sound became plainer. He raised himself in his bed, to hearken. He heard distant voices. "Ah!" said he, "I hear some one calling—it is a cry for help. Why do people go out such nights as this? Hark! The call is desperate! I must arouse Jimie and Charley," and he arose and went to the tent. Then, hastily calling, "Jimie! Charley! come! there is a man drowning!" he burst from the tent, and ran into the dark. Jimie and Charley were up in an instant, and soon followed Uncle Thomas.

"Here! there! quick! a rope! a stick! help! quick!" was shouted from many persons collected around a large well, where a man and drowning horse had fallen in. The partner to this unfortunate man still sat on his horse, crying for help, but not offering any assistance himself. They were supposed to be Spaniards. The man was saved by the miners, and both the men were conducted to a neighboring camp, to remain until morning. Remember this incident, reader; it will be adverted to again! Uncle Thomas returned to the tent; and he, and Jimie and Charley, talked much about the Spaniard who did not offer assistance to his fellow. Now, for a short time, we must take leave of Uncle Thomas.

CHAPTER XVII.

The weather was warm and sultry, and the parched up valley barren and destitute of all the luxuries of that sunny clime. The birds had retreated to the shady forest, and a few electric lizards darting through the dusty road, or now and then a

"horned toad," were all the living creatures that were to be seen upon the wild Plains.

Along that barren road traveled a happy man. He was young, his step was quick and hopeful; his eyes rested upon the great mountains, upon the distant forests, and upon the level meadow; but wherever he gazed, the same happy smile rested on his florid features, the same arched brows adorned his freshness and vigor, and all his movements depicted the happiness of his hopeful heart. He was fortunate. Gold rolled into his pockets at every move he made, but still brighter prospects allured the future; and he could scarce command his eager steps as he marched toward the mountains. Though he choked with thirst, and trembled with fatigue—though his feet were crippled and lame, and though a languid pain rested in his head, and an approaching fever threatened his system, yet his praises were upon California, and his admiration upon the arid scenes around him—all, all because he was prosperous.

The yellow mountains were lofty and barren. The trail that zigzagged to their summit, faced the burning sun: and each slaty projection reflected the crisping rays, and darted its suffocating heat upon the enterprising traveler; and each angle ascended, pierced his rugged system with fiery pain; and even every step he made rent his feverish body by deeper wounds. The face that smiled before, was now contracted, wry and sunken; the eyes that feasted in admiration over the scenes before, were now distressed and filled with tears; the hopeful mind, so happy before, was now despondent and clouded with fear; the heart, so enthusiastic before, was now weak and despairing, and as the poor traveler gazed toward the summit of the mountains he trembled and cried for help. But help did not come; and that mortal affliction, cholera, prostrated his noble form, and left him groaning in the burning sun; but every moment severed a chord and racked his cramped body by fresher pangs, and every hour paled his cheek and sank him nearer the tomb. His hopes began to wane, his fears to increase, and his woeful distress clouded his vision with tears of agony.

"O! my God!" he exclaimed, "must I die upon this wild

mountain side, alone! while my eyes rest upon the cities of the valley? But, ah! those cities are far, far away!" and his voice was faint and weak—his end seemed near at hand.

When the evening came, his eyes rested upon the clear blue sky above. He looked steadily, for it seemed to grow exceedingly beautiful and pleasing. The deep blue ridges between the twinkling stars moved in grand procession, and seemed to form into living bodies. But while he continued to look he was delighted to perceive a female figure advancing to where he was lying. She was clothed in the finest purple, and moved so gracefully along, that every star seemed a diamond ornamenting her majesty, and beautifying her lovely features. She arrived, looked with great pity and sorrow upon his suffering condition; stooped her graceful form by his side, and rested her snowy hand upon his aching temples.

"O! Simons! Simons!" said she, and he knew it was the voice of his love.

"O! Simons! let me take the pains you suffer, for I am where I can get relief. Awake, Simons! O! Simons, awake! for I have come to give you help," and while she spoke, tears fell fast from her eyes upon him, and he continued to look upon her, for her beauty seemed beyond description; but she continued, "Come, come, Simons, arise! Come, Simons, come, and go with me; for the guests are waiting."

Then she pulled him along, and he stood by her side, before a great multitude; but a plain woman rushed upon his bride, and embraced her, kissing and weeping.

"O, my love! my fair one! Thee I have known before; but say, O, my love! am I unknown to thee?" He looked, and behold! his sister knew his bride!

Once, twice, thrice, and again, did he attempt to speak; but his throat seemed choked with thirst, and all his efforts about to fail; when, raising his hand to his heart, and making one desperate struggle, "Mary! dear!" escaped his lips; but, lo! his vision fled! and he knew it was a dream! He turned his feeble body over, looked around him in the dark and lonesome night, wept in reality for his wretched condition.

The next morning was still and clear. Simons' mules, on which he was packing provisions, were not to be seen. He turned his feeble body, but could do no more. All around him, a death-like stillness reigned. No singing birds came with the fair morning to comfort the distressed sufferer. No merry sounds diverted his troubled mind away from despondency and distress. No sympathizing questions fell from the lips of fond friends, to soothe his departing vitality—no gentle sister to witness his fall, or to cheer his last moments by kind words. No, no; alone! alone! the cruel disease was racking his trembling form. Alone! and sad, he looked upon the bright sun rising; but he knew no escape from the crisping rays that would soon fall upon his aching head. Alone! and sad, he cried for help; he wept with dread at his approaching end, and continued to writhe in pain. The trail was a lonely way, and few people ever traveled there. It was a new route, and, as he had been packing through that country so much, he knew how to take advantage of the mountains, which many miners did not; and, consequently, he could entertain but little hope of being discovered before death should come!

"Ah!" he said, with a weak voice, "my days are numbered! A few short hours in this burning sun, and my spirit must wing its flight to eternity! This flesh and bones must remain bleaching upon the wild mountain—food for wolves! Lo! here's the folly of mortal ambition—wasted hopes, ruined body, distressed mind, and grievous death! But ah! the isolated interest of divided society has driven me to this. I could not remain poor, and be respected!" and his voice ceased for a moment; his tearful eyes gazed upon the bright heavens, and the weak throb of his dying heart almost made audible sounds—so wild and still was the melancholy scene!

"Hark! I hear a voice!" and even his breathing seemed to have ceased; but his pale face and glimmering eyes turned down the mountain-side.

"'Tis a voice!" he said; and, trembling with excitement, he beheld three persons approaching! These were interesting-looking men. One, a tall man, about forty, was a little in advance

of the others, and of that honest, good-humored, motive temperament, free-and-easy kind of men, common among the farmers of our country. His name was Watson, but was always called, by his short-legged, Scotch companions, more familiarly, Wattie. A real whole-souled, good-sense sort of fellow was Wattie; and never could he have appeared more natural than when clothed in flannel and corduroy, expounding the principles of agriculture.

The Scotchmen, Chips and Willie, were dressed something after the style of Young America; but their *eternal* bonnets gave them a *mélange* in appearance. Chips, as his name indicates, was a carpenter, of no small Glasgow experience; and of no very bad disposition was the stoop-shouldered young Scottie. But, had some of his florid complexion and high cheek bones, been placed upon the more delicate, tape-measuring, pug-nosed, laughing, white-headed Willie, his appearance would have been none the worse.

In good-humor, and upon wearied limbs, these fellow mortals approached Simons, scarcely aware of the blankets, picks, and shovels lashed upon their backs, or of the astonishment they expressed by their elongated eyes. But Chips, with his hands crammed deep into his pockets, and his eyes filled with sympathy, proceeded to address Simons.

"Ho, maun! ye should na lie there in the sun. Ye may tak the fever, wi' the heat comin' on ye sa. Ye should get up, and awa' to some hoose, where ye can be ta'en care o'."

Simons replied, with a very weak voice—for he could scarcely speak, "Sir, I can not rise—I have the cholera!"

The word *cholera* startled them, and a look of fear was rapidly exchanged.

"Ah! maun," said Chips, "I did na ken ye were sa bad, or I should na spak sa fast."

They all laid down their bundles, and a serious consultation commenced, but with low voices. Willie advanced, and, although he spoke some words that Simons could not understand, yet he ascertained all the particulars of his misfortune. Having learned how Simons was attacked, and having made all the inquiries that his *curious* Scotch disposition could summons up, he stood

for some time looking upon the unfortunate sufferer, with his hands deep in his pockets, and breathing quietly, evidently contemplating, with all his mental powers in one direction, what was best to be done. But, finally settling the matter, he stooped kindly down to Simons, and asked:

"Would ye na like a drop o' whisky? it 's sa good to keep the circulation going."

"No, thank you," said Simons weakly.

"But d' ye ken it 's the best thing for the cholera that ye can get?" said Willie, still watching Simons very sympathetically.

"No, no," said Simons.

"But," persisted Willie, "it 'll give ye strength, an' keep ye frae dying 'til we can run for a surgeon!" and he commenced fingering into a bag of clothes with great earnestness and presently brought out a bottle.

"Here," said he, holding the bottle toward Simons, and giving him a most piteous look.

"Just a sma' drop, maun, it may cure ye! it 's sa good for cholera!"

"No, no, I thank you, I never drink."

"But, ye 'll die, maun, if ye 'll no tak medicine!" said Willie, astonished to see him refuse whisky.

"That 's not the medicine I need," said Simons, feebly, but the others had ended their consultation, and Wattie said to Willie:

"I think he had better not take any whisky—it 's not good for cholera." Willie looked astonished at such a fact, and replied:

"I beg pardon, Wattie, but it 'll cure the cholera in Scotland."

Reluctantly indeed did Willie return his bottle to his clothes-sack, and most certainly did he now despair of Simons ever recovering.

"D' ye ken which is the nearest hoose?" asked Chips.

"There is a butcher living upon the top of the mountain," said Simons.

"D' ye ken how far it is?"

"About a mile and a half," replied Simons.

After some little deliberation, they concluded to carry Simons up to the butcher's tent. To do this, a blanket was spread, Simons

laid upon it, and the corners were fastened over him. Under these fastenings a long pole was passed, so as to afford convenience in carrying. Wattie and Chips placed their shoulders under the pole and bore him away, followed by Willie, who carried the blankets and tools. The trail that ascended the mountain was extremely difficult to follow, with a burden. In many places the rocky projections were so great that the path would follow along the side of the mountain for some distance before it could ascend. It was along these sideling places that so many mules fell down the mountains, and were dashed to pieces, with which stories every one is familiar. Sometimes these trails are so very narrow that it is very dangerous for a man to walk; and should he miss his footing it is doubtful whether he would make a halt until he had descended nearly a mile of craggy rocks. It is very difficult for any person who has never traveled among those steep mountains to imagine with what timorous feelings a person will cling to little bushes and detached slate-stones when passing such fearful places; and what renders it still more giddy is, that, down at the bottom of the mountain, a river or creek is always staring one in the face.

Along such a trail did these good fellows carry Simons, whose heart felt a thousand times more gratitude to them than his feeble voice could express.

It was late in the day when they arrived at the butcher's—a place that had some rather unpleasant odors for a sick man, and so filthy and disagreeable as never to be forgotten. This tent, slaughter-house, beef-pen, and sleeping room, were all in one and the same room—one concern, fenced in with brush, and covered with beef-hides and canvas.

The proprietor of this establishment had a soul that took some interest in his fellow-creatures. He was a mixture of Swiss and Spanish blood; spoke three languages, and was well acquainted with a few oaths belonging to many others. He was a red-faced, chubby man, and looked none the better for the *cogniac* that he had been tasting so freely for many years; but his language was so bad that we cannot possibly introduce some parts of it to the reader; suffice it, that he was one of the profanest men that ever lived; but, with all that, reader, be not too hasty to pronounce

judgment against him—perhaps his soul was nearer to God's liking than thine is! Certainly, Mr. Bullock was a foolish man for swearing so much, but perhaps he was unconscious of its degrading tendency.

This dirty, greasy man, as we stated before, had a soul that had some regard for his fellow-mortals; and, when this procession moved toward his establishment—when he saw that a sick man was approaching—he changed his deep-red color, and stood breathless until the sufferer was laid at his feet—his eyes, though red and bloated with brandy, were now moistened with tears, and his bosom began to heave with sympathy. He stooped his ear to learn the whispers that escaped Simons' pallid lips; his greasy hand rested gently upon the sick man's breast, and he watched those sunken eyes only as a good man could; and while he heaped eternal curses upon the cholera, he wispered, "Courage! my frien', I will bring you one doctor. Only keep up courage! courage! my frien', and you shall be cured, sure! Courage! courage, my frien'!"

Pale and trembling with excitement the pussy man started, he ran, he disappeared down the mountain-side! Around Simons were the three who carried him; but he was heedless of their low conversation; and while his eyes rested upon the brushy hovel above his fainting form, his mind seemed to be occupied with other objects. One stooped by his side—it was Willie—poor soul, he was anxious to do him good, and again persisted in giving him whisky. Simons declined, by a weak move of his head; but Willie, confident of the good qualities of whisky, removed his boots, and applied the medicine to his feet—expecting every moment to see an improvement in the sufferer's appearance.

"He is coming!" said Willie, leaning over Simons, and gazing down the mountain.

"'Tis the butcher, and he has brought a doctor wi' him! Ha! maun, ye shall be cured now!" and, rubbing his hands with delight, he perceived the first faint hopes in the sick man's face.

In a few minutes, the wearied butcher was at Simons' side; and, though he cursed the mountains, yet his hurried breath let fall, "Courage! courage, my frien'!" at every sentence;

and his exhausted limbs kneeled in prayer to soothe the sufferer's struggle. Simons turned his face toward the butcher, and, though he loathed the poisonous breath, in tears he asked for the blessings of God to fall upon the profane man at his side.

The night was dark, and the first feathery clouds of the rainy season streaked the heavens. A gentle breeze kept the wild forest in a doleful hum, and the howling wolves scampering around the butcher's mountain-home, filled the air with sounds of dread and terror unknown to the busy world. Close beside the sick man, sat the four humane creatures, who looked upon him as one of their own race. In mild and gentle tones, they congratulated him upon the last words of the Doctor, "He will recover!"

The morning was clear, but faint signs of the "end of summer" still lingered in the dark forest. Simons was able to converse with his benefactors. One of them advanced to his side, and said, "Well, stranger, we think you are going to recover; and we must now bid you a good-by."

Simons made no reply, but gazed upon the speaker until a heavy mist hid his view. One by one, they shook his feeble hand, gave him their blessings, and turned away! His tearful eyes looked long and anxiously after their departing persons, and then turned with gratitude toward the good butcher by his side.

Mr. Bullock had lived upon the mountain all the past summer; and, as drovers brought up cattle, he purchased them, and slaughtered them for the miners, who were at work about two miles below; and to these he packed his beef on two mules, kept for the purpose. His right name was Swartz; but having had a partner by the former name, who did the buying and selling, he received it, also, when the other left; so that, now, he was only known as Mr. Bullock. Beside butchering, he kept a little *cogniac*, for the accommodation of the miners who chanced to pass that way; and he always gave the travelers the comfort of his house—which was poor enough—with as much cordiality as though he had been a millionaire; and, certainly, he had some reason for considering himself possessed of a few good qualities.

He was of a very talkative disposition, and, as Simons slowly recovered, he would sit by his bedside, relating some of his past adventures in Lower California. But one of the most strange dispositions of this individual was this: he would fasten a piece of beef to a tree, by means of a rope, and then, at night, climb up into the tree, with his rifle in hand; wait until the wolves commenced fighting and quarreling over the bait, then fire upon them. But, when asked why he did so, he would reply:

"Den let 'em d—d beast no fight and quarrel, and den I no shoot."

But if, in shooting, he killed one—which he always tried to do—he would carry it into his brush-house, lay it down by the fire-light, evidently to contemplate upon his own cruelty; and then he would commence:

"Den d—d my wicked heart; I no like to kill ye! De poor coyote!" and, raising its head carefully, he would examine its eyes, and close its lids, while tears rolled down his cheeks. "Den," he continued, "no more can de poor coyote lib—neber! neber! All dis come from my infernal, d—d black heart. O! mine Got, make de poor beast to lib once more! O Got! de poor coyote is gone! Neber lib again—neber!" After rolling the wolf over for some time, and weeping severely over it, he would take it into his arms, carry it out into the woods, and hide it where it would not harass his feelings any more. When this was through, he would come and sit by Simons, and commence to curse his own wicked heart for destroying the "works of God;" and then, seeming to fall into a state of despondency, he would resort to that awful curse—the bottle. Yet, even when intoxicated, he would lean over Simons, sympathize with his distress, and whisper, "Courage! courage! poor fellow!" with as much kindness as it was possible for man to have. Although Simons recovered very slowly, yet the butcher's good treatment added very greatly to his improvement; and, in a few days, he entertained hope of recovering.

But the rain came. Thick, black clouds covered the horizon, and the mountain-home grew more wild and lonesome. The little birds of summer were gone to the valley; few miners

passed that way, and the dreary weather prevented almost every living thing from cheering their tedious hours. Simons still lingered, but still met with kind treatment from Mr. Bullock. By different miners who had passed, he sent several letters to Sacramento; but he was unable to obtain any information from Mr. Hamlin and his sister; and, in a few weeks, another trouble arose—he was nearly out of money. Mr. Bullock had searched well for Simons' mules, but they were not to be found; and nothing but poverty stared the sufferer in the face, if he should recover.

After the roads became very bad, Mr. Bullock quit butchering, "resting upon his oars" until spring should come, and gave his whole attention to Simons. But week after week passed, and still Simons remained in a helpless condition. It was while he was lingering here, that Harriet was so faithfully advertising for him; but he was not aware of it.

There is, perhaps, not a more solitary place in any part of the earth, than in the mountains of California in winter. The dense forest, and the dark-gray mist, together with the wildness of the mountain scenery, give it a degree of solitude which is really oppressive, and not very favorable to awaken a happy notion of the world; but it is too apt to cancel what good and comfort there is in this life, by causing one to lament over the past, and forget the bright hopes that continually surround a busy people.

It was on a pleasant afternoon, not very many weeks after the rainy season, when Simons and his friend were conversing upon the unhappy lot of man, and endeavoring to devise some method to render their own hours less oppressive, that their meditations were interrupted by the approach of two men on horseback. The appearance of these men was attractive the moment they alighted; and their dress showed them to be upon no trifling business. One was a young man, tall and gentlemanly in appearance; the other was slightly stoop-shouldered, but equally well dressed. They wore exceedingly long-legged boots; and down these bootlegs, bowie-knives were partially concealed; and upon their heels were immense Spanish spurs. They had blue flannel shirts

over their inner ones, but the collars were rolled back, so as to expose a large breastpin, of native gold, upon each of their bosoms. Between these flannel and linen shirts, the breech of a pair of Colt's revolvers could be seen, fastened to a belt, in readiness for immediate action. Be not startled, reader, and declare these to be murderers, for we have long since introduced these same persons to your attention; they are Mr. Parker and Mr. Miller, officers of our enlightened country, on the business of collecting tax. At this time they were entire strangers to Simons; and, though he was half-sitting in his bed, he paid them a friendly attention, and bid them be seated on some stools, which the good butcher had manufactured for the accommodation of whoever chanced to visit him. They had scarcely entered, when Parker, drawing a book from under his cloak, introduced his subject.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I understand that you are foreigners; and, as we are round collecting tax, we thought we would give you a call as well as the rest."

Simons had already seen some of the evil effects of this tax; and Mr. Parker's friendly salutation on that subject, only needed an instant to fire his indignation into no small compass. He remained silent for a moment, and, rising in his bed, his brow firmly knit, and his eyes directed boldly upon Parker, he said, "Sir, are you one of the villains who are executing that cursed tax?"

Parker was somewhat startled at such a bold attack: but Miller, being a regular "cut-and-dried" politician, and a man who would sell his heart's blood for the good of his country, (at least, he said so,) was "not to be done" by so bold a stroke, and rallied to Parker's rescue.

"Sir," said he, with a sarcastic nasal tone, "sir, do you oppose us in our duty? Who are you, a d—d foreigner, meddling with the government of our *common* country?"

Simons replied, firmly, "Sir, you mistake your man. You cannot frighten me into that criminal tax—that black-leg tax. You're not the men."

But Parker again collected himself, and asked:

"We cannot leave without this man paying his tax," said Parker.

"Well," said Simons, "when you have run over our dead bodies you may collect it, but not before!"

"Well," said Parker, also becoming enraged, "well, we shall not make him pay it to-day, but we shall be back this way before long, and then he *shall* pay it, that's all there is about it,—*he shall pay it.*" And, without any fashionable ceremony, the twain turned away, mounted their horses and rode off.

This little excitement had a deleterious effect upon Simons' health. At midnight following, a fever and slight cramp showed signs of the cholera returning. By his side stood the butcher, rubbing his feet, bathing his temples and whispering, "Courage! courage, my frien'! Courage! until daylight! and you shall be cured—sure!"

But day had scarcely broken when Bullock started for the doctor—having previously prepared a number of hot stones for Simons' feet. He had about four miles of a journey, requiring, at least, three hours to go and come; and being a fleshy man, the jaunt was a hard one. The day promised to be a fair one, and Simons had nothing to harass his mind, save the severe pains of the disease. On his bed he was lying, gazing upon a small fire near the middle of this brush-house, a place where the roof was sufficiently open to allow the smoke to pass out; with one hand upon his forehead, the other carelessly by his side, he was listening every moment for Bullock's return, and for the doctor's loud voice. But, while in this condition, the approach of galloping horses startled his attention, and kept him in anxious suspense.

"Who can they be?" he exclaimed to himself, and, raising a little, he beheld Parker and Miller dismounting. A slight fear stole over him, for both the officers were considerably intoxicated. In a minute more they entered, and Miller, flourishing his bowie-knife, advanced toward Simons, and Said:

"*You*, sir, you are a d—d tory to your country. You prevent us from doing our duty! Where is that d—d Spaniard? I want to take out his d—d heart! The black s——l,—to dare to dictate about our laws—where is he, sir?"

Simons saw his danger with such desperadoes, and endeavored to turn their wrath by mild words; he said:

"Do not make an attack upon a sick man. If you are a gentleman, you will not wish to take advantage of my helpless condition."

"But where is that d—d Spaniard? tell me, sir."

"He is in search of a doctor, sir."

"Well," said the enraged Miller, "well, his house must come down—the d—d inf—l s—p of h—ll!" and, suiting his action to his words, rammed his bowie-knife down his boot-leg, seized an ax, and commenced upon the posts.

"Here, here," said Parker, "I'll fix it; I'll fix it. Let us carry this sick d—l out, and burn the d—d concern to the ground."

The proposal suited Miller; and, in an instant, they had Simons — bed and all — out in the common; and, in a few minutes, the whole house was in a blaze!

"There, there," said Miller to Simons; "you d—d foreign advocate, and tory to your country, take *that;* and learn not to oppose *officers* in their duty again. I have almost a notion to take out your d—d heart, you G—d A—y G—d d—d son of a b—h."

After gazing at the burning house for some time, uttering all the profanity that their tongues could express, they mounted their horses, and galloped away.

It is but justice to state, that this outrage resulted in the loss of but little property—even the house was, really, of no value; but, for all that, it was their only covering, and the only habitation that Mr. Bullock had on earth; and, as a home, be it ever so poor, it deserved the protection of an impartial government.

Scarcely had these ruffians departed, when the butcher and the doctor made their appearance. But it is impossible for me to relate the words of the very justly enraged Mr. Bullock on beholding his house in ruins! Perhaps such violence would make almost anybody use "hard words," and feel quite as much like having vengeance as did the butcher. The doctor now

recommended Simons to go to Sacramento, where he could have better attendance; and, to do so, Mr. Bullock went to the *ranch*, and brought in his mules.

In the afternoon, they started for Sacramento. The weather had changed, and the few clouds that overhung the horizon in the morning, were thick and black, and a steady rain was falling upon them, as they moved slowly through the dark forest. Close to Simons' side rode the butcher; but, unfortunately, his dejection of spirits had caused him to resort to the bottle—not a few of which had been destroyed by the fire—and he soon became quite as unfit to be on horseback as was Simons. In this helpless condition, they rode on—on. The trail was dark and wild; now down a long mountain—now up another—on—on; but night came—it was an awful night. Rain was falling, the wind was blowing, and the tall forest was humming and wheezing, and cold chills stealing rapidly over the sick man's exhausted form. In descending a steep road, one of their mules—it was Bullock's—missed his footing, and plunged into an uncovered well! Simons called for help, and, in a few minutes, many miners were upon the ground, and rescued the man and his mule. Among these miners, were Uncle Thomas, and Jimie and Charley. This was the scene of which we before made mention, and of which we shall have occasion to speak again; for it so plainly illustrates the hatred that frequently rises against a whole nation on so trivial an affair; and shows so well the morbid disposition of people to condemn persons who come from a different country. On the following morning, Simons and the butcher proceeded on their journey.

A gay little woman, with black eyes, arched brows, and smiling lips, ran, singing and laughing, about her airy mansion. Her sleeves were turned above her elbows, her raven curls were neglected, her calico was not fashionable, and her funny tongue broke down all modern rules of etiquette. She was always laughing herself, and made everybody else laugh; she loved everybody, and everybody loved her; but she loved her black-whiskered, chubby husband most; and he loved her more

than he loved himself. She sang a good deal; she mixed her songs and hymns together, and chose only such parts as suited herself and her hearers; and, when the words failed, she chose new ones, and always finished each strain with a hearty laugh.

"Come, my good wife," said her husband, one day, "come, we must change our business—the roads are too bad, and I can not get along them. Then, too, I can not see my wife in such a miserable house as this."

"My dear," said she, leaning upon his shoulder, "whatever is your will, the same is the will of your wife. Tell me what you wish, dear, and your little wife will help you."

"We will go to Sacramento, and open a hotel, dear; and you shall be superintendent of the concern!"

"Bargain," said his wife: "I'm delighted! O! but I shall feel grand! Possible! our hotel!"

"Yes, dear, you shall have fine dresses, and live comfortable, at least. Our hard life is now finished, and I shall now be able to make you happy.

"You have always done it, dear; and I shall not see you labor so hard any more!"

They moved over the valley. The good wife turned to look toward the Snowy Mountains.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "the dull breeze of that awful night still rings in my ears, and those howling wolves I can still see leaping o'er the desolate hills. The railing whippowil I can still see darting through the pale light of the yellow moon; and the wild Plain still sends deathlike chills to my soul. That pale, wild face that rose in this wagon-bed, and asked, 'Julia, where are we?' then quivered, and withered forever! still haunts my view, and makes sad my mortal home. The sound of those falling clods, and the weak voices around his tomb, still recall the misfortunes of our broken family, and faintly remind me of my infant days, when we clustered about the knees of a fond father! Alas! can this be life, or am I in an unhappy dream? Then a brother came unto me! he talked, he smiled, he loved me, and I loved him; but, alas! he, too, is gone, and I am left

without a connection on earth!" and her view of the mountains was lost by the intervention of a gloomy mist.

In the early days of Sacramento, a number of oak and sycamore trees ornamented nearly every part of the city; but they have long since yielded to that formidable weapon, the ax, and fallen, to rise no more! People in other countries may think that the Americans would love the forest, and desire to have trees everywhere; but it is very far from the general character of our nation. The first thing in laying out a city in our country is to satiate our vengeance upon every tree or bush near the place, and give ourselves room to look about. In fact, it may be stated, as a common thing, that nothing is so harassing and annoying to an American's feelings as to see a grove of trees near a city; and, should future generations not continue to keep up this eternal hatred to the forest and to ornamental trees, they may be known not to have descended from the real Know Nothing blood.

Upon J. street was a moderately comfortable hotel. In front of this establishment stood a twenty-foot stump of a tree, which was left, for convenience, to support a sign of what all the hotel could do, and what good things it kept for the public. Upon this sign were painted, in large letters, "Travelers' rest; oysters, turtles, ladies' and gentlemen's apartments, stabling, vegetables, new milk, molasses, pumpkins, good beds, dried apples, boots blacked, honey, young onions, green peas, apple butter, clean sheets, Western Reserve cheese at all hours of the day, etc."

The house was divided into three rooms, on the lower floor, and into about half a dozen on the upper. In the bar-room were newspapers, and plenty of idle men—some good-looking, and well-dressed, some ill-looking, and clothed in flannel, and some honest-looking, and quietly minding their own business; some were reading the papers, some were talking politics, some were talking about their ill-fortune, some were sneezing, some were laughing, some were writing letters to their connections; and, altogether, they presented a fair sample of our fellow-creatures in general. The dining-room was exceedingly long, and, considering the calico papering along the walls and overhead,

presented quite a fashionable appearance. About the tables some sprightly, tidy boys were to be seen rattling dishes, and brushing the cloths, or dusting the seats. In the kitchen were a host of black pots, a cooking-stove, some firewood, and plenty of ladles; and, beside, a pair of those fellow-creatures usually denominated "niggers." All through this house, above and below, in the bar-room, dining-room and kitchen, every place, was to be seen the black-eyed wife; and the velocity with which she moved from one place to another was really astonishing. She was neatly dressed; her hair was hanging in beautiful curls down her rosy face, and added to her fascinating eyes that peculiar power of penetration so charming to whoever chanced to be in her presence. Wherever she moved she was singing or laughing; whatever she did, the same attractions accompanied her graceful flirtations and theatrical gestures; and in all she did she made everybody love and respect her, without deviating from her own natural disposition.

It was a cold rainy day in midwinter. A heavy gray mist darkened the firmament, and chilly winds whirled along the muddy streets and whistled round the houses. The good wife and her husband were standing at the window, her hand upon his shoulder, her eyes upon his. One of the boarders opened a door and said:

"Mistress, there is a gentleman here anxious to see you."

The little woman turned pale in an instant, and quivered like an aspen, for even in the tone of the man's voice the secret was revealed to her mind.

"I know my brother has come!" she exclaimed, and flew to the door; she opened it, and again exclaimed:

"O! Simons! brother!" and her arms were about him.

He was taken to a room. His voice had ceased! By his side was Julia; her hand was upon his aching temples, her tearful eyes upon his. His eyes were turned toward another—'twas the butcher! The same fat, greasy hand rested upon his breast; the same Spanish eyes still sympathized with his distress, and eagerly watched every sign of life returning; the same curses upon the disease, and the same whisper, "Courage! courage, my

and the water to rise and spread over the great valley, wide as a sea.

"The city will surely go!" began to be whispered among the people; and even those in good houses standing at the doors and windows beheld the pitiful scene, and began to tremble for their safety.

"Boats! boats! boats!" was called from every basement story and the loud voices of the boatmen's songs, and the frightful cry for help, rendered the woeful night one of the strangest and most fearful spectacles ever witnessed.

"The city will go!" was cried aloud, and everybody seemed trying to escape its fall! The streets were filled with boats and boxes, in which the unfortunate sufferers were fleeing toward the highlands. Stacks of lumber were whirling on the current and dashing through the windows; and small houses were revolving and bending before the sea of waters.

"The city is going!" screamed the affrighted men, women, and little children, who seemed to swarm over the rumbling water wherever the eye could penetrate the darkness. Houses after houses continued to whirl from their places, give one dreadful crash, and cast their broken timbers upon the frothy sea; and soon whole streets were stripped of their buildings and lost beneath the muddy foam.

By the ravaging flood Hamlin's house was threatened! By the sick bed stood the little woman; her hands clasped, her plump bosom heaving, her gentle face pale, and her rosy lips quivering and unsettled.

A boat passed, another came, and the sick man was laid within; his sister was close to his side, and tried to shelter the rain from his pale and sunken face. O'er the dark sea they moved toward the highland. Upon the "grave-yard" they took shelter beneath their blankets, and waited for the awful night to pass away! but, O! how long, how long that dreadful night seemed! Day was breaking, and sorrowful voices were whispering, "The city is *gone!* the city is gone!"

But when daylight came, scarcely anything showed where the city had been! The gay little woman was reduced to pov-

erty! and her affectionate heart was overcome with the distress that surrounded her. The hotel was destroyed by the flood; and in a miserable tent, they were compelled to remain in the graveyard, and wait for the water to recede.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"WELL, Jimie," said Uncle Thomas, one evening, as they took a seat on a log beside their camp-fire, "what are your notions about the gold being deposited where we find it? How came it there?" But Charley took up the reply:

"Faith, uncle ye've touched the point now. Give us the rule for gowld making, and sure as the knot on my head we'll make our point. But it was Jimie ye asked, and the very same can explain it, I'll wager."

Uncle Thomas's party were remarkably fortunate in moving to Brush cañon. Even their most sanguine hopes were surpassed, and gold began to come into their pockets when they were not expecting it. This is a curious change to which the miner is sometimes subjected, and which is usually ascribed to the expression, being "in luck." Sometimes, he fancies that wherever he works there is no gold, for, all around him, all are making fortunes. Then he is in "bad luck." But, sometimes he is not able to place his tools into the ground, ere he finds an abundance of gold, although his neighbors cannot find any. Then, he is "in luck." So mysterious do these changes occur, that one almost feels inclined to acknowledge that there is some truth in fatality; for so earnestly does the human mind endeavor to grasp the cause of results, that when reason cannot obtain sufficient scientific principles, it will cling to the pleasing but erring rambles of the imagination. Indeed, the mind seems to escape his control; it is like the sight; when the eye is directed to an apple, it cannot stop half way between the apple and the eye. So it is with the active mind; when the effect is known, the mind will, it *must* have some reason for cause, before it can stop; and when science

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is wanting, it will rest upon that which the imagination alone can treasure up. Yes, Uncle Thomas's party were "in luck." Their tent stood close upon the banks of the creek, and was as comfortable as was the habitation of most miners. In front was the creek, beyond which a steep mountain, covered with a forest of pine, fir and hemlock, seemed to rise to the skies; and so abruptly did it commence to rise from the side of the creek that it was fearful to look upon it. But, immediately back of the tent, was another mountain, even more steep and wild than the other; and so high and so close together were these mountains that the sun never shone down on the creek more than three or four hours during the day—which is not uncommon in many of the mountain districts of California, and which are quite as wild and romantic as are the noted scenes in Switzerland. But these grand views, and these extraordinary wildernesses were not so inviting to Uncle Thomas and his companions, as were the ounces of gold they were daily obtaining; and as they sat upon that log late at night, let us return to Jimie's answer to the old man's question:

"Well, I'll soon give you my ideas about it. But, in the first place, I must notice a few indications of the general eruptions that once spread over our earth. According to the best evidence before us, the earth increases in heat toward the center, and at a rate that must hold all bodies in solution at a depth of twenty-five miles. Now then, under such a consideration, our earth is similar in construction to an egg. It is merely a liquid globe, inclosed within a comparatively light shell. Lay an egg before the fire, and, by its sudden expansion, the shell will crack, and steam will issue. Our earth travels over one and a half millions of miles in twenty-four hours, and must necessarily experience many different degrees of temperature, which, probably, have a contracting and expanding force sufficient to crack the earth's crust, and produce the eruptions which must have been very extensive at a remote age. During these eruptions, a vast amount of heat must have escaped, so that, after again closing, a less portion was retained in the earth, and it was also reduced in size. But, by reversing this course of reasoning, the earth, at

one period, must have contained a vast deal more heat than at present, and, also, the crust must have been thinner, so that an eruption was far more extensive then, than the volcanoes of our own period. And, by carrying this system of reasoning onward, it is very evident that our earth once contained such a quantity of heat, and was so great in size, that its principal bulk was not more dense than gaseous substances, and that its crust was too rarefied to sustain the present kind of animal and vegetable life."

"Here!" interposed the old man, who had been listening with delight upon Jimie's views, "allow me to say, that, in this mode of reasoning, have we not striking evidence of a Creator, for, at least, the Animal and the Vegetable world?"

"Well," continued Jimie, "most assuredly we have, unless we can conceive that the Animal and the Vegetable kingdoms held equally rarefied compositions; but I am not going to argue about that—the gold is the question."

"Ye're right, Jimie," said Charley; "it's the gowld we're afther finding."

"Well," continued Jimie, "I will refer to that period of the earth's existence, when its crust was so incompact that large sections of country were upheaved at a single eruption; when the largest ranges of mountains were erected, and when the surface was frequently covered by floods of melted lava."

"Faith, that would have been warm weather," said Charley; but the old man asked:

"Why do we not see more lava on the surface at the present time?"

"Very well, uncle, but hear me out," said Jimie, with his head leaning forward, and seeming to be contemplating his subject. "Well now," continued Jimie, "in such emissions of liquid matter, and at such a high temperature, gold, no doubt, accompanied the lava. Very well, now look where you will, upon any part of the surface of the globe, and you will see that the sand, and all rocky substances, are undergoing decomposition, and falling to pieces. And, on this theory, a large portion of the surface material might have once been melted

matter, issuing from these eruptions; and, in that condition, gold was undoubtedly in a fluid state; but, with the hardening of the volcanic material, it was contained within; but, again, after the decomposition of the rock, by exposure to the air and water, the gold obtained its liberty. And, as all gold countries are mountainous, (or, at least, the *bottom* on which it is found,) there is no doubt but the action of the water in such regions has removed the lighter substances, such as clay and sand, and that the gravity of the gold caused it to seek the deep hollows, creeks, rivers, etc."

"Faith, and why is there not gowld in Ireland?"

"Well, Charley, I'll tell you how you can have gold in Ireland as well as in California."

"Sure, and yer honor never gave more thankful information; bad luck to it, I might have made a fortune without coming 'til America, at all, at all."

"Don't be so fast, Charley; it's not a speedy business to make a gold country."

"Faith, I'll work a month at it, if ye'll be afther telling me the sacret!"

"Well, I'll tell you, Charley, but you must not make it public."

"Yer honor, I'll never open my mouth about it, sure as the knot on my head."

"Well, Charley, I'll trust you; I believe you are not a bad fellow."

"Faith, would ye ruin the reputation o' my counthry; but, never mind, tell me how to make Ireland a gowld counthry?"

"Well, Charley," said Jimie, smiling, "you must elevate the central portion of the island into a range of mountains, about five or six miles high. After you have that well done, sit down and rest yourself for one hundred thousand years; and then, when you go and examine the creeks and rivers that course down these mountains, you will find that the water has removed the light, earthy substances, and left the gold settled in the bottom."

"Faith, it's worth a trial, yer honor; but ye didn't tell me how I should get the quartz; for, if I make it into a gowld counthry, I must have some quartz-leads too?"

"Why, Charley, you are really thoughtful, and, I suppose, you thought you were getting ahead of your instructor?"

"Faith, I did, yer honor."

"Well, I'll tell you: you will find that, in elevating your range of mountains, you will crack the earth's crust, so that quartz emissions will flow from the center, and scatter over the whole country."

"Ah! Charley," said Uncle Thomas "you are beat again—badly beaten."

"Faith, I can beat yez both in bed, and sleep fasther and sounther than the shirt on my back," said Charley, dryly; and, moving into the tent, he commenced preparing the blankets, and, in a few minutes, he was followed by Jimie and Uncle Thomas.

We have now given a slight sketch of an evening in their tent, but it is impossible for us to detail any farther; for a more interesting crisis followed, and such a one as more particularly applies to the subject before us. Their claim proved to be very valuable, and at it they were engaged late and early. Uncle Thomas's health improved, and his former happy mind returned; and with his young companions he seemed to be almost as youthful in disposition as if unconscious of the last twenty or thirty years being passed; and for jokes, wit, sport, and agreeable stories, he was as young as either of the others.

For several weeks their business prospered exceedingly, and a prospect of a fortune seemed very evident, and close at hand. But, in course of time, the exact locality of Brush cañon became known, and, as in the case of the ravine where Uncle Thomas before worked, the place soon became crowded; and a vast surplus population was to be seen strolling along the mountain sides, along the cañon, and, in fact, everywhere near the "good diggings."

At this time, the reputation of the claims had advanced their price beyond their value; and many persons were making rich

fortunes by buying and selling them. Among these claim speculators were a party of four, who made a handsome offer to our three friends for their piece of ground. After some deliberation, a bargain was made, and the claim sold, and our friends at liberty, with the nice little sum of sixteen hundred dollars each. As soon as this sale was made, Jimie and Charley went to Sacramento to forward their money home; Jimie sent his to his parents, in Indiana; and Charley forwarded his to Ireland, to assist his people and acquaintances to America. And, as soon as they had that all arranged, they returned to join Uncle Thomas again. During their absence, he applied himself to taking a very agreeable vacation, and to musing over the happy change that had at last smiled upon him; but his health was so good, and so, also, was the opportunity for making more money, that he, wisely enough, concluded to remain a little while longer in the mines. When Jimie and Charley returned, they all commenced looking after a new claim; and, in this very undesirable occupation, they spent several days. But, during this recreation, many "unlucky" miners had tried the cañon; and its reputation for yielding gold began to decline, and many were the claims that were "for sale, to the highest bidder." One party of Germans had a claim that they valued at two thousand dollars, and they were extremely anxious to sell it. To this party our three friends applied, and, finally, struck a bargain for fifteen hundred dollars; and the money—which Uncle Thomas furnished—was paid for the ground. To work they again proceeded, but with a greater degree of hope than before; for they were so well acquainted with the place, that they knew about what to expect; and, also, they knew that the German party had not "dug deep" enough to find the "right bottom." It was only a few days ere they were again favored with "fortune's smiles," and gold showed itself in unusual quantity, and with favorable prospects of a considerable increase. They were now considered as the oldest miners upon that cañon; and nearly everybody knew them, either by name or by report. And, soon after their last success here, the people, everywhere, were saying among themselves. "They are a lucky party: they are a lucky

party." But this *tête-à-tête* was followed up by the word "foreigners," which at once drove happiness and joyous evenings from Uncle Thomas's party. How this single word blasted their prospects, and turned the hopeful future into doubt and fear, can scarcely be imagined. While sitting by their fire, upon their favorite log—now, instead of relating silly jokes, or investigating philosophical subjects, they were devising schemes to provide against the danger of losing their ground.

Previous to Jimie's and Charley's visit to Sacramento, Uncle Thomas tried to persuade them to procure a license for him; but Jimie felt so sure of evading the tax, that he assured the old man it would be utterly useless; and, now, when danger threatened them, Jimie only more faithfully guaranteed his safety.

Charley was not one of the brickbat Irish, yet he often expressed a willingness to try any one who dared to meddle with their claim, if they would meet him upon the same terms as he used to meet the people of North Cork—where he received his "knot." The old man dreaded any disturbance, for he had already experienced a serious contest; and then, too, he had heard of American riots, and he knew, (by reading English newspapers,) that the American people were the most dangerous people on the face of the earth! unless it was the French—an uncivilized nation. Yes, as much as we liked Uncle Thomas, and as much as we must credit his literary capacity, and with all his traveling experience, the English catechism—that the English people are the only civilized nation—was the most profound of all his knowledge: a real Englishman was Uncle Thomas. But, with all his preconceived notions, he was an honest man; and he was fully resolved to defend his rights upon such honorable terms as could not reflect any stigma upon the nation of which he was so proud. Toward Charley he neither manifested any particular liking or disliking—further than that he considered him an Irishman, even though he was without a fault. But, toward Jimie, he had not only expressed by word, but by every possible favor, the strongest regard, and affection, and pride for his talents.

Although Jimie was very well informed, yet he was nothing like so polished in expression as was Uncle Thomas; but the latter overlooked such trifles, and regarded him as a remarkable youth, considering the manner of his education. This affection, perhaps occasioned by the loss of Downie, had been indulged in until he almost felt himself a blood relation; and in his conversation he seemed more like a father to Jimie, than as only a friend. Jimie had often promised Charley and Uncle Thomas that they should not pay the foreign tax; and, true to his country, his word was as inviolable as the Declaration of Independence, and must be maintained though it "cost a cow." But, as we have rubbed Uncle Thomas closely for some of his English characteristics, we must also mention one of Jimie's peculiarities, which other nations say is common to our country—a too sensitive feeling in regard to the remarks that foreigners make about any of the evils, or the virtues of our country. He was very young, and entertained an almost sacred feeling toward the old man, even so much as to prevent him from expressing his esteem, except by his actions and conduct, which were always with the utmost deference to Uncle Thomas's feelings and opinions. But on many occasions he had heard the old man make rather sarcastic reflections upon Republicanism—remarks similar to those related when he was giving to Jimie and Charley an account of being robbed of his claim in the ravine.

Although this *legal* outrage was sufficient to make any man hate a foreign country, and although Jimie was also opposed to the foreign tax, yet nothing touched his feelings more severely than to hear such remarks, especially from a friend, for, like every American must, he felt that any reproach cast upon Republicanism included himself in the remark—a principle which cannot be experienced by the *subjects* of monarchical countries; for the *subject* has nothing to do with the virtues or vices of his government. But one of the main reasons why it wounded his feelings was, because he entertained such a sincere regard for Uncle Thomas, a regard that prevented him from making any reply to the said remarks, lest he might sever their happy life.

However, we shall see hereafter, that the poor old man was not conscious of the effect of what escaped his lips so heedlessly, but still lived as though he was father to the party, and seemed to rest his failing form upon his young companions for protection and success. And there was nowhere that he manifested his feelings so much as when his friends were sleeping; for he was very wakeful, and slept but little; and they, on the contrary, young, and working hard, generally slept soundly from the time their heads touched the pillow until daylight.

During the night Uncle Thomas would rise upon one elbow, listening to the wolves or owls, or, perhaps the wheezing forest or falling rain; and, while his mind strolled over the sad series of events that had befallen him for such a long life, his noble brow seemed as fixed in dignity, his eyes would rest upon his friends, and the half-audible words, "May my friends never experience such troubles!" often escaped his compressed lips.

After musing in this way for some time he would lay down, carefully lay his hand upon Jimie's breast, and then say, "God preserve you, my boy; you are my only dependence! If you cannot protect our property, we are ruined at last!"

But you must pardon us for not dwelling any longer upon this light-fingered outrageous-gambler-enacted legislation against the foreigner, than is actually necessary, for really we are ashamed that our "land of equal rights" should be so pernicious in principle; neither are we, in writing upon such an affair, disposed to exhaust the dictionary in order to find smooth words, while hard ones are crowding so thick and fast upon us.

Had we not been *feelingly* interested, and a personal observer of some of these outrages against foreigners; had we not been subjected to ridicule and abuse in foreign lands on account of that penurious tax—we should, being a real American by birth and in feeling, have had too much national pride to relate so many violations of justice. But if any one will investigate the subject, he will ascertain that we have dealt with the matter as delicately as it will permit; for there are darker scenes—scenes of blood and death! Only speak a different language, and live with the foreigners of California, or among foreign nations, and

you, reader, will hear a voice of vengeance that will cause you to think seriously. However, as this is a season when the question is agitated, we shall let our story take its natural course—not even stopping to comment upon the young lady who (last evening) spoke so fluently upon our national perfections, and upon our right to disfranchise foreigners; and who, in the next sentence, said, "We women cannot get justice because we are not represented." Was she a moral reasoner, reader? Therefore, suffice it, Uncle Thomas's party met a sad change in prosperity.

While sitting at their dinner—a combination of bean-soup, boiled-beef, rice and potatoes—one day, their attention was arrested by the approach of a little black-whiskered German, saying, "Gentlemen, if you be foreigners, God save you; two d—d gamblers be coming to make you pay the tax, with bowie-knives and pistols, and clubs, and weapons, and revolvers, and the Lord knows what all—they will kill you, you better run for to save your lives, before they come—they be coming!" and accompanying every word by an upward and downward motion of both his fists, and finishing by clenching and grinding his teeth, showed at once that he had probably been one of their victims. But his fearful exclamation had scarcely ceased when the affrighted party beheld two well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking men, in long boots, approaching. The old man turned pale and trembled, but his young companions exchanged looks and assured him that there should be no danger: a few words were all they could speak ere the collectors were upon them.

These were our former acquaintances, Mr. Parker and Mr. Miller; the former was a collector of the tax; but why the latter accompanied him, at the expense of the State, without having anything to do with the office, we shall discover hereafter, in a private conversation; but at this time, they were entire strangers to Uncle Thomas's party, who had only seen their names in the newspapers on a few occasions.

"Gentlemen," said Parker, bowing politely and withdrawing his large book from under his arm, "I have been told that two of you are foreigners; and I have come to receive your taxes—how many months have you been mining?"

The old man and Charley exchanged looks; but a bold pride seemed to flash over Jimie's youthful face, and a spirit of manliness adorned his fair and noble brow; and after a moment's silence, he replied:

"I've heard you were coming; but, see here, I'm opposed to that tax, and I have told these men that they should not pay it!"

"But it *must* be paid—we have the law on our side, and we'll *make* them pay it," said Miller, with that disagreeable, nasal tone so common to some of our people; but Jimie, imitating his cat-whining nasality, replied:

"O! if that's the way you talk, you may have the law where you please; but remember that, *I say they shall not pay it.*"

"Well then we'll sell your claim! for the tax *must* be paid; and there are plenty here who'll be glad to get your ground for the taxes."

"No, you'll not sell it, either," interrupted Jimie sharply; but Parker had finished turning the leaves of his book, and now took up the subject himself.

"See here," said he, "it's no use to make any words about this matter at all; for it is impossible to have any misunderstanding about a law so plain as this. It speaks positively that they must pay twenty dollars per month; now then, all I want to know is, how many months they have been mining, and I will tell you what they are required to pay!"

Demanding tax for the unfortunate past time was a principle entirely new to them; and the astonished Jimie replied:

"What! not satisfied with the tax for the present month, but want to be paid for so many months when they could scarcely earn a living? Why, it's outrageous! I don't believe you are the tax-collectors—how do I know who you are?"

"Here, sir, here are my papers;" said Parker, handing a roll of papers to Jimie, "do you think *I* would go about collecting without proper authority, sir?" and again commenced whirling the leaves of his book, as if in search of something of great importance.

Jimie looked hastily over the roll, and, handing it back, remarked:

"That is all right sir; but where is your law for collecting tax for the time *past*?"

"I have not the law with me, but I know that that is the law," said Parker, sharply.

"Now, see here," said Jimie more calmly, "these men are not going to pay that tax, and you may just as well pack off about your own business—my opinion is, that you are a pair of swindling blacklegs."

This aroused Miller to action again; and, keying his nasal voice into a disagreeable pitch, he replied:

"None of your slack, young man, none of your slack; remember that *we* are *officers* of the law; and I might send you where you'll never meddle with our rights any more." But this threat aroused Jimie, and he said:

"You may think that I am speaking very plain, but really I believe you are both d—d scoundrels," and rising from his dinner, hastily throwing down his tin-plate, and stamping his foot, "They *shall not* pay that tax! Be off! you are swindlers, scoundrels, away with you!"

But Miller, being a politician, was very passionate, and depending upon his knives and pistols for enforcing his principles, said:

"Stop your mouth, you" (swearing violently) "foreign advocate, or I'll rip your heart out," and flourishing his bowie-knife, stamping upon the ground, and foaming with rage; while Jimie hastily, said:

"You are a villain! a coward! thief!" but before any more words were uttered, Miller rushed upon him.

The crowd all rushed! Charley seized Jimie; Parker and the German (before alluded to) seized Miller, but just in time to prevent the knife entering Jimie's heart, for the passionate youth was too enraged to fear even the weapons that were glittering around him. The excitement had collected a large crowd, which now made so much noise as to prevent anything being heard about the license, while they kept Jimie and Miller separate. Parker persuaded the spectators, or at least all who could hear his voice, that these foreigners had the richest claim in the cañon,

and that, as they were not willing to pay the tax, he was going to sell it. Such news to those who were without claims, and who were anxious to obtain one, succeeded in prejudicing a large number against the party. But for all that, a decided majority were in favor of having their claim sold, yet the injured minority were so enraged as to wish to settle the affair by a general battle; but, before anything more serious occurred, the affrighted Uncle Thomas agreed to pay for one month's license, which, together with the excitement of the enraged crowd, induced Parker and Miller to take a hurried leave—leaving Charley without receiving his tax. In a few minutes after this, the crowd began to disperse, and soon Uncle Thomas's party were left alone, to reflect upon the unhappy and provoking outrage. But nothing was so grievous to Jimie as to think that the old man yielded, and finally paid the tax, against his wishes; and, for this simple act, the aggrieved youth became despondent and melancholy, and in tears he commenced to weep, because he had failed to protect his aged companion.

"Uncle," said he, and his eyes were full, "I would rather you had not paid the tax," and, turning his face to hide his tears, he heard the old man say:

"If I had known it would so displease you, Jimie, I should not have paid it," and in dead silence this, once happy little party now sat brooding over the past, and dreading the future.

To their work they proceeded, more like statues than living men, and scarcely a word escaped their lips or relieved their sorrowed minds, while in silence they plied their tools, fearing that every hour might drive them from their property and leave them penniless.

The day sped by; the moon arose and stood fair over their mountain-house, and the night was still and clear. Far in the distance a few hungry wolves were howling, but the lofty branches of the wild forest, still as the twinkling stars, were casting their variegated shadows over the noiseless cañon, where thousands of wearied miners were sleeping; and naught else disturbed the melancholy gloom that seemed to hover over the lonely eve. But alas! how changed were the little party now from the happy one

a little while before! There, upon that same favorite log, they sit in calm silence, while sad and dreary hours roll by, and note each fearful conjecture with a smothered sigh. No pleasing tales carry memory back to their hopeful boyhood scenes; no joyous laugh disturbs their quietness; no metaphysical researches excite their reflective powers: no, the meditative three sit in trouble, sorrow, and in fear. They retired; but, lo! how long, how long that restless night! The fair morning dawned, and the discomfited *trio* arose to encounter still greater troubles.

It was early, and few had arisen; but a single sound struck terror to Uncle Thomas's party—it was the sound of miners at labor!

"Uncle!" said Jimie, and his voice was excited, "uncle, our claim is taken!" and ere the words had left his lips, the injured boy was flying toward their ground. Charley was by his side, and Uncle Thomas was following close after.

"What does this mean?" demanded Jimie.

"It means that we're going to work this ground," the others replied.

"But you can't have it—we own it—we have paid our money for it," said Jimie.

"But you're foreigners, and won't pay your taxes," said the others.

"Not all of us—I'm an American, and this old man has paid his tax."

"But ain't you an Englishman?"

"No, I am not, and I have been trying to protect these men from that infamous tax."

"Then you're no friend to your country."

"Not if it makes me steal from a foreigner."

"Well! you're a d—d tory, for taking sides with them in opposing the law."

"Do you call me a tory because I will not steal from foreigners?"

"I don't care what you are, but you're a d—d villain, or you would stand up for the law."

"Don't call me a villain," said Jimie, walking boldly forward, "or I 'll floor your thieving carcass—you cowardly villain!"

"Well, you 're a tory, or else you 'd stand up for American *rights!*"

"You! the audacity to talk of *rights?* what are our *rights?*—*equality!* If these men *are* foreigners, what of it? Must they not hold property? Are not they as much entitled to the gold, hidden in the earth, as you are? The government of this or any other country, has no right to make a distinction among men—to take from one and give to another."

"We don't care about that—it 's the law; and we ain't going to see the gold carried away from our country to another."

"These men were not going to carry it away."

"Then why don't they get naturalized?"

"That 's neither your business nor mine; they are by nature free, to live in this country or any other. Neither is it wise, or safe to the country, to force men to swear allegiance to it, in order to evade an enormous tax. By that very principle, every foreigner who makes anything will be sure to leave the country."

"Well, we want them to leave—they are a d—d thieving, drunken set, anyhow."

"But we have no right to wish them to leave! for it is their right to live in which country will give them the most comfort."

"But they are carrying away the wealth of our country!"

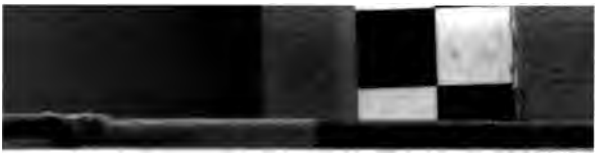
"So the King of China says to persons coming into his country. But why do so many wealthy Americans go to France, Switzerland and Italy to spend a hundred times larger fortunes than what any miner gets here—I say, why does our 'free' government not pass a law preventing such gentlemen from leaving, unless they will give security to bring back more money than they carry away?—a pretty *freedom* that, indeed!"

"Well, we don't care about that—we 're going to work this ground, that's the fact of the business," and, continuing to work rapidly upon the claim, muttered, "d—n a man that won't stand up for the honor of his country in preference to any other."

"You! talk of *honor* to your country!" repeated Jimie. "You boast of equal rights, and then plunder the weak! It 's like the banking system—'who have no money, have the biggest moths!' Poor, penniless pups are the first to boast about national glory and honor! But don't you see that your baby-looking distinction among the people is breaking down what national honor we have? You! talk of honor to your country, and steal other people's property."

"We don't care about that—such is the law, and we are going to stick to it."

"Yes, it 's the law, and who made it? A blackleg governor? But it was made before the people got to vote upon it, and it shows just what people will do when no foreign votes are present—it shows what blacklegs are after, by trying to exclude foreigners from a voice? You talk of honor! you do it because the thieving law upholds your taking other people's property—honor is the most distant thing from your nature. It is only those who look upon all men by nature free, and possessed of equal rights, and deserving of justice and protection, who can claim an honorable attachment to American *freedom;* and whoever denies the foreigner protection, and the comforts, and the benefits of the country, is himself foreign to our liberty; a dangerous and dishonorable citizen, and totally destitute of sympathy to his fellow creatures, and regardless of the feelings and the rights of others. Is our country to be turned into a system of piracy because a majority of gamblers declare certain things to be law? and does their majority make justice? What 's the difference between Charley and myself, that a law, made to simulate Divine Justice, should take his property and not mine? The Mormons may teach their young that it is right to steal from other people, but they have a reason for doing so, for they claim that they are the only true heirs of God; but what ground have you for claiming a right to take the foreigner's property? Has the Creator been revealing some extra secrets—privileges to persons born under a certain flag? Foreigners have just as much right to be the favored party, and we the injured, as for the present law to be in effect. The right is exactly the same."



"We don't care about these things," said the other party impatiently, "we are going to work this ground, that's the fact of the matter. We don't want to quarrel with anybody. We have been a long time mining in the country, and we have never had a quarrel with anybody. You are the first man who has found any fault with our own business. We are peaceable folks, and we don't want to harm any man, *but we'll have our rights!* that's the fact of the business. We won't quarrel with you—an unprincipled advocate of foreign rights—that's what you are!"

"I am a *man*," said Jimie, "protecting their rights; but who are you?—villains, robbing foreigners."

"It isn't *robbing*—the law is on our side. They have no business in our country at all; we don't want to go to theirs."

"Yes, they have business in our country. God made this country for no particular nation or class of people."

"But other countries have laws protecting their own people, and we must have similar laws for ourselves."

"That's easier said than proved. Point to the country, among any of the civilized nations, which makes that glaring distinction! Who knows of any such another legislation? But even if they did—which they do not—must we follow their conduct? Had we typed after them in legislation, would we have been so prosperous as we are? Is it not because we have extended more justice and liberty to the common people than other governments have, that we have prospered more than any other? Is it not these favorable inducements which have brought foreigners to the country; and made her what she is?"

"But we don't care about that—we're going to work this ground; and, if you don't like it, you can lump it, that's the fact of the matter."

"No you are not," said Jimie, getting enraged, "you can't work it except you do it against mine and Charley's will—we bought the ground, and we'll have it."

Suiting the action to his words, he commenced with his shovel to work where the other party were scraping out the gold. By this time the miners had, one by one, and two by two, enlarged the little meeting into one of considerable magnitude; and among

these spectators a continual hum of voices rendered the scene fearfully interesting. Uncle Thomas was standing by his young companions, evidently contemplating seriously upon American riots! Yes, poor soul, he carried no firearms or bowie knives, and though he was no coward at heart, what could he expect to do among the "*lawless Americans!*" But with all his learning how little he knew of the real American character! Like a few in our own country, he had listened to the inhuman abuse of political newspapers, until he fancied that anything not born upon his native soil could not possibly be good! a curious conclusion, for which a person might wish to hide himself at the day of Judgment. But really, Uncle Thomas had some reason to be afraid, for, in most countries, the governments are in advance of the people, and are setting examples to the people in reference to their conduct with each other—he had met such poor encouragement from a law made by the (supposed) first people of the country, that he expected but little mercy from the common laboring people; neither did it enter his mind who it was that imposed the beating upon him when in his ravine claim. But we must not be too hard upon Uncle Thomas, for, with all his impressions, he was a *man*, and, in that consideration alone, he deserved protection and support to his rights the same as any other; and the government that will not give him these—his natural rights—is impartial in principle, and undeserving the support and encouragement of all honest men. But to our story.

Jimie had scarcely stationed himself upon their ground when Charley and Uncle Thomas also came forward to reclaim their property. "Stand by me, Charley," said Jimie, "we 'll route the cowardly puppies."

"Faith I 'm in wid ye, Jimie," said Charley, casting his eyes up and down the pick-handle, in rather a scientific manner, as if it might soon be needed for "knot"-making purposes. The other party were considerably larger, and decidedly too powerful to be considered an equal match for these; but, Jimie was as rash as he was bold, or as he was intelligent; and he was entirely regardless of the strength of the other party. However, as soon as he commenced shoveling the alluvial among the precious earth,

where the gold was abundant, the others were obliged to desist, and one of these *legal* intruders called out, "Now, stop that; stop that; or you may get badly hurt." "Not by you, you coward!" said Jimie, advancing boldly toward him.

"Your a d—d villain, and won't stand up for the rights of your country," said the others, fiercely.

"Robbery is not right, nor shall any of you call me a villain either," said Jimie; but, at this time, voices from the crowd were saying, "Give it to 'em, Jimie: give it to 'em, Jimie!" but an opposite party—who also had an eye to the rich claim—were crying: "Down with the foreigners; down with 'em—we don't want 'em to be meddling with our rights; down with 'em," and for awhile the noise and confusion were so great that it was impossible to distinguish what was said by either party. But, at this critical moment, a few resolute men rushed between the parties and declared that there should be no fighting, and that the affair should be settled by arbitration. This determination met the approbation of the crowd, and in a few minutes sufficient order was restored to enable them to choose a jury. This respectable body of twelve became seated upon a log, and the court was opened, and the trial commenced. The evidence was all given—just exactly as we have already related it—and, without any embarrassment, by lawyers, when the jury withdrew to counsel upon the matter as seemed right in their own eyes—at least so far as the law of State (for at this time it was a State) would allow them. After a few minutes' deliberation they returned, and gave the following as their impartial and unchangeable decision:

"Gentlemen, this young man" (pointing toward Jimie) "is entitled to one-third part of the ground; and the old man has paid his license, therefore, he is entitled to another third of the ground. But this young Irishman" (pointing toward Charley) "has not paid his license, therefore it is unnecessary for us to give him any share, for the others can take it away according to law; but we do believe that, as he has paid money for the ground, he ought to be paid back the same amount."

"He hasn't paid anything," shouted a great number of voices "the old man paid all the money himself."

"Uncle Thomas then explained the manner in which the purchase was made; whereupon, the jury decided that Charley should not receive anything, but that his part should be paid to the old man. Thus ended the court, and the crowd scattered off to their respective places, to eat their breakfasts and prepare for their day's work.

Jimie's youthful face was clouded; his gay, brilliant eyes no longer directed his aged companion's attention to the lively scenes around him, nor to the beauties of the deep green foliage of the wild forest, but, glimmering with tears, they were fixed on the ground. His mild and pleasing voice was frozen, and every look evinced the most depressing sadness; but this stillness expressed the dreadful conflict between affection and reason. By his side sat his youthful friend, who reverenced his talents, and felt as if the blood was oozing from every pore, while those tears of grief were falling—and watching to learn his will, he too was silent and sad. But another seemed worn down with grief and trouble. His thin, white locks floated wildly about his aged face; his reflective eyes turned alternately from his youthful friend to the ground of contention; but every moment seemed to sever a lingering fiber of his remaining hopes, and to pierce his troubled mind with renewed agony and despair.

Thus in perfect silence they sat, and partook of their humble fare; and, while the thoughts of each rambled over a long series of misfortunes, and the woeful disappointments which had followed their honest exertion among their fellow-creatures, they all feared that the time for their final separation had at last arrived; and each one dreaded to break the melancholy stillness, lest a new series of sorrow would overwhelm their parting scene. But, at last, a timorous voice broke the spell:

"Charley, we must leave uncle," he said, and again a death-like silence ensued. The poor old man grew sadder still, but his regard for his young friend was so sacred, that his feeble voice could scarcely speak, and with deeply-expressive eyes resting in Jimie's face, he feebly said:

"But *you* will not leave me—will you?" and again they were silent for a moment; but Jimie replied:

"Charley has no place to work, and I cannot leave him." Uncle Thomas looked steadily at his friend, and, while tears dimmed his eyes, he again said:

"I would rather lose the claim, Jimie, and start poor again than to have you leave me."

"But you have an opportunity for making a fortune by staying here, and Charley has not!" said Jimie, becoming cool; and, rising, he and Charley started to prepare their blankets ready to move. The old man arose and said:

"Jimie, I will forfeit my claim and follow you—I have no other friend in the country." But Jimie replied:

"Uncle, you cannot accompany us," and the old man turned pale, trembled, and exclaimed:

"O! Jimie, my friend!" and with a nervous voice, added, "have I again displeased you?"

After a few minutes' silence, our noble youth (and sample of America) *too hastily* uttered these words, "Uncle, I have done all I could to protect you; I have tried to make you happy in my country. But on several occasions you have abused Republicanism; and as often have I told you that this cruel robbery was not owing to the *system* of our government, but to the pecuniary and unprincipled politicians who settle in new territory; and yet, for all you are aware that the government here is composed principally of gamblers and schoolboys, you still persisted that the fault was in Republicanism. For a long time you have wounded my feelings upon this subject, but my great regard for you has prevented me from expressing my sentiments; but remember, uncle, that, when any foreigner abuses Republicanism, he is throwing a dagger at every American's heart—for the two are as inseparable as the Centaur—and every word lessens his love and esteem for the foreigner."

"Jimie," said the old man, with a trembling voice, "whatever I may have said, believe me, my friend, my only friend, Jimie, I never said it with malice; neither was I aware that I injured your feelings; for, sooner would I part with all I 'm worth than have you think that I have so little regard for you. Jimie, my

friend! pardon me for all I have said — I cannot live!" and he seated his form upon the never-to-be-forgotten log, and added:

"O! God! am I to live alone again!" and hiding his face in his hands, his voice ceased.

Jimie and Charley arranged their luggage and prepared to leave. Again the old man asked:

"Jimie, my friend! will you not retract, and allow me to accompany you? say you will Jimie, for I cannot live if you leave me!" And with eyes filled with tears he looked into Jimie's cold face, and heard that once pleasant voice, now so chill, say:

"Never! uncle, I wish to leave you," and immediately the old man hid his face and cried with grief!

Charley, and then Jimie shook his feeble hand — let go the cordial grasp, and turned toward the green mountains.

With glimmering eyes Uncle Thomas sat silently looking after their youthful steps until their persons disappeared among the wild forest.

CHAPTER XIX.

The winter was past, and the clear sky of the approaching summer was sparkling with stars, and casting a metallic luster over the glimmering bay. The pipes and horns from the gambling saloons were sending their melodious tones over the slumbering city, and extending their never-ending echo beyond the still water and wasting among the distant hills.

In the door of a small house, and facing the enchanting prospect, sat a fair lady. Plain and neatly dressed, her beautiful form was reclining, her elbow upon her knee, her pearl-white hand upon her brow, and her brown curls hanging heedlessly over her rosy cheeks; but her dark-gray eyes were gazing over the silvery water, and revealing the half-despondent sentiments that escaped her parted lips at every throb of her aching heart.

"Ah!" she said, "three thousand miles beyond this forest of ships, and this noble bay, is the home I left—where a good

father and mother are weeping for me! Ellen! Mary! Martha! Bella! Ah! how oft, in years long gone by, our little arms were locked in love! when we went merrily skipping, and happily mingling our childish voices, lisping playful accents which even yet are dear to me, that drive back my soul upon a sea of love and sorrow! Ah! would that these lamentable years could all be recalled, and I once more within the happy home I left; but alas! the time is past, and I am alone, a wanderer in a strange land, and surrounded with a life of trouble and grief!" But approaching footsteps broke her reverie, and she said:

"Mrs. Case, I suppose this is the last evening I shall enjoy with you. Come and sit in the door, and enjoy the evening."

"Why, law me," said the good-natured fat woman, seating herself upon the greater part of the door-sill, and resting her dimply-jointed hand upon Harriet's shoulder, "you are really discouraged; I believe you're mighty nigh giving up in despair. Why laws, if I 'd a give up like you, I 'd never got my John, I know," and she turned her broad, laughing face upward, and backward, to look at a 'regular built' man, in a blue shirt, with his knees very familiarly bracing against her shoulders.

"Ay," said he, "there's no pity for me, I 'm sure; but that's it—woman-like, exactly, catch a fellow, and then blow about it, and encourage other young girls to try their hands upon some poor young fellow. But I 'll tell you, Harriet, if you ever do marry anybody, don't for goodness' sake, don't get so fat as my wife is—but try and have some regard for your husband's comfort."

"Why, John, law me," said the fat woman, laughing, "are you forgetting that one half of the year is cold weather? remember, firewood is very expensive here in winter—then when you're out all day in the rain, you know."

"O! but summer!"

"Why law me, John, you're getting ungallant; but you know I needn't insist, for I can get another husband very easily—they're cheaper in this country than any other place in the world; most of the women here have two or three—and then this climate is so wholesome for women, you know."

"Ay, that's it, exactly so, get a poor fellow to love you, and then talk of leaving—leaving him where he can't get another."

"Hark!" exclaimed Harriet, as the report of a cannon came booming up the hill. "Another Panama steamer; but I do wonder if all the people in the other States are coming to California—it seems as though the people will never stop coming."

"Why, law me, the way you jumped at the crack of that gun, I thought something had bit you. You see, John, there's where fat nerves are not easily shook, like your common ones are. But see! there is some one coming! Let us go into the house."

Scarcely had they risen when a voice called out:

"Does Harriet Lindsey live here yet?"

"Why, law me, Mr. Parker!" said Mrs. Case, "is that you? Why come in, dear me, we thought you were lost—come in, come in and sit down."

A feeling of fear, trouble, anxiety, pleasure and pain darted through Harriet's brain at the sound of his voice; and shaking with excitement she accompanied Mrs. Case into the sitting-room. This was Parker's first return from his tax-collecting tour, and his absence had led them to believe that perhaps they should never meet him again; but, on coming so suddenly upon them, his clear voice thrilled them with great pleasure and surprise.

During Parker's absence, the country had advanced very materially; post-offices had been established in many places; churches were being erected; prisons and watch-houses were getting more common; poor people, thieves, counterfeiters, and, in fact, the general course of civilization was beginning to be established throughout the country. Merchants and bankers were breaking up, trust was less common, and everybody began to look upon their neighbors—like they do in all other places throughout the world—with suspicion, fear, jealousy and dissatisfaction; and the fair name of California was lowering to the standard of other countries, lowering in her own estimation, and in the estimation of everybody else; and immorality and wickedness were becoming as deeply seated in all classes as they are in the old countries. Ay, the land of the West was becoming civilized! and idle people were beginning to feast upon its produce

by street-preaching and political speeches. Therefore, under these considerations, Parker's gaudy, black suit, finger-rings, gold-mounted walking-stick, and polished silver-looking spurs were not at all unbecoming an *officer* of our great Republic, but gave him an air of uncommon power and dignity. To give him his due, he was a gentleman in appearance, and not so haughty and aristocratic as his naturally noble and manly form actually represented him. With a graceful lift of his hat, he politely bowed himself into Mrs. Case's establishment, passed the common questions of politeness, and reaching his hand into one of his pockets, turned toward Harriet, and said:

"Miss Lindsey, I have brought a letter for you, here it is."

The word letter startled poor Harriet, and she sprang to her feet and exclaimed, "A letter! a letter!" and the sad thought of not having been lately to the post-office, produced so much mortification of feeling that she sank back upon her chair and almost fainted.

During her stay in the city she had written a score of letters, and visited the post-office as often, but, having had no word from her lover, the sad thought of him not being alive, had caused her, for several weeks past, to abandon all her hopes, and resign herself to her supposed miserable condition. But the word *letter* brought back all her former enthusiasm, and she fancied herself at last discovered, and sure to meet the object of her attachment—thoughts too happy for her despondent condition.

Mrs. Case put the letter into her hand, but lo! instead of from her intended, it was from her old friend, Mrs. Ellis!

With dejected and disappointed feelings the poor girl half read the letter, and dropped it into her lap, as if unconscious of the conversation going on between Mr. Case and Parker, who were commenting, at considerable length, upon "bad roads and dull times."

After a few minutes of 'brown study,' Harriet asked Parker:

"Are you acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis?"

"But very slightly, Miss Lindsey," said he, "I have seen them on several occasions; but, having heard you speaking of

them, I was telling them about you, and Mrs. Ellis said she would like to have you come and live with her."

"O! I am going to start there to-morrow," replied Harriet, "but I 'm glad her invitation has reached me; I not only know that I shall be welcome, but I can easily find her. Is Marysville a pleasant place?"

"Very, Miss Lindsey, very;" said Parker, "it stands upon an elevated piece of table-land, on the banks of the Yuba. From that city you can view the Snowy Mountains and the three Butes; and beside, you look over a level plain as far as your eyes are capable of seeing; and then you are not troubled with these severe cold winds—so disagreeable in this city. My sister likes Marysville very much indeed."

"O! your sister has arrived then?" said Harriet.

"Yes," he continued, "she is out at last, and as I 'm going to Marysville to-morrow, I shall expect to introduce *her* to you—she is good company I can assure you."

"Introduce *me* to her, if you please," said Harriet, smiling at his compliment.

"Any way, Miss Lindsey, I 'm not particular; but I haven't time to discuss the subject to-night, I must prepare for leaving on the eight o'clock boat," and looking at his gaudy gold watch, he added, "it 's getting late. I suppose you have had a lonesome time here this winter—no society or amusements."

"No," said Harriet, "Mrs. Case and I, either give parties or attend some others, two or three times a week, and then we have plenty of books, and plenty to talk about."

"How many ladies do you have at your parties?"

"Well," said Harriet, "there is Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Case and myself—three altogether."

"Well, really, that *is* a party."

"But," said Harriet, "the greatest trouble is, that if we all talk at once there is nobody to listen to us."

"I should like to have been the listener," said Parker, laughing.

"Indeed," said the fat woman, "if you would have heard some of the sorry tales about that foreign tax, you'd a wished

you'd never been a tax collector. Why law me! there was an Englishman up here from Nevada who had all his tools broken, and his house tore down, and law bless me! I don't know what all they done to him, 'cause he didn't pay the tax, and he had no money to pay it with. O! laws! I know you wouldn't a liked our tea parties," finishing with a hearty laugh.

"Ah! but I do not treat them so, Mrs. Case; I use mild means. We haven't destroyed anybody's property since we have been collecting, except, perhaps a couple of hundred dollars worth of stuff for some of these blue-faced Chinese. O! no! we are not so bad as you seem to think, I 'm sure. But, really, I 'm overstaying my time, I must go. I shall meet you to morrow morning, Miss Lindsey," and after a few social remarks, the worthy individual bid them a good-night. As soon as he disappeared, the others commenced a general investigation of his personal attractions. Mrs. Case was not aware that he had ever been a gambler, and she was fully convinced that such a clever fellow could not possibly be a bad man. Harriet viewed him very differently; and as often as a hint of him being her future companion escaped Mrs. Case's lips, just that often the poor girl could have cried with grief. The idea of changing her attachment caused her to tremble at her own weakness; for she had too much perception not to perceive the change in her impressions in regard to Parker; and the more she reasoned upon such an influence, the more she feared that her weakness would yet be overcome—then it seemed so mysterious that he should happen to be going to Marysville at the same time with herself. In fact, there were so many incidents in his life that seemed like her own that she was nearly frightened at her own contemplations.

The next morning was clear. A cool wind, betokening coming summer, was gently flapping the thousand sails which nestled among the forest of ships, and rudely whirling clouds of dust over the wooden city. The rising tide was rushing madly beneath the long wharves, and partially drowning the busy hum of human voices above. All ages and colors, from China to Turkey, and from thence to "Pike County," were hurrying in grand confusion among the drays and innumerable "greasy-pork barrels," which

seemed to extend in every direction, further than the eye could see. The dense fog was nearly gone, and the ever-bright-California sun was proudly dispelling the gloomy misgivings that chanced to lurk in the brain of the "unlucky," by the glorious contrast of his brilliant flame to the smoky, dull clouds of weary winter. The same arm that protected Harriet from the (savagely polite) hotel keepers a few months before, now conducted her down to the boat—a boat that presented a pleasing contrast to the one that brought them to San Francisco; and one, too, that seemed adapted to the great river in which she was about to travel,

Harriet was politely conducted to the beautiful cabins, but only to look a moment, then to return and take her leave of Mrs. Case. With those affectionate feelings, only known to the confidential, kind words and wishes were spoken, the embrace relaxed, and amid smiles and tears the two ladies parted.

The boat's bell was ringing, and Harriet walked on board. The mighty wheels commenced to revolve, and the noble vessel moved away. Two snowy handkerchiefs were waving, but soon the smiles and tears of the fond females were lost by the distance. Far out into the great bay the proud steamer wound among the crowd of ships, dragging the long, gray volumes of smoke around lofty masts behind; then plunging through the dimply sea, she made the glistening sheet boil wherever she moved; each awful puff driving her clipper breast boldly through the dark-blue waves, and every moment revealing newer scenes along the attractive bluffs. Long and anxiously did Harriet continue to gaze upon the fading form of Mrs. Case; and at each receding move she thought the view was closed, but anon her weeping eyes regained the spot, only to cause a new flood of tears. At last the boat made a long curve, and the touching scene was ended. Parker perceived her sadness, asked her to pace the deck, and she consented.

"You seem sad, Miss Lindsey!"

"Ah!" said Harriet, "I have parted with a good friend; I am sorry to leave her."

"This traveling on a boat, Miss Lindsey, puts one in mind of our Ohio and Mississippi river boats. I could wish myself back again this morning!"

"I wish I was back!" said Harriet.

"Then I suppose you intend to return soon?"

"Perhaps never!" said Harriet, sorrowfully.

"O! you are too hasty; you put me in mind of the unlucky miners; but I suppose you have a great desire to see your connections?"

"I have, but I have a poor prospect of ever getting to see them any more."

"Why, you are really discouraged, but may I ask if you have no connections living in this country?"

"No, none," she replied.

"But you did not come all the way to California without your relations?"

"Yes, sir."

"I beg pardon for being so inquisitive, but really your adventure seems so wonderfully strange that it is impossible for me to resist!"

"My life has been a hard one, at least for the last two years," said Harriet.

"But you have manifested such a wonderful degree of perseverance! Though I cannot hear of the misfortunes which drove others to this country without remembering my own."

"I can scarcely say that it was misfortune that drove me to California."

"But you couldn't have come for the purpose of enjoyment?"

"No, I can't say I did, but most assuredly I thought it the best I could do under the peculiar circumstances," said Harriet, but Parker was watching every word; and, half musing, he said:

"Circumstances—circumstances! And you have found none of your Cincinnati acquaintances since your arrival in the country?"

But, woman-like, she was anxious for a new subject, and pointing over the bay, she answered:

"No, none, but see! you are neglecting to view the tops of the Nevadas! Are they not beautiful?"'

"No, I was noticing them, they are."

"Ah!" exclaimed Harriet, "I remember when I was among those mountains! I often think about the Michigan Company; but ah! they are all scattered now!"

"But do you not know any other lady except Mrs. Ellis, who crossed the plains?"

"Why," said Harriet, "there was a Mrs. Hamlin whom I knew, but I——"

"Mrs. Hamlin!" exclaimed Parker, "Mrs. Julia Hamlin! a little black-eyed woman!"

"Yes," said Harriet, regarding him with great anxiety, "yes, do you know her?"

"Yes, I do," said Parker, and struggling to overcome some inward feeling, he asked:

"Did you know her husband?"

"I knew him, but I had no acquaintance with him in particular," said Harriet.

"Do you think he looked anything like me?"

"Well, I do not know, but——" said Harriet, but, as if pierced with some dreadful weapon, her voice ceased, a heavy sigh escaped her lips, and she stood trembling, and earnestly looking upon a little white dog that ran jumping about the deck in defiance of all common rules of etiquette!

From the moment that her eye first caught a glimpse of the little fellow, not an instant passed but she seemed to be examining every hair on his back. Parker continued to address her upon the subject above, as if that was the cause of her emotion; but her answers became so wild and confused that he was about to ask the occasion of her excitement, when she turned deathly pale, and holding upon his arm for support, seemed about to sink in her tracks.

"O! Mr. Parker! let me sit down," she exclaimed in broken accents, and fainted upon one of the deck seats. Her eyes continued upon the little dog, but only to increase her emotions. Parker then perceived the dog, but, still unable to account for

such a strange scene, was himself becoming alarmed. She had not been seated more than half a minute when the little curly-haired dog came jumping close by—speaking in his own language, but uttering such expressions as were too familiar to poor Harriet. She looked quickly about the deck, as if in search of some one, but again her eyes turned upon the little dog.

"Sporty! Sporty!" said she, nearly overcome with confusion. The little dog turned his yellow eyes quickly toward her face, and seemed to be puzzled.

"Sporty!" again said Harriet, which the little fellow answered by a gentle wag of his stumpy tail, seeming as if trying to treasure up all his past history, and apologizing for his ignorance. But every movement he made, gave Harriet additional confusion.

"Sporty! Sporty!" said she, but the little dog whimpered, and then, as if nearly dying to know who was calling his name, commenced rolling over and over at her feet.

Harriet could stand it no longer, but placing her hand upon him, again called, "Sporty, Sporty!" and in an instant he leaped into her lap!

Harriet gave him a cordial embrace, which he returned according to the best of his ability; but, leaping upon the deck, he commenced capering rapidly in every direction, returning often to Harriet's lap, then again skipping off to divert her attention. Poor Harriet would have given a world to hear that little dog talk! and he seemed equally grieved that he could not.

Harriet yet sat trembling, and looking most anxiously among the crowd of passengers, but seemed desirous of concealing her emotions. Parker spoke to her about the dog, but no answer to his inquiries escaped her lips. Fixed upon some different subject her mind was still entirely absorbed; and yet the excitement of her faculties plainly showed she was expecting something still more important to be revealed.

At a little distance were two men in conversation, to one of whom the little dog made rapid visits, returning at each interval to Harriet. This gentleman was what might be very positively described as a fat man. He was of middle age, and wore an expression of desirable familiarity. His whole soul seemed to be

resting in his face and imparting good influence to whoever chanced to look upon him; in fact, goodness was pictured in his very look. He had perceived the recognition of Harriet and his little dog, and, while he conversed with his friend, his smiles were resting upon both Harriet and "Sporty." Though all of this only lasted for two or three minutes, yet to Harriet it seemed an age. She was, in fact, becoming still more confused, and although Parker offered her any assistance she could have wished for, yet she seemed to know, or hear, nothing he said. The little fat man perceived her condition, and advanced to inquire into the particulars.

"Do you know that dog, Miss?" said he.

"Yes," said Harriet, gazing wildly in his face.

"Well, I'll declare that's strange," said he. "But I guess you'd be surprised to know that dog's history. Though I don't see how you came to know him."

"Is he your dog?" Harriet asked.

"Well, I'll tell you, Miss, I claim him, but I am not his real master."

"Is his master on board?" Harriet asked.

"No, Miss, but I wish he was. I'd give a whole potato crop to know how he is getting on."

"Then you are acquainted with him?" said she.

"No, Miss, I never seed him but once, and that was the time I got that little dog."

"And where was that," Harriet asked, scarcely able to retain her self-possession.

"Well, Miss, that's what makes that dog so valuable to me. The little fellow got so tired that he couldn't follow his master; and when he stopped at my wagon, on the Plains, to rest, the little dog fell asleep, and his master went on without him. But I guess I'll find him sometime. Yes, Miss, he left him with me on the Plains. And I tell you, Miss, his master had a hard time on't. But may be you know more about him than I do?"

"No, but I am anxious to find him; will you tell me all you know of him?"

"Well, Miss, the most I know is, that he had a hard time on't with his mates, and that he left them and went on to overtake a man and his wife who were on ahead, and that it was then I seed him. But whatever came of him after that, I don't know. He was very sick when I seed him."

In a moment Harriet's excitement turned to sorrow. A deep, heavy gloom hovered over her face—her eyes were directed earnestly toward the fat man, yet she made no reply, and waited with inexpressible anxiety to hear him say something more; but alas! he had told all he knew. Thus, fixed in gloomy apprehensions, how gladly she would have burst into tears, had she dared to make her feelings public.

"I s'pose he 's some relation of yours?" said the fat man.

"I am trying to find him. It was on his account I came to California," said Harriet, giving him one of those confidential looks so expressive of secret thoughts.

Parker was still sitting by her side, and heard her speak; but calm unconcern governed his looks.

"Here, Trimmer! come here," said the fat man, and the little dog leaped upon him.

"His name is Sporty," said Harriet, and instantly he leaped upon her.

At this time the boat drew up at Benicia, and the fat man was about to go ashore; but he had scarcely signified his intention when poor Harriet involuntarily clung to the little dog as though she would rather go off herself than part with him. The bell was ringing, and no time could be lost—Harriet gave her destination and address to the fat man, who promised to let her know if he should hear anything of the missing person. He started on shore, but the little dog remained with Harriet. He looked back, first to Harriet, then to the dog, laughing, "Ah!" said he, "I believe he loves you most, and I won't interfere in his attachment. But you must tell his master about me, will you?"

"O! certainly," said Harriet, pressing the dog close to her side.

Again the clattering wheels commenced to roll, and the noble steamer floated away. Harriet waved her handkerchief, which was answered by the fat man's "wide-awake."

During the bustle at the wharf—if, indeed, it could be called a wharf—Parker withdrew, but not so far as to lose sight of Harriet's actions. For some time after the boat started on, he was earnestly discussing the affairs of the State, but often casting an anxious eye toward Harriet, who was talking all sorts of conversation to her long lost friend—the dog. And even the dog seemed sensible of her distress, often looking into her face as if nearly inclined to make an attempt in the English language. Her excitement and gloomy feelings gradually gave way to mirthful smiles, and while watching the various tricks of little Sporty, she seemed to be growing happy with her success.

The boat continued to move up the great river, sending her echoing puffs in rolling swells over the watery valley; and proudly rounding each gentle curve, her graceful march seemed to be surveying the great meadow through which she traveled. The little willows that hung so gracefully along the banks a few months before, were now floating their leafless branches in the swollen stream. Where cattle once roamed the plain, now the bright summer's sun reflected dazzling rays from large shallow lakes of moving water, and the great valley seemed wild and desolate. But on, beyond the vale, the same mighty mountains were resting in glorious grandeur; and upon their rugged peaks the silent snows of winter had piled their greatest store—half way between the heavens and the earth, their glittering sides contrasted so strangely with the mild and pleasant sun that their freezing breath seemed to chill the soul that viewed the glorious scene.

To Harriet the time passed more merrily than it had since her arrival in the golden State. She had scarcely finished admiring Sporty's tricks when the inundated city was brought to view. She looked earnestly over the place to see her old boarding-house, but, alas! its frail timbers were gone, and the city—the whole city—looked sad and wretched. The flood had disappeared, but still a lake of filth and mud surrounded every

house. The tall sycamores, where once the gentry lounged, were now deserted. Hammers and saws were ringing wherever she gazed; but many of the unfortunate sufferers were still encamped at the old graveyard. The unhappy sight was soon closed. The boat again moved onward. Her course up the river now seemed as if going among a forest. The cluster of sycamores on either side, hanging their spreading branches over the stream, but following the curve, nearly hid the river ahead.

Harriet still enjoyed Sporty's society more than she did any of her other traveling companions, and frequently busied herself by giving him his old lessons, of standing like a biped, in imitation of the human family.

Parker became involved in a serious discussion on political affairs, and some time elapsed before he again conversed with Harriet. The scene he had witnessed between Harriet and the fat man, had given him some troublesome reflections; but, determined to avail himself of as much information as possible, he finally brought his discussion to a close, and advanced to her:

"Well, Miss Lindsey, you have a very desirable little companion there," said he.

"Yes," said she, smiling.

"You have been very fortunate, to-day. I can almost envy you your happiness in finding such a fellow. Come here, Sporty," said he; but the little fellow only gave him a suspicious look, and then looked at his mistress for her consent.

"I declare, Miss Lindsey, that is a lovely dog. I am sure his master would be glad to get him again!"

"Yes, I know he would," said Harriet.

"It is very difficult to find anybody in this country, Miss Lindsey," said Parker.

"It is, indeed."

"I think I might be of service to you, Miss Lindsey, in finding your friend, as I am traveling all over the mines. If I could, I am very willing to do so."

"I would be very happy if you would. But perhaps it would be asking too much of a favor?" said she.

"O! not at all, Miss Lindsey. I should be extremely happy to do so. If you will give me his name, I am quite sure I can assist you to find him. I have a very extensive acquaintance throughout the country, and probably I have some friends who already know where he is."

"O, you are very kind, I 'm sure," said Harriet, writing the name upon a slip of paper, and passing it to Mr. Parker.

"Of course you know my address without writing it?" said Harriet.

"Certainly, Miss Lindsey, and I feel too much interested in you to forget it. I may have the pleasure of meeting you often, myself?" said Parker.

"I should be happy——" said Harriet, but, in an instant she thought of the meaning of his words, and again became confused. Parker was too close an observer to neglect her confusion; but it also gave him some concern, and pausing a little, he said:

"Happy for me to meet you!"

"You have been very kind to me," said she.

"Thank you, Miss Lindsey. But I am still in doubt as to the object of your wishes?"

"Why, I wish to find that person of whom we were speaking."

"But I perceive you do not claim him as a relation!" said Parker.

"No, he is no relation."

"Miss Lindsey, do not allow me to give you trouble. I am sure you have enough already; but if I can be of any service to you I will, happily. You know I do not call myself a good man. You know I have been a contemptible gambler. You are right—you should not think well of me."

"O! I think you are too hasty; for I am sure I did not intend you to think so; but if I said anything of the kind, I 'm very sorry."

"Thank you, Miss Lindsey, and if I have been too hasty I hope you will reckon it with all my other bad qualities. You know that such is the nature of the human mind, when it commences to be bad it takes delight in indulgence; and when I

think about my gambling life I am so miserable that I almost wish the whole State would sink for the purpose of destroying the gamblers."

"But I don't see why you allude to gambling now—you don't gamble now, do you?"

"Gamble!" said Parker, and his noble face flushed indignant, "gamble! I don't play cards any more; but what better is my business? Don't you know that I am connected with the government to plunder the foreigners in the country? and that we are determined to fill our pockets off of them, even if foreign nations don't like it!"

"Why, Mr. Parker! other countries may declare war against us if you tell people that!"

"What do we care! we are at the extremity of the Union, and the other States will have to fight it out. The people in the Atlantic States will then begin to consider the advantages of this annexing so much distant territory."

"But if it is wrong, why do yo persist in continuing?"

"Why, well I 'll tell you; — I lost all I had, through the neglect of the Government in settling those land titles—do you remember my property at Sacramento?"

"Yes, very well," said Harriet, watching his excited looks.

"Before that I was a good man, and, to acknowledge the truth, for the injury done me, I have resolved to have vengeance; and have it I will!" but his enraged voice stopped; and clenching his teeth, he turned his face to hide his passion. Harriet had never seen him manifest such a feeling before, and, partially through fear, and feeling sympathy for his aggrievance, remained quietly patting little Sporty.

"Yes, Miss Lindsey," said he, after a minute's suspense, "yes, you are right in treating me with disrespect—I deserve it."

"Why! Mr. Parker," she interrupted, "surely you are mistaking me. I have not expressed any such a sentiment; and certainly it is the most distant wish of my mind to do so. Indeed I think you are magnifying your bad disposition—I am very sorry for you having lost your property; but this is a good country for making money in, and you may soon get it all back.

But I don't see anything very bad in your office—you were not the one that made the law against foreigners. 'A good time's coming," and an unreadable smile gathered about her rosy lips.

"Let it all pass, Miss Lindsey; I'll try and not be bad any more; and if I can be of any service to you, I will, gladly. I must do something good to make amends for my bad disposition, and also for these actions, that deserve your contempt."

"But I do not treat you with contempt!"

"No, but you should; I do not want any encouragement. I tell you candidly that I am unfit to be your companion."

"But I think you are very good company; I always pass the time very happily with you."

"But I should rather you did not say so; it is the most sacred wish of my heart not to hurt your feelings."

"Neither have you, but why do you say so; have I offended you?"

"Far from it, Miss Lindsey; you have pleased me too well; you make me feel more intensely my guilty life."

"But I did not find fault with your life! ever since you have quit gambling, I have endeavored to treat you as well as I could."

"Ah! too well, Miss Lindsey, you have spoken so mildly that I have long encouraged a hope that I might some day become your——. But in the midst of my flattering hopes I now perceive that your attachment is bestowed upon another! Am I not right?" and his intellectual eye scanned her pale and blushing face, while she faintly replied:

"You are."

"Then, this is the person?" and he lifted the slip of paper to see the name.

Fear and anxiety riveted Harriet's glistening eyes upon him, for he started at the name, and said:

"Nathan Simons! Nathan Simons!" and his clear, dark eyes seemed as if they would pierce the trembling girl, who sat silent by his side; but his noble brow knit, then fell, then knit, then fell; and his manly face turned indignant, then mild, then sad, pitiful and wretched.

"Then, Miss Lindsey, you are engaged to be married to Nathan Simons!" Harriet was too confused to reply; but, in a mild voice, Parker said: "If so, I can find him for you!"

She continued to look upon him, and then faltering, said:

"It is so," and her immovable eyes grew dim, and her fair face turned deathly pale.

"I have often heard of him, and been somewhat acquainted with him; but it is long since I saw him; though I can soon find him, and I shall try and do it," said Parker; and Harriet's face crimsoned at every word; but collecting herself a little she asked:

"Then you do know him?"

"Well, Miss Lindsey, I have seen him on several occasions."

"Are you sure that he yet lives?"

"I cannot say, I am sure, but I *think* there is no doubt about it."

"Where does he live?" and the poor girl's heart seemed about to leap from its hiding-place.

"Well, I'll tell you all that I know about him. Do you remember the Dutchman that was killed in Sacramento?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, he and Nathan Simons were partners; and Simons certainly acted the part of a good man toward the Dutchman."

"Possible! but he didn't get hurt?"

"No, he did not; but, as I was going to say, I saw him after that on many occasions; the last time I saw him, he was very ill—cholera I think it was—up in the mountains between the Feather and the Yuba rivers. That was shortly after I commenced collecting tax, which is now a good while ago."

"Do you think he is there yet?" said the impatient girl.

"O no! he is not there now; for he was then talking of leaving for the city, but what city, whether Sacramento, Marysville, or San Francisco, I do not know. But I remember he said he was going down to live with his connections until he recovered."

"Connections! connections!" exclaimed the disappointed lady, and her face again turned pale.

"Yes, *connections*: a sister, I think."

"O! Mr. Parker, I am disappointed—*he* had no connections." and her handkerchief covered her face, "perhaps he said *friends*?"

"No, Miss Lindsey, I know that he said *connections*, and I am almost sure that he said *sister*."

"Then it is not the same person, and I am yet disappointed!" and alone upon trembling limbs she arose, walked to her cabin and sat down to contemplate upon her day's experience.

We have neglected to mention that, at Sacramento, the passengers were under the necessity of changing boats, for the larger ones could not run up the Yuba. But even before entering the Yuba the short crooks, stumps, tree-tops, logs, etc. in the narrow river, render it not only impassable by large boats, put fearfully interesting for small ones; and to the cautious and enterprising proprietors of boats, much credit is due to their perseverance for forcing steam navigation as far up as the little city of Marysville; for, without boasting in the least, any other people but Americans would have concluded that such a stream was only fit for geese and ducks, and, at the most, the smallest kind of canoes. This remark cannot apply to the main Sacramento, for even a cautious Scotchman would have chanced a steamboat in *such* a river; neither do we wish to make light of our Australian brethren for being so long in getting boats to running in the Murry; but if they, and our African folks, and our companions who live on the Seine, choose to take these as "side-wind" hints upon the advantages of individual enterprise being unfettered by government, they are at perfect liberty to do so.

After Harriet left Parker, he commenced promenading the deck, evidently in a restless state of *ennui*; but, being somewhat acquainted, and partially trained under the man who "would drink his own heart's blood for his country's good," he soon entered into a political argument—whether Captain Sutter, or Benjamin Franklin, or Christopher Columbus were the most concerned in bringing America to her present importance? and upon this interesting question these patriotic gentlemen made quotations from the speeches of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and from the works of Byron and Guizot; and, as important as it is to the future welfare of the country, and for all that they stamped their feet,

chewed tobacco, and used strong oaths at the two ends of every sentence, yet, the day passed by, and they finally failed to decide it satisfactorily to themselves. As this question *and its kindred* form the topic of not a few newspapers throughout our country, we shall omit the remarks of the above-mentioned gentlemen and hurry on with our story.

It was sunset when the boat fastened to some stumps on the bank of the muddy Yuba. The evening was fair, but a cold wind was coming from the distant mountains, and but a few yellow clouds streaked the northern heavens. Had the steep bank, and the level streets been disrobed of eighteen inches of mud and water, it might have been a pleasant evening to leave the boat and ramble through the little wooden city; but, as they were, the prospect was not so pleasing as many a lacework lady might imagine. However, Harriet, with her hand upon Parker's arm, and with her anti-Bloomer-fixing nicely raised, started, but always keeping an anxious eye to the little, short-legged Sporty, who frequently stumbled upon bog-holes, and was badly soiling his beautiful white covering. After a few minutes' march in that formidable style, they arrived at a small, two-story frame house, which was not characterized so much by its Gothic, or Greek, or any other foreign fashion as by its resemblance to a plain, but unpainted cow-stable. This was where the clergyman, Mr. Ellis, and lady, lived; and, as he was absent the greater part of his time, she enjoyed the whole house alone. Not many years ago Mr. Ellis and lady were in flattering circumstances, and lived in the most fashionable manner; but their extravagance finally broke them down, and though they were believed to be very pious, they were now in quite common, yet comfortable circumstances.

Mrs. Ellis was a lady of considerable intelligence, but she had a most contemptible way of whining and complaining about everything that chanced to come into her very dignified head; and often would she comment upon her misfortune, and relate the comfort in which she used to live, but never forgetting to mention how ill she had been treated by different people, and how she was envied for her beauty and happiness in early life—in fact, she was one of those *un*-entertaining creatures who are

always trying to elicit the sympathies of their hearers, and yet ungrateful for receiving them.

When crossing the Plains, she was Harriet's only companion; but, for all that, Harriet was more familiar with every one in the Michigan Company, than she was with her. Yet, as we stated before, she was intelligent (and if that alone could have made her into a human being, there is no doubt but she might have obtained her diploma), and, beside, she made extraordinary pretensions to piety, and generally looked upon herself as going to be two stories higher in heaven than any of the rest of the human family, to whom she seemed sorry to be related, especially to the—black ones. Such, she had been; but now we must follow these characteristics until we find them inhabiting a tall, ungainly tabernacle, about fifty years of age, and then we shall find as starchy a specimen of human nature as the lean, man-like face of Mrs. Ellis indicated. Whether this lady belonged to the old school or to the new school, may be judged by her white, three-cornered handkerchief carefully placed round her neck, with one long peak down her back, fastened by a single pin, and another peak down her bosom, fastened by another pin, placed at an angle of exactly so many degrees from something else.

Upon her head was a fixing that rather baffles our descriptive powers for a name; but from its appearance, it must have had one about midway between a cap and a head-dress—between a young wife, and an old woman sort of concern it was. Upon her long, coarse-jointed fingers were a number of gaudy rings—these were relics of her past greatness, and prized very highly because her great grandmother—who had been distantly related to some English nobleman—had received them as a present on account of her great beauty, and had worn them on the wedding-day that she was married to Mrs. Ellis's grandfather, an incident of no trifling importance.

From the man-like nature of this lady, one might suppose she would have been favorable to the Bloomer costume; but such was very different, for she valued her ankles so highly, that it was a great mystery to her how she had escaped from receiving

proposals from different young men to abandon her husband, a fact which, had it happened, would have been an insult to her dignity.

Mrs. Ellis was a great advocate of woman's rights, and really a political thunder-storm to the rest of her sex; and, in fact, one of those intelligent creatures who could soon bring the world to rights if she had her own way about it. Under these considerations, we must consider her prepared to meet Harriet—a lady whom she looked upon as of amiable perfections, that is, to have sprung from German stock; and, with her spectacles half-raised, she arose, walked to the door, opened it, and exclaimed:

"Well, if this ain't Miss Lindsey!"

"O! Mrs. Ellis," said Harriet; and they very cordially shook each other's hands.

Parker did not remain to interfere in their old stories, but, promising to call on the day following, he hastened off to a place which he called his sister's, of which we shall speak in due time.

Not many minutes after Harriet's arrival, she undertook to relate the manner in which she received the little dog, but she became so confused in her story, that Mrs. Ellis finally obtained the whole secret of her adventure—even that she had followed her lover to California.

"Ah! Harriet," said Mrs. Ellis, "you made a very immodest attempt; decidedly too bold for a lady of your standing. I shouldn't wonder if you should be ruined; this is a world of deception and intrigue, and everybody is giving in to the dictates of their natural heart; but it was very heedless of you to undertake such a thing anyhow. I shouldn't trust myself going among the men so—it 's a very bad mark of a lady; but then I have some of the noble blood in my veins, and I 'm sure I can't break down the customs of English women—and I 'm told that they never go among the men—and I know that in Massachusetts—which is the principal part of America—a lady shouldn't never speak to a stranger. I tell you, the nature of people is wickedness, and I shan't never consider them as anything else;

but why didn't you tell me about this sooner? I should have been very happy to have given you advice, how you should act."

Harriet had felt herself considerably relieved by divulging her secret to Mrs. Case; but the instant she placed Mrs. Ellis in possession of the true story, she felt that she could have given half of her interest in the world to have recalled it again from such an unsympathizing specimen of humanity. Harriet remained quiet to Mrs. Ellis's question; but the latter continued:

"I 'm sure you 'll never find him in the world; but, if you should, it 's nine chances out of ten he 's living with plenty other women, and his character 'll be good for nothing. It 's the nature of man's heart to be searching after wickedness, and there 's not a man in this country that I 'd trust as far as I could throw a stone—I wouldn't. But how could you expect to find anybody in such a place as this? No post-offices, no nothing but expresses; and I know, for one, I wouldn't trust my letters with the express—they 're sure to read them. It 's natural for people to be inquisitive; and I 'm sure they 'd think nothing of breaking open a letter to see what other people are writing. And then, when we 're going to get post-offices the dear knows—I don't. Congress can make great speeches about proviso bills and such like, but they 're determined to do nothing for the benefit of California; yes, if I was a man, I 'd show them a trick—a real Yankee trick. I 'd show them what we showed England once, that she was getting too large for her boots, and must go barefoot. Things are getting just exactly like they were in the glorious days of Rome. 'When she was able to conquer the world, she found some difficulty in organizing and governing it upon equitable terms. So we see that, by her great accumulation of cities and of states, each instituted for isolation and independence, they began to secede and detach from each other, and slip the noose, as it were, in every direction; and this was one of the principal causes which led to the necessity of an empire;' but the folks at home can all boast about how large our country is getting; just let 'em try living in the outskirts awhile. I guess they 'd think about children growing so fast being subject to dangerous diseases—they would. It 's all very nice for folks to

sit in the counting-room and lay great plans, but it 's dreadful bad to make mistakes. The dear knows, I 've suffered enough from this kind of legislation. Only think of giving one dollar for a letter! but that ain't what I mind, it 's having my letters read by the express-men—that 's all I care for. I don't begrudge a dollar, but then I know it 's natural for folks' hearts to incline to wickedness. There isn't but one church in this town, and that has no business here, I 'm sure, nor it wouldn't be here if I had my way about it.

"What church is that?" Harriet asked.

"Regular Baptists, but then I 'm not saying but there *may* be some good folks belonging to that church, but it 's not the church to which *I* belong. It 's the nature of that church to incline to wickedness; they're next thing to the Catholics, and I 'm sure if they could get into power they'd exterminate all the Presbyterians in the country—it 's the nature of 'em."

"They are not as bad as the Mormons, are they?"

"Well, the dear knows, I don't, but then, you know, the Mormons are the wickedest people in the world. I 'd have them exterminated if I had my way about it. Only think about them having so many wives! but I don't envy them; if women won't stand up for their rights it serves them exactly right. But I neglected to ask you about Mr. Case. Is he still following the express business?"

"Yes, and I believe he is doing very well at it."

"Yes, and there's another thing—I don't find fault with Mrs. Case, for my husband—who is the only Presbyterian minister in this part of the country—told me that Mr. Case had descended from people of rank, who first settled in the State of Massachusetts, and that satisfies me that he 's got some of the noble blood in his veins; but, what I was going to say, how do these express-men make their money! Shall we pay for the support of the government, and yet be obliged to pay one dollar for each of our letters? Why, we had better have no government, than have one that 's good for nothing! But what did you say was the name of your intended?"

"Nathan Simons."

"Nathan Simons! Nathan Simons—Nathan Simons, it seems to me I've heard of that name before. Where was he from?"

"Cincinnati."

"Bad recommendation," and the old lady seemed to pity Harriet's choice.

"There's a great many Catholics in Cincinnati, ain't there?"

"Really, Mrs. Ellis, I never gave myself the trouble to inquire."

"I'm sure it was a great neglect then; it's always the first thing I think about, that and to see if there's any Dutch and Irish. What church does Mr. Simons belong to?"

"I think he doesn't belong to any."

"Is it possible! and you want to marry him? I'd never think of such a thing; there can't be any love when they don't belong to church; it's no use, the natural heart inclines to wickedness."

"I must have loved him, for to have ventured through so much!"

"No, Harriet, that's not love; it's the sin of the natural heart. But why didn't you ask me for advice before you started across the Plains?"

"Because I chose to act according to my own judgment; I am an independent woman, and it is my duty, and my *right* to love, and to manifest that love, or bestow it upon whomsoever I wish; and I am sure no mortal has a right to interfere, or to oppose me in my attachment."

"Wickedness of the natural heart, decidedly," and the old lady seemed astonished at such words.

"No, Mrs. Ellis!" and the poor girl's face brightened, and her eyes sparkled with intelligence, "no! that is the 'wickedness of the natural heart' to wish to dictate to your fellow-mortals. I am in this world the same as any other being—*entitled to liberty*. I am as much entitled to follow my intended as you have to follow your husband. If I know him to be true to me, I should be false to conceal my own feelings from him for the sake of gaining the esteem of all the world. True love has no consulting to do with any church; it is too sacred to permit of

dictation; it is too valuable to need any particular creed to sustain it; it is too dignified to be injured by a difference of religious sentiments, and it is too dear to blunder upon the ills which heartless people would willingly cast into its pathway, by heaping suspicion upon its devoted object."

"Why, I never knew you harbored such sentiments in favor of heresy. But, you wait until you've had the experience *I* have; you'll not think it's all gold that glitters. But your sentiments on woman's liberty are right; I hold that women haven't half a chance in this world, myself; and if I had my way about it, I'd fix things upon a more equal footing, it's no use."

"Yes, but there is where many ladies stop to discuss about rights; to devise schemes to enforce men to give them more liberty. And because I act with half the liberty that you wish for, you are the first to censure my conduct! But the best thing we can do to advance woman's rights is to induce people to investigate our *natural rights*, without any regard to the town or country we are from; without any regard to the creed or sect to which we belong, and without regard to anything except our *natural* rights—which are the only considerations that will establish the equality we desire. In fact, we must discard every creed and resort to nature alone, if we wish to harmonize our condition."

"Well, I don't agree to that; I was taught to judge things according to Scripture; and I'm sure it's the only way whereby we can perceive the wickedness of the natural heart, it's no use."

"I have nothing to do with that; but whose church will give the true standard of human rights according to Scripture?"

"Why, the Presbyterian, of course; but hark! that's our tea-bell. Come now, we'll go and have some supper; you must be very tired. Bring the little dog—what do you call him?"

"Sporty."

"Come, Sporty!—come Sporty, Sporty. Did you say that Mr. Simons owned him?"

"Yes; he was a great favorite with him. But he lived at our house most of the time."

"There is some one rapping at the door," said Harriet, as they returned from tea.

"O! good evening, Mr. Parker, come in, and be seated," said Mrs. Ellis.

"No, I thank you, I have not time," said he; "is Miss Lindsey in?" and the young lady walked to the door, and bid him "good evening."

"Well, Miss Lindsey, I have been to the post-office and made inquiry for you, but I am sorry to say there is nothing answering to your name."

"Are you sure? Did you examine particularly?"

"Very, very. I looked over everything, and labored faithfully for you, but there is nothing for you—nothing," said Parker; and Harriet tossed up her hands and exclaimed:

"O! how can I bear this!" and turned toward her seat; but Parker again said:

"I know that the person of whom I was telling you, when we were on the boat, is the very identical man, Nathan Simons, you are after. I am sure I am not mistaken!"

Harriet again turned pale and trembled, but asked:

"Do you know to what city he went?"

"No, I do not, Miss Lindsey, but I am sure that I can find him. You can trust me. There is a heart within my bosom, Miss Lindsey," and he shook her snowy hand, "but I can not remain now, I have business to attend to; but if you will accompany me to-morrow, at ten o'clock, I will conduct you to my sister's, where you can give me a tune on the piano, if you will be so kind?" and, bowing, he waited her reply.

"I shall be happy to go, very," said Harriet, and she seemed to believe that a better day had already arrived.

Parker's gentlemanly appearance captivated Mrs. Ellis's eyes at once, and he had scarcely left, when she commenced expatiating upon his probable high connections, and royal blood. Upon this profitable subject, and making occasional "sidecuts" at political matters, she passed upward of an hour—not even stopping to inquire after the information that Parker had referred to about Simons. How great a bore such a woman was to

poor Harriet, in her very unenviable condition, can scarcely be imagined, much less described; but if the reader has ever met some of those tedious creatures of that nature, we hope he or she, will tell them about Mrs. Ellis's little regard for the patience of Harriet.

It was late when Harriet retired; for after Mrs. Ellis commenced commenting upon the ill-fortune that had been her lot, and upon the "evil neighbors with whom she was obliged to associate," she went like the winds, piercing every crack that her fault-finding mind could discern, and continued to run after everybody else were asleep. But, after all, Harriet got to bed, and sincerely repented that she had made such a visit. Her room was on the second floor, and comprised one-half the house. The room contained but little furniture—two beds, two chests, half a dozen boxes, a saddle and bridle, a bag of beans, some potatoes and onions, two dozen of Mrs. Ellis's dresses and some "unmentionable woman's ware" hanging along the walls, and in front of each bed was a strip of cheap carpeting. Harriet made choice of the bed which stood close by a large window, through which a full moon took the liberty of making the whole room nearly as light as day. How she disrobed herself and mounted into such an humble bed, of course can not be imagined by one of our years; but, suffice it, she was lying in her bed, pondering over the extraordinary things of the past day, and watching the tricks of little Sporty—now the dearest object to her that was in Marysville.

In this little fellow's rambles about the house, he had discovered a pup of about the same size; and with this associate he entered into a general tussling match in front of Harriet's bed. Harriet had been seriously meditating over past times, and felt like anything else but sleeping; and when these little dogs were trying their various physical proportions, she leaned over the side of her bed, watching their silly maneuvers, comparing her own unhappy condition with the nature and dispositions of these little creatures. In this way a great part of the night passed, and her troubled mind became unconscious of the weariness and fatigue of which she had felt such a superabundance during

Mrs. Ellis's lectures. But, while in this leaning posture, slumber gradually overcame her, and she unfortunately lost her balance and rolled out of bed! In this trifling fall, her face hit upon one corner of a chair, and received a slight bruise just below one eye; however, determined to have a sleep, she again entered her bed, and whether the fall had, or had not, brought her to a rational settlement of her former troubles, it mattereth not, but she changed very much from her wakeful mood, and fell into as sweet a sleep as ever overcame a wearied person.

"Peggy," said Mrs. Ellis to her servant, next morning, "I do wish you 'd go up stairs and call Harriet. It 's so dreadful late; people ought to have been up an hour ago. It appears to me some people like to indulge in the wickedness of the natural heart. Go and tell her the breakfast 'll all get cold—go Peggy." Away went Peggy; but in a minute after she returned with Harriet by her side. Mrs. Ellis was like most grumbling people, an early riser, and whoever failed to rise as early as herself, were subject to her rigid suspicion. She had scarcely noticed the bruise upon Harriet's face, when she exclaimed:

"Why, Harriet! what have you been doing? Have you been out last night?" and a vindictive suspicion twisted her long face into frightful ugliness.

Harriet sat down and gave her a brief explanation of her fall, and the question seemed to be settled.

"Well, Miss Lindsey," said Parker, "you see I am here at the appointed time!"

"Yes, Mr. Parker, but I fear I shall be obliged to disappoint you. I fell out of bed last night and injured my face, so that I am not anxious to go out."

"I perceive you have a slight scar, but that is nothing; and if I was disposed to be a flatterer, I should tell you that it only renders the other parts of your face more beautiful, by being so great a contrast. But, laying all jokes aside, it is nothing. Neither must you expect you are going to meet a lady of extraordinary pretensions. I told her you were coming." Harriet studied a moment and then replied:

"I am too anxious to meet your sister to refuse to accompany you—I will go."

After some little preparation, Harriet's hand rested upon Parker's arm, and they started. This gentleman was well known by the gamblers, officials, and a certain class of "private ladies" who lived in many parts of Marysville; and when accompanying Harriet through the streets in her present condition, it is needless to say what were the public notions entertained.

"Well, Parker, who've you got this time? A new importation, eh? Be liberal, won't ye?" were some of the questions that fell upon poor Harriet's ears as they passed in front of some of the gambling saloons. But as it was a 'free country,' of course those 'gentlemen' had a right to say what they thought; and, of course, such saloons had a right to stand in the most prominent places—privileges for which any man ought to be willing to "drink his own heart's blood" as well as to be desirous of introducing into the Sandwich Islands and Cuba, lest the uncivilized French or barbarous English—who do not allow such liberty—get possession, and endanger the souls of the poor natives! A curious fellow is this "Young America!"

Parker and Harriet had not passed many of these "free institutions," when they met the clergyman, Mr. Ellis, who had been absent for a week on the duties of his profession. This gentleman was a very equal match for his man-like wife—a sort of wooden man he was, with a "lean and hungry look." But, like most ugly men, he was in possession of considerable intelligence, and a heart as cold and hard as granite. Mr. Ellis argued that, with intelligence, that is, with a good sound education, people would be much better prepared to live a happy life, than by any other training. He looked upon love stories as not only trifling, but dangerous things—a kind of something that hindered intellectual eminence, which he considered the only meliorating principle that there was in existence. Remember, this was his *theory;* yet if the reader will recollect, this same individual did not hesitate to leave Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin when on the Plains, at the time that poor Nixon was about dying. But if we judge by his mode of living, and his apparent happiness, we

shall perceive that he, like all other stern disapprovers of love stories, enjoyed his life by a perpetual warfare with his man-like wife.

Harriet did not make this visit because she entertained a superabundance of affection for these wooden people, but, preferring to try the Marysville post-offices awhile, before starting back to the Atlantic States, and, woman-like, having nearly forgotten the unsociable dispositions of these remarkable people, and only remembering their good qualities, she considered their habitation would, at least, afford her a comfortable home for a short time.

When she and Mr. Parker met Mr. Ellis, they halted to pass a few familiar questions. Mr. Ellis made particular inquiry about the bruise upon Harriet's face, and received a true answer to his inquiries. After this, Mr. Ellis started homeward, and Harriet and Parker proceeded toward their intended visiting place. This was on one of the principal streets of the city, and upon the second floor of a good frame house. From the pavement a stairway was the means by which entrance was to be gained; and although this out-of-door ascent was perfectly safe from falling, yet it was so steep that to descend it with safety, some patience was necessary. Up this stairway they went, and entered a room—it was a nicely furnished one, and resembled a sitting-room, parlor, drawing-room, library, dancing-hall and bed-room, all in one. In this curious, but luxurious room, Parker introduced a Mrs. Brown to Harriet, and, being a free-and-easy kind of a fellow, a lively conversation soon commenced. Mrs. Brown was a pretty woman, about twenty-five, with black curls, dark-brown eyes, arched brows, rather luxurious lips, dimpled cheeks, red as roses, round snowy neck, graceful shoulders and plump person. In conversation she often used the words "by jing," and generally accompanied her high-heeled dancing with a profusion of Mississippi phraseology—"big niggers," "sweet potatoes," "fanatics of the North," "knows beans when the bag is open," "there's more'n me that slips the rack," "yaller fogyism," "peanuts too good for niggers,"—but, with all this, she laughed, played well upon the piano, sung sweetly, and was,

altogether, a very entertaining, if not a pleasing companion. Although Harriet was somewhat puzzled by this mysterious kind of ladyism, yet she entertained no doubt but that she was actually conversing with Parker's own sister, and a lady of a little more fashionable life than the very humble Dr. Sparks had chosen to make herself acquainted with. But the most entertaining article about the house was the piano; this was a splendid affair, and of sufficiently fine finish to have engaged the attention and admiration of "Old Nick" himself. How Harriet and her companions enjoyed the day, and what they said and did, we cannot take time to relate; but, having enjoyed a good dinner, sung and talked, and laughed at their pleasure, the sun was setting when Harriet and Parker started back toward Mrs. Ellis's. The evening was fair, but chilly—a fact that prevented the "gentlemen" from standing in front of the gambling saloons, and, consequently, permitted Harriet to pass without hearing the suspicions upon herself, which she heard so frequently in the morning.

This kindness and attention on the part of Parker, together with his faithful promises to find Simons, rendered him an object of regard and value to Harriet greater than he had ever been, and seemed to blot out all his gambling qualities, and place him among her most trusty friends. On their way back to Mrs. Ellis's Harriet was not at all backward in her thanks to Parker, for having introduced her to his sister, whom she now looked upon as going to be one of her most intimate companions. In this kind of enjoyment she was when they turned the corner, reached the house and beheld her trunk standing upon one end on the sidewalk! Mrs. Ellis was standing at her door, her cap-fixing thrown wildly back, her man-like face drawn into a focus of furious hatred, her eyes were like an eagle's, her long-jointed fingers like the paws of a hyena twisting in each other, her long back was leaning forward, and a flame of fire seemed about to burst from her long, wooley lips. But, by her side, a little in the rear, stood Mr. Ellis, the clergyman. He was bareheaded, his white locks were curling with rage; his nostrils were distended, his Roman nose seemed to be converted into a vulture's

beak; his eyes were dilated and red, and his 'lean and hungry-looking' person seemed about to crisp with vengeance. Upon these human monsters—brother and sister of the human family, poor Harriet looked, trembled and nearly fainted upon the arm of Mr. Parker.

"What can it mean?" flew through her mind a thousand times in a second. "What can it mean?" and she thought she saw a beast with horns trying to escape the throats of the clergyman and his wife. "What can it mean?" and she saw their hideous mouths open, and she heard these words:

"Begone! begone! guilty wretches! away from my sight! you sinful, dirty things! Begone! begone! begone! begone!"

"What can this mean?" she tried again to ask, but again the inhuman mouths said, "Begone! begone! begone! begone! guilty, wicked wretches! Away! away! away! away! sinful creatures! Begone! begone! begone! begone from my house! Away! away! away!"

"What can this mean?" and the trembling girl leaned hard upon Parker, but again they cried:

"Take that dirty thing away! away! away! away! away with her!" cried the clergyman and his wife, as fast and as loud as their voices would permit.

"What can this mean?" asked Parker, and his face glowed with manliness, his eyes sparkled with courage, and his brow knit with dignity of feeling. But again the minister and his wife bellowed:

"Away! away with her! She's filled with sin! We detest her! She's abominable! Away with her! Begone! begone!"

"But why do you not explain yourselves?" said Parker; but, although he asked over and over, he received the same answer:

"Begone! begone! begone! Take the sinful thing away! away! away! away!"

Parker perceived that remonstrance was useless, and called an express wagon to remove Harriet's trunk; and they started off in search of some other stopping-place, with the abuse of the clergyman and his wife still being heaped upon them.

However low an opinion they might have formed of Harriet, and however great might have been their respectability, nothing could have justified such unexplained conduct, nothing could have been so little likely to produce a reformation—even if she had fallen.

This outrage occurred just after sunset, and before the moon arose, so that Harriet and Parker were now left to ramble about in the dark in search of a boarding-house. What could have been Harriet's feelings toward these wooden people can scarcely be imagined; but, here her troubles only commenced. Parker was too well known at the respectable hotels, to be permitted to bring a lady, especially one with a bruised face; and, consequently, at the first half-dozen houses to which he applied, he met no favors, and was obliged to hear improper hints about Harriet, some of which were even plain enough for her to understand. Under this most goading of all suspicions, the poor girl now felt a sting of despair that she had never before known; and, while tears were rapidly bursting from her eyes—which made her look still more suspicious—she could feel that every moment was piercing and unnerving her almost exhausted person. After rambling about for some time without any apparent success, she proposed to go and stop with Parker's sister; but to this he objected, saying that the place might be too noisy, and too public; and upon this he continued to assure her, until she at last exclaimed:

"O! Mr. Parker, I can go no further!" and immediately fainted. This was near a very humble, half private, half public, canvas and wooden concern, in front of which a small board, marked with tar, read, "PRIVATE BOARDING HERE." In this small, one-story affair, Parker engaged a room and board for Harriet.

After some kind words, and faithful promises to call again on the following day, Parker left—but he left behind him a heart beating with gratitude for his good, and apparently, uninterested conduct.

CHAPTER XX.

With tearful eyes, Simons sat listening to his fair sister, and while her musical voice related the happy hours of their early days, and the childish peculiarities of their first associations, his mind was carried back to the last embrace he received from his heart-broken mother! But when she alluded to himself being borne upon the arms of their kind father toward the ship, while the weeping family were clinging to his little feet and hands, and bestowing their farewell kisses upon his pale face, his hand raised to his noble forehead, and, while his full breast heaved with emotion, his melodious voice broke from its slumber.

"O! sister! forbear; for I am made disconsolate and weary!" and her little black eyes turned upon him, her rosy lips parted, her clear voice united with his, and the air, "Sweet, sweet Home" was sung more feelingly than ever before escaped mortal lips.

"Come, brother, let us not be sad, but tell me of your lady-love, for I am growing anxious to see those beautiful gray eyes that have so charmed your soul. I am sure I 'll love her—I know she 'll make me a good sister.

"In a few months, Julia, you shall see her, and judge of her perfections as it may please yourself."

"A happy thought! Prosperity is delightful! A few months only!"

"Yes, Julia, such prosperity will soon enable us to return where we can live and enjoy life as rational beings should."

"How is that, brother? You hugging your wife, and I—and I—and I talking politics to my husband! Well, really 'there's a good time coming,'" and her dimpled hands swung him into a polka, her musical tones went warbling round the hall like ministering angels, and her girlish laughter burst forth at every turn, happier than that of which the poet can sing.

He withdrew into the sitting-room, where many people were reading newspapers, or conversing upon the common affairs of the

times, and of their own fortunes, or of the misfortunes of themselves and everybody else. His attention was directed toward two red-faced, good-looking, curious sort of young men. Whatever he said, they watched exceedingly close; whatever he did, they looked upon him, and in a few minutes their gaze became riveted. If he raised his hand they watched it; if he moved his lips they watched him; if he turned his eyes they noticed it; neither did a moment elapse without their stare becoming more serious and fixed upon him.

"Have I ever seen these men before?" flew through his mind at every unconcerned glance of his penetrating eye. "Why do they watch me so?" and his manly form was bent in study while his brilliant mind stole back upon days of the past.

"Surely they cannot be enemies to *me!*" and he looked again, but the same wild stare was riveted upon him. "Certainly, I have seen those faces before?" and grief resulted from his deficient memory. But again he looked, and he saw one of them cramming his hands deep into his pockets; he saw a smile gathering over his broad face; and, as the curious man arose and came toward him, he felt his heart fluttering, and his want of recollection became painful in the extreme.

"Who *can* they be?" and the same sad deficiency in memory began to overburden his manly person, and nervousness took possession of his silent lips. But the curious man stood before him, and said:

"I think they ca' ye Mr. Simons?"

He continued to look at the curious man, and immediately a smile played upon his features, his eyes darted from one to another, and his full voice exclaimed:

"You are the Scotchmen who carried me upon the mountain! God bless you! my friends!" and he shook them cordially by the hand and wept.

In the golden days of California, that is, in its most glorious days, many of the miners would often accompany their friends, (who were returning to their homes with fortunes) as far as Sacramento. This not only gave them an opportunity of having a recreation from mining, but afforded the advantage of depositing

their gold dust with some banker, which would avoid the necessity of carrying it while in the mines. Upon this errand the two Scotchmen had accompanied Wattie to Sacramento—to see him safely off, and to deposit their little fortunes with a certain Mr. Lee, where they wished it to remain until they made another trial at the mines. Fortunately they stopped at Hamlin's Hotel, and afforded an opportunity for Simons to bestow the thanks and gratitude upon his preservers, for which he had so often prayed. This was in the summer season, and Hamlin was again prospering. After the flood disappeared he proceeded to his vacant lot, in company with his little black-eyed wife, and after a serious consultation, they resolved to mortgage the property, in order to purchase lumber for the erection of another hotel. In this they were successful, and fortune was soon smiling upon them. Mrs. Hamlin had resolved never to permit her brother to leave her again, and, although he had recovered from his long illness, yet she had witnessed the entire fall of all her relations, and clung to him with as devoted affection as ever a sister had for a brother, and could scarcely endure the thought of being again separated from him.

"Weel, Mr. Simons," said Chips, "come and sit ye doon, and we 'll tell ye what 'll do yer sowl guid."

"Certainly," said Simons, "but I am already under too many obligations to you."

"Nonsense! maun, ye 're no welcome to gie us sa many thanks, for I 'm sure ye'll some day meet an opportunity to do some ither folk a kindness to balance the trifle we did for ye. But sit ye doon and hear what I 'm going to say 'til ye; ye 're na sa bad-looking, Mr. Simons, since ye recovered from the cholera."

"Ha! maun," said Willie, who stood in silent admiration, looking into Simons' face, "I ne'er tho't ye'd turn out sic a fine stout fellow. Often I think I see ye lying in the burnin' sun upon that high moontain."

"Supper is waiting," said Mrs. Hamlin, and Simons conducted his friends to the dining-room, where, in true American fashion, he left them to the enjoyment of their repast, undisturbed by conversation. Simons was anxiously awaiting to hear the good

news which Chips was going to relate; and he was well prepared to have him commence as soon as tea was over. But, in this he was disappointed, for they all stated that, as it was the last night they should enjoy in company with Wattie, they wished to stroll through the city in search of amusement. This was in the palmiest days of gambling, and a more excellent treat was never known than to have an evening promenade through the streets of that young city. Some of the first musicians from every nation in the world were playing in the gambling saloons, which stretched along nearly every street; and such a variety of airs bursting forth in every direction, swelling and echoing among the tops of the sycamores, and making more harmonious music perhaps than ever before was made by the mingling of so many different players, produced an impression upon the mind which words cannot express. Then too, such moonlight nights! The air, so mild and still that even the moonbeams seemed to be filled with departed spirits! But when nearing the corner of J. and fourth streets, the Italian, German, French, English and American music sent forth their thousand chords, in loud peals of never-ceasing grandeur and sublimity, which made it look like the happy but long-distant period when "war shall be no more!"

Ah! proud indeed should the American be to think that his country is the grand asylum for the whole world! and the first in prompting good-will among men. But no wonder that his heart beats with pride, dignity, patriotism and enthusiasm when he still hears faint voices breathing eternal hatred against Republicanism—voices from the lips of those who were serfs at home—who saw, but never entered fine palaces—who were ruined by ecclesiastical administration, and yet are anxious to have its almighty grasp introduced into a position where its publicity would occasion a perpetual warfare among neighbors, and demand a guillotine to divide the public school fund.

"Come, Chips," said Simons, after having promenaded the streets for some time, "come, let us enter the Eldorado. I wish to point out Mr. Warner, the man who murdered the German."

"I dinna ken aboot going in," said Wattie, seeming to think

that a gambling saloon was not just exactly what it should be:

"What do you say aboot it, Wattie?"

"O! certainly, we must go in," said Wattie, and in a minute more they were promenading the great hall.

"Here," said Simons, "this is the man, with those white eyebrows trying to climb his forehead." Here he pointed to the man whose mouth was still marked with tobacco-juice, but holding a long cigar, while his misty-looking eyes were carefully examining the gold and silver which his long, awkward hands were in the act of stowing into a large buckskin bag—evidently, he was about quitting for the night.

While they were thus looking upon him, in came Mr. Parker and Mr. Miller, and their meeting with Warner seemed to be a chance more pleasant than they had expected; accordingly, they shook each other's hands heartily, and sat down to converse. In a moment Simons recognized them to be the same men who had so heartlessly burned the butcher's brush-house; but neither of them noticed him. Our three observers now drew closer, to hear the conversation of these three gamblers.

"Well, Parker," said Warner, "I 've licked them in pretty well since you 've been away. I fleeced a miner last night; a real big green un, into the tune of seven hundred dollars."

"Well, that was something of a haul; but did you do it by fair means?"

"Certainly, Mr. Parker. I called him on a little at a time, so that before he got drunk I had half of it, and then, you know, it was easy enough to fix him up. Another month or so is all I want at this business—I'll grind out a fortune some way or other."

"Then, you have given up running for the legislature this season, too?" said Parker.

"O, no—I am only getting ready. You see, my opinion is, that next year gambling won't be very good—there is too many in the business, then, beside, nearly all the miners has got skeered at betting since the Legislators and Governor, and them's got at it; for I tell you some of them are mighty smart fellers."

"Well, then, if you are going to run, you must soon start out to stump it?"

"Certainly, Mr. Parker," said Warner, drumming on his breast, while the same white eyebrows were trying to ascend his forehead with as much perseverance as in days of yore. "Certainly, I propose starting out as soon as Mr Miller there thinks it 's advisable. But I s'pose a month 'll be plenty soon enough?"

"Yes; I think so," whined Mr. Miller.

"Well, don't put it off too long—mind, this State's business must be attended to. You couldn't guess what a haul Mr. Miller and I have made this time. We came near frightening all the foreigners off the mines. Miller, though I am sorry to say it of him, has had a good many fights," said Parker, jokingly, looking at Miller.

It will be observed that Parker assumes a great many different appearances, as indeed all accomplished villains do. From some of his conversation among our personages, or within their hearing, it would seem as though he had repented of his sins, and reformed his conduct; and then, again, as though his mind was continually plotting the wickedest of crimes.

"But I guess I left a few sore places on some them I fought with," whined Miller, whose voice was now recognized by the Scotchman, as the person of whom they had heard so many different foreigners complaining; and the same to whom they paid their tax. Not having ever seen such officials, they drew close in order to hear the strange conversation of our republican men of honor; cramming their hands deep into their pockets; with their astonished eyes stretched wide open, they gave an interesting gaze, and grew wonderfully silent.

"How did you make it?" Warner asked.

"Steward! steward! bring a half-dozen champagne here, forthwith. Come, put up your bank, Mr. Warner; we 'll have a blow out—it is no use to be hard upon time" said Parker, becoming playful.

"Well," he continued, "Miller and I have made as much as any ten gamblers in Sacramento, that is, during the same length of time. I tell you. sir. I would put tax collecting against any

other business in California. And too, I will put Mr. Miller and myself against any other two men in the country for collecting it. It would do your soul good, Mr. Warner, to see us rake the Chinese. They are industrious, and they always have plenty of money. Here, steward, hurry along. How much for a half dozen?"

"Never mind, Mr. Parker, I'll stand this whack," said Warner, handing the money to the steward.

"Well, Mr. Warner," Parker continued, "I actually thought I would die laughing, one day, when Miller got after a Chinaman. You see, the Chinaman first told us he had a license, but when we asked him to show it, he had none. Then he told us he had no money; but when we commenced to break his cradle, you ought to have seen him bring out his purse. A thundering swag he had. Well, he paid us one month's license, and we were about starting on, but says Miller, 'That man never made so much money as that in a month—here, by G—d, I'll fix him,' and then said he to the Chinaman, 'Here, let me see your purse,' well, the Chinese are as afraid of an officer, as they are of God himself, so he very agreeably handed it over—'Now,' said Miller, looking him firmly in the face, 'now you have told a lie—the Great Spirit says you have been here longer than a month—now, sir, you have lost all you had. Remember, and don't lie any more, or I'll have your head taken off'—so, the Chinaman, nearly frightened out of his senses, commenced changing his Celestial brown into a purple-white. Miller pocketed the gold and stamped his foot at the Chinaman two or three times, and the poor fellow scampered off to his tent to cry about it."

"Hugh! they're a perfect baby set," said Miller.

"But," said Parker, "I did not want to take it all, but after Miller told me about how little good it would do him in China—all heathens, you know—I concluded it was a case that didn't need much pleading—especially as it suited us very well in another way. That is good champagne! That is *real* champagne!"

"'Tis so—it's jam-up," said Warner.

"But it is not all sunshine, Mr. Warner," said Parker, "we have some rough times with the d—d English and French."

CHRISTIANS EXTORTING MONEY FROM THE HEATHENS, ACCORDING TO LAW.

"Yes," said Miller, emphatically, "them d—d English, I don't like them. They're getting d—d saucy; some of 'em are beginning to think they have as much right in our country as we have! Preposterous! What do they know about the laws of our country—as ignorant as the day is long! Why, some of 'em have told me to my face, that they didn't think the foreign tax was just! How dare they to meddle with our free institutions. *Them!* brought up in monarchy dictate about our country!" and, dashing his tumbler, violently down, waited for a reply. To give them justice, they had been drinking before, and were now somewhat influenced by the spirited demon.

"Ah!" said Parker, assuming a philosophical appearance, "I can't agree with you there, for it does my soul good to see a spirited fellow. Yes sir, if I was to have my choice, I would rather see every foreigner in the country refuse to pay that tax; it would show a better spirit, and by G—d, you know I would rather see a regular good spirited fellow, than these sleepy-headed ones, who think an officer or a priest is something akin to divine

power. Take your glass, Mr. Warner, you are very delicate about drinking, to-night."

"O! no, I think I 'm doing mighty well; but Mr. Miller ain't drinking his sheer."

"By C—t you wouldn't have a feller make a beast of himself, would you?" said Miller, whose eyes were a very true interpretation of his apprehension.

"What do you mean?" demanded Parker. "Do you mean to say that Mr. Warner and myself are making beasts of ourselves?"

"No, not at all," said Miller, swinging his head heavily; "but if my words meant that, by C—t, I 'm very sorry for it—but here 's luck to us all,"—emptying his tumbler.

"No apology is necessary, I know you are all right—everything is good that ends well, you know," said Parker. "But let me see—what were we talking about before—I 'm blamed if I don't begin to think there is not much *sham* about that article; for my head is getting to be d—d near as big as that table!"

"Why you 's a talking about foreigners paying their taxes," said Warner.

"Ah! I recollect; thank you, Mr. Warner. Well, well, we made a good haul off of 'em this time—didn't we? And we 've got the money, Mr. Miller, haven't we? And we 'll keep it, Mr. Miller, won't we? Possession is nine points of the law all the world over, but it 's ten points in California—ain't it, Mr. Miller? By G—d we know how to butter our bread—don't we, Mr. Miller? But you mustn't mind, Mr. Warner—we 're going to annex the Sandwich Islands, and you shall have a turn with us—sure 's you 're born—shan't he, Mr. Miller?"

"I heered they wasn't a-going to be annexed."

"Who said that, Mr. Warner," demanded Miller, rising and swinging his fist over his head. "I say *who* said it? *Who* is it that *dares* say the Eagle isn't going to stretch his wings round the world? Some d—d fanatic, I'll bet! Some d—d tory to his country! Who was it?" and the poor politician choked with rage.

"Why I've seen it in the papers," said Warner.

"You've seen it in the papers? Tell me who the d—d scoundrel is, that's publishing such d—d f—y, G—d d—d heresy as that?" and his full, bloodshot eyes glared with political vengeance upon Mr. Warner.

"It was the London Times," said Warner.

"The London Times! Is it running in opposition to our country?" continued Miller, striking heavily upon the table. "Them d—d, G—d d—d English'll get a drubbing yet. By C—t we can't do nothing but what they're sticking their d—d noses in it. But I say the Sandwich Islands shall be annexed, and our glorious Stars and Stripes shall rescue them from bondage!"

"Shall rescue them from bondage!" joined Warner and Parker, and immediately they drank prosperity to our "free country!"

"Yes, sir, continued Parker, "and when they are annexed I wouldn't take my chance in the President's chair as quick as to get some little office out there. There'll be few candidates there to run against, and almost any feller can get elected. There'll be some good fleecing, Miller?"

"You are right," replied Miller, "but you mustn't let the cat out o' the bag; though I'm d—d if I don't believe you're getting drunk!"

"No," said Parker, striking upon the table, "no, I'm as sober as I was the day I was born; and I never do get drunk; by G—d, I'm too much of a gentleman for that. But about these d—d foreigners, some way my ideas are d—d wild to-night. I expect that champagne is some d—d rubbish—poison-stuff, I expect. Here, steward! here! I say, take that d—d trash away, and bring us a pure article of French champagne."

"That's a pure article, sir," said the little greasy-headed steward, bowing, "it's the very best champagne, sir; it's the pure French champagne, sir: the very best in the city, sir, I can assure you, sir."

"Well, let it be then, we'll finish it somehow or other," said Parker.

"I'll bet we will," said Warner.

"Yes, and as much more," said Miller.

"Well, Mr. Miller," said Warner, after having spent some time over the qualities of the liquor, "when do you think we'd best start out to stump it? I'm afeered if we don't start mighty soon, somebody else'll be for running!"

"Let 'em run and be d—d; what in the h—ll do we care for 'em? I know of a d—d sight better chance, anyhow. I know of more'n a dozen men that have made independent fortunes this summer."

"What's that Mr. Miller?" they both asked.

"Well, I'll tell you. You know James B. Marten, don't you?"

"Superintendent of the government stores at Benicia?" said Parker.

"Yes, the very same. Well, sir, by G—d, that feller told me with his own mouth, that he had made a cool hundred thousand this summer."

"A hundred thousand dollars in one summer!" exclaimed Warner and Parker.

"Yes, it's a fact, sure's I'm born," said Miller, striking the table and looking greatly astonished.

"Why, how did he do it?" questioned the others, nodding their giddy heads over the table, and anxiously waiting a reply.

"Well, I'll tell you how he done it. Do you know about them mules sent out for the service?" and Miller leaned calmly over the table.

"Certainly, certainly," the others replied.

"Well, you ask J. B. Marten what he done with them mules, and then you'll understand how he made his money."

"Did he sell them?—did he, though?'

"He did that, and, what's more, he's" (patting upon his pocket) "got the money, too."

"But won't the government find it out?"

"The government of this State are in cahoot with him."

"But Congress?"

"And how'll Congress find out?"

"Make inquiry what 's become of the money?"

"But who 'll they make inquiry of?"

"Of the officers of this State, to be sure."

"Ha, ha, haw!" exclaimed Miller, striking the table, "and that 'll be the end of it. Ha, ha, haw! But how many beside J. B. Marten have made a hundred or so thousand, do you think?"

"More! how many more!" exclaimed Warner and Parker, earnestly.

"Yes, how many more?" said Miller, becoming in a better humor.

"None, I say," answered Parker.

"None, *none!* ha, ha, haw! Why there 's not a man connected with them stores but what 's got his d—d pockets as full as they can hold. Every whit of provisions sent out for emigrants and for the Indians was sold, and they pocketed every red, every d—d red—they did."

"Yes, and by G—d," said Parker, "there's where I tell Warner; just let the Sandwich or the West Indies, or any other Islands be annexed, and if we don't have some——"

"Careful, careful," exclaimed Miller, "there's always some d—d fanatics hanging 'bout to ketch up things, you know," and he turned his snakish eyes about to observe who were watching their remarks.

"Here, steward!" called Warner, after having held a little private consultation over something, "here steward!"

"Yes sir, yes sir," said the little man with the greasy head.

"Open that other bottle, steward."

"Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir," said the steward.

"Well, here's luck, Mr. Warner," said Parker, reeling right and left in good-humored style, and emptying his glass; and then Miller said:

"Here's to h—ll with the London Times, and every d—d foreigner in the country. Here's God-speed to the Sandwich Islands and to Cuba; and to h—ll with every d—d fanatic that opposes the progress of our 'free institutions.' Here's to the Wilmot proviso, and Webster's speech; and to h—ll with every

abolitionist. Here's to the land of the 'free, and home of the brave,' and to the extermination of every d—d foreigner that won't pay his tax, or offers to open his mouth about the laws of our country—yes, *to h—ll with 'em.* And above all, here's to ourselves, officers of the government, by G—d," and down went the champagne, amid the shouts of Parker and Warner.

"Come, now," said Warner, "let's go over to the New Orleans. The Secretary is over there this evening."

"The Secretary is?" exclaimed Miller.

"Yes," said Warner, "he's opened a new bank—faro I believe."

"Thunder and lightning! Has he though? But why on earth didn't you tell us before? I'm off, by G—d. Come on," said Miller, and he staggered out of the house, followed by Warner and Parker.

Although these men held an important position in California, and were the particular friends and associates of the Governor, and every other official, yet, their language was accompanied with so much profanity, criminal threats and abuses, that the reader can scarcely imagine the difficulty under which we have labored in order to convey an idea of their actual degradation, and yet have our story fit to be seen. Indeed, it is painful in the extreme to have our story soiled by introducing such low characters, but, as they were, and finally got to be among the first officers of that golden territory, we are obliged to relate their conduct, and the better quality of their language, so far as it came under the observation of our friends.

"Come," said Simons, "let us follow them over to the New Orleans. The Secretary and several of the legislators are over there, come!" and they arose and again went into the street.

"Mr. Simons," said Chips, "whae is this Secretary they are talking aboot?"

"Secretary of the State," said Simons.

"Ay!" said Chips, "I dinna ken rightly what a' they were saying, but I tho't they seemed nearly daft aboot something. But d' ye ken that ane whae whines sa like a sick wife? he's the

maun whae pullet doon so many houses, and broke so many tools."

"*Many* houses?" said Simons.

"Ay! a good many houses. Ha! they are awfu' wicked folk, but that ane is the very deil himsel'. But, Mr. Simons, I 'm astonished to find sa ill-will against the foreigners. Why, everybody tellet me that in America folk were allowed their rights; but I 'm sure this is na fair, for to be ane law for the Americans, and anither for the foreigners! I ne'er tho't sic a silly folk as we could mak' ony trouble in sic a free country as this!"

"Neither do you," said Simons, "I 'm sure you are as welcome in our country as we are ourselves. That is one of the proudest claims our country possesses."

"Ha! maun ye are surely not aware what deeds are done in the mines."

"Yes, I know all about it; but I did not allude to the tax; I meant the public feeling throughout the country.'.

"But I dinna rightly understan' the ways o' yer country, but I tho't the laws were based upon the will o' the people."

"So they are said to be; and so they are in our well-regulated States; but in a new country like this, the common people are too much engaged in making money to pay any attention to the government. And, as nearly everybody comes here for the purpose of making money, they will uphold any law that promises them a fortune. There is the danger of us annexing so much territory—the men who will settle in such places would nearly uphold piracy itself if they could fill their pockets in some petty office by it. It 's not so with a monarchical country, for the officers are apppointed by the home government, and they have a national character to sustain; but here they are elected only for a short period, and they want a fortune, and then they intend to go somewhere else. So it is with that foreign tax; no real American, I mean any man who advocates justice and equal rights, can wish to maintain such a system of taxation upon any other than low, selfish purposes. The officers who enforce it live well upon it, and there are always plenty of unprincipled men in any country to take advantage of such a law—when it protects

them for taking the foreigner's property; and, in reality, a large portion of our people are perfectly regardless of the difficulties into which they may involve the nation."

"Well, ye 're a clever maun, Mr. Simons. I can na see how so many of ye Yankees are all acquaint with the manner of government, and no be able to mak' better laws for us poor foreigners! But never ye mind now, for ye ken I was going to tell ye some guid news aboot the mines?"

"Certainly, and I am anxious to hear it!"

"Ay, well as ye 're a fine, clever maun, I 'm anxious to tell it ye soon."

"But don't stop to compliment me so much, but go on with the news."

"Ay; maun, but what little I 'll say till ye, will ne'er mak' ye ony the worse. D'ye ken us ignorant Scotch will have our ain ways, and we 're no skillet in late fashions, so we tak' the dictates o' common nature, and, like our dumpy land sitting awa' by itsel', we stand alane frae all the world."

"But, are you not going to give me the news?" and Simons was growing impatient.

"Weel, I 'll tell ye, but d'ye ken, us bashful folk ne'er gang muckle in company, and we hardlys ken how to speak to sic a maun as ye. But tell me, is this the New Orleans?"

"Yes that 's it; now perhaps I shall have an opportunity to point out to you the Secretary and the Governor of the State. This is where they usually stop."

"Ay, then I 'll no tell ye aboot the mines till after we leave. It 's no so wise to say owre muckle when so many ears are gaping after sic rare news," and in another minute they entered the saloon.

"Ha! maun! what a bonnie hoose!" said Chips, as they commenced to promenade the great hall, which was really magnificent. Unfortunately, they had tarried along the street until our official gentlemen had departed; but, as they were not pressed for time, they halted to enjoy the music of the band; but scarcely had they become seated, when the conscientious Willie observed the painting and pictures hanging along the walls. Taking

an unusually long breath, and cramming his hands deep into his pockets, he exclaimed:

"Ha! what wicked folk! I ne'er tho't sic would be allowed in ony country!"

"Neither would it," said Wattie, "if the people were half civilized. But what can we do when even our said-to-be-Christians throw morals altogether aside, and hold up their hands, and boast, and pray for national glory? when you can't get an intelligent and Christian public to pay any attention to such crimes; when the hundreds of murders committed about these saloons fail to bring the common people to observe the manner in which crimes are suppressed in other countries! when life itself is made valueless; and the extension of the country becomes a desire so morbid, as to induce Christian America (if necessary) to take up arms to prevent other countries from assisting in the cause of enlightenment, by the principle of annexation! Glorious state of affairs indeed!"

"Ha!" said Willie, and he drew an exceedingly long breath, "I wad no like Republicanism, if it allows sic things as this. In auld Scotland the folk are all growling, but the poor souls ken but little aboot how well they are off. It tak's mare money to support our Queen, but I wad no gie her for all sic governments as this. But if ye like, Wattie, I would rather gang back till our hotel than sit here, it 's dreadful immoral!" and they arose and departed, disgusted with the outrageous immoralities of our Christian nation!

Close by a small stove in the dining-room sits the little black-eyed wife. Her pretty foot rested upon a billet of wood, her eyes were watching her needle, and her little dimply hands were fastening buttons upon her husband's pantaloons. In half-broken whispers her musical voice was humming; and in happy contemplation her mind was devising the comfort of her husband and her brother. It was late, and frequently she noticed the sinking candle, or looked upon the bright, open field which stretched in front of the house, and which was lighted so

brilliantly by the silvery moon. The door opened, and in came her brother.

"Julia, sister," said he, "you sit up late, but I am glad of it, for I wish to speak with you about something serious!" and he drew his chair to her side. Her keen, black eyes looked into his face, her lips were moved by a smile, and her distinct voice laughed and said:

"Is it about your gray-eyed lady-love?"

"No, Julia, but it is about getting your consent for me to leave you again!" and immediately her smiles departed, and sorrow overshadowed her rosy face.

"O, Simons! you will not leave me?" and her hands dropped upon her work, her bosom began to heave, and her attention was riveted upon her brother.

"I will leave it entirely to you, Julia!"

"Brother, you mustn't go!" said she, and her person seemed as if turned to marble.

"Julia, these Scotchmen have told me of an opportunity to make a fortune by joining with them. How can I lose such an opportunity?"

"Nathan Simons!" said Julia, and her voice faltered a little, "you are the only relative I have in this world? you are my brother!" and she hid her face.

Simons laid his hand upon her head, and said:

"Julia, I shall not leave you, if it is your wish?" and she turned her tearful eyes upon him, and said:

"Brother, you shall do as you wish; but you will not remain long away from me, will you?"

"No, Julia, two or three months; but I can come often to see you."

The Scotchmen, Mr. Wattie, Mr. Hamlin and Simons were in the sitting-room. They were conversing about steamships, and the difficulties of a voyage homeward. It was very late, and they were soon going to retire for the night. Footsteps were heard approaching, and in a moment the door opened. Three men entered, they were Parker, Miller and Warner, and asked

for lodging for the night. Hamlin arose to meet them, and to inform them that they could be accommodated; but scarcely was he upon his feet, when one of the three—it was Parker—cried aloud:

"O! my God!" and quicker than thought he turned round, opened the door, and fled down the street, followed by his companions.

"Who is that man?" cried Hamlin, "I 'm sure I know that voice!"

"That is Parker, the collector of foreigner taxes," said Simons.

"Parker! Parker! Parker! I don't know any man by that name," said Hamlin.

"But that 's his name," said Simons, "he is a noted blackleg."

"Parker! Parker! Parker!" said Hamlin, pressing his finger upon his forehead, "I never knew anybody by that name before! But I 'm sure I know this man! Then, he knows me! Why did he exclaim so, and immediately run? I know of no enemies to me! and yet I know that I am familiar with that voice!" but the mystery was inexplicable, and they retired, wondering at so strange a proceeding.

The following morning was beautiful indeed, but a heavy gloom seemed to linger in the tones of the bells—they were the bells of the steamer on which Wattie was about to leave. They were standing upon the deck, and shaking hands for the last time.

"Simons," said Wattie, "you will find some difficulty to protect these men against the unprincipled 'jumpers' who seem to think a foreigner has no rights; but do all you can for them, you will find them to be two of the best men you ever lived with." And, turning toward his Scotch companions, he said, "Willie and Chips, I must now leave you! Good-by! good-by!" and he shook their hands, "but if I shall see you no more on earth, let us try and meet in heaven! We will all be foreigners there. God will care but little whether we are from Scotland or America—He has but little to do with the monarchical or the republican governments of men: but we shall all be measured

by the same rule. I wish it was so here; but my government will not allow me to look upon you as an equal with myself. 'Stand back, for we are more holy than thou'—for we are 'free,' is the spirit that is ruining my land! for so firmly is this feeling becoming rooted that public attention cannot be directed to the removal of crimes and slavery from our midst! and so deeply is this demon spirit becoming instilled among the people that the whole nation is becoming a despot and a tyrant against all others! But, Willie! and you, Chips, I must leave you! Good-by, good-by!" and, pointing his hand toward the clear sky, he added, "let us meet there! my friends! good-by!" and the good man burst into tears.

"Good-by, Wattie, good-by!" they both replied. "Remember, Wattie, our warmest prayers shall be for the maun we love. Ye have been a guid maun to us, Wattie, and we 'll no' forget ye. For all your hard struggles to base your laws upon mare noble principles, I 'm sure the Lord will remember ye, Wattie. He kens full weel that ye love your fellow-maun, or else ye wadna plead for the rights o' sic poor foreigners. Nay, Wattie, the Lord 'll no forget ye; and, should we meet ye in that land o' rest, ye shall be our delightful companion. Na mare laws shall divide us then, Wattie! and na mare hard feelings shall arise frae our birthplace! Ay! Wattie, we 'll remember ye, and our prayers when we live amang those wild moontains shall be for ye, Wattie. May God bless ye, Wattie! ye 're a guid maun! Good-by, good-by!" and they shook his hands, and, as the bell was ringing for the last time, they added, "Tell your guid wife and your little ancs, that we love them too—will ye, Wattie! tell them that the Scotch have hearts that love. Good-by! good-by, Wattie!" and the tones of the bell still lingered as they unloosed the cordial grasp. The great wheels of the noble steamer commenced to roll, and the fond associates were separated.

"It is a favorite spot, Julia," said Simons, "and has been long known for its richness. These Scotchmen were acquainted with it last fall, and only deferred working it on account of high

water; but this summer the water has disappeared, so that we can construct a dam, and work the ground."

"But if you get a fortune very quick, you will return to the States to meet your lady-love, and then I 'll have no brother!" said Julia, and a smile played upon her lips.

"Do you think I shall not be your brother after I am married? But *do* tell me, Julia—you know that women always understand each other—what in the world can be the reason I get no letter from her?"

"I expect her mother won't permit her to write!" said Julia.

"But don't you think she could steal an opportunity of sending me a letter?"

"Not if her mother is true to our sex—she couldn't. Brother, you don't know how sharp an old woman's eyes are. Mr. Hamlin's brother, a doctor of the very best standing, fell in love with a pretty girl they called Josephine Wardle, and a girl never loved anybody better than she loved him—and for all he bailed the old man for a great debt, and got broke up by it, yet her guardians managed to get her to marry one of her cousins. But it so distracted him that he ran off, and has never been heard of since! No, Simons, you must not mind about getting letters; I 'm sure she 'd write to you if she had an opportunity."

"Thank you, Julia; it does me good to hear your encouragement. But the time will soon roll round; and if this happens to be a successful hit, and you continue to prosper here, in your hotel, we shall soon be in Cincinnati again!"

"Then you will not remain until after dinner? you are off, right now?"

"Yes, Julia, we must go," said Simons, rising and shaking his sister's hand.

"Tell the Scotchmen I wish them well, tell them I like to hear them talk—it sounds so funny—will you?" said Julia, and she affected to laugh although in tears, as her brother turned and started for the mountains.

CHAPTER XXI.

"O! TELL me not that such is the nature of woman's heart—for the idea has within itself something too oppressive for my weak state, and nearly causes my soul to despair under the woeful misfortunes that have befallen me—but say that the customs and fashions of society have so changed the nature of woman's true character that she dare not bestow the kindness upon the distressed that her own soul feels inclined to give, lest she too be ranked among the most debased of the human race. Has not this simple bruise upon my face taught me to know how miserably neglected are the fallen females upon whom the best part of society turn the cold hand of scorn and contempt? taught me to see how difficult it is for the poor creatures to reform, while the strong arm of society is so inhumanly nerved against every feeble attempt they make? taught me to look upon the so-called Christian world in a light in which I never viewed it before, and brought to my comprehension phases among the mass, of which I was so long ignorant? and taught me to fear that, at no distant period of my life, *I too* would have refused to bend my ear to hear their pitiful whispers? Ah! why should I complain of my distressed condition, and of the scorn and contempt which these half-educated ladies are heaping upon me? Where could I go to better my condition? Have I not been shamefully treated by the minister and his wife? Would not a great portion of the female world treat me so, if they were also suspicious of my character? But ah! it 's no use for me to waste my words in soliloquy; the great human family will still continue to point daggers at the woman who is *said* to have fallen!"

"Well! upon my word, Miss Lindsey, if I didn't hear every word you said! Why, you are really recovering—not only sit up in bed, but make speeches upon the moral condition of society—well!"

"Ah! Mr. Parker, anybody could make speeches upon the immoral condition of society if they had encountered the treatment that I have. Sad reflection is the offspring of bitter experi-

ence, and clear ideas the result of dark trouble; and both of these are the only crystal through which we are enabled to see our fellow creatures."

"Why, you are really philosophic, Miss Lindsey. But tell me how you are getting along. I can only remain a short time, I'm under obligation to meet a friend at Sacramento this evening. You will not suffer if I leave you for one night, will you, Miss Lindsey?" and the gambler laid his hand upon her forehead.

"I am recovering, but really, Mr. Parker, I scarcely see how I can live if you leave me. To be candid with you, sir, you are the only friend I have about this house, and you are valuable to me."

"That is a compliment, Miss Lindsey, the more prized as coming from you; but, tell me, do they not treat you any better?"

"No, Mr. Parker, they are continually telling the boarders how kind they are to me, to allow 'such a thing' to remain in their house. But if it is necessary for you to go to Sacramento I can not say *no*."

"It is really necessary, Miss Lindsey, or else I should not go; but I think you will soon recover—you look much better?"

"I think I shall; but why do you not tell your sister to come and see me?"

"My sister started for San Francisco this morning."

"Possible! I wish I had known it, I wanted to send word to Mrs. Case."

"She was off before I knew it, or else I should have informed you. But may I ask if you had any particular communication that you wished to make?"

"I had."

"Well then, Miss Lindsey, I am sure that I can comfort you, for I apprehend your condition—you are nearly out of money, and do not know what to do for funds?"

"That is it, but how did you know?"

"I knew where you were working last summer—knew about how much money you had—and knew that it must be nearly gone. It is for that purpose that I inquired into your condition," and Parker reached his hands into his pockets and drew forth a

bag of doubloons: "but here, take this, and allow no care to disturb your mind, and you will soon recover; take it," and he placed the gold upon her bed.

"Mr. Parker!" and strange feelings were manifested in her frightened and blushing face, "I cannot take this! You know that my regard for your kindness is more than I can express; but I cannot accept this."

"Miss Lindsey!" and his former manliness seemed to return, "a disinterested man is presenting you with this money because you need it, and for no other purpose. Accept it as you would from a father or husband, but do not harbor a thought that I am doing it with any sinister motive, and permit me to believe that at least one mortal is not suspicious of my benevolence. I cannot listen to your not accepting it" and, before she could collect herself to reply, he shook her pale hand and departed.

Harriet's ejectment from Mrs. Ellis's resulted in bringing on a serious fever, which, considering the bruise upon her face having prevented her from entering anything like a comfortable house, rendered her condition altogether unenviable, and darkened her present reflections by more than one unhappy apprehension. This house was anything but comfortable, and if Europeans are right in saying that Americans are sickly and short lived because they live in poor houses, then, most assuredly the Marysville people were visiting a curse upon their present and rising generation for which they will never be able to answer; for a more miserable lot of wooden and canvas fixtures never was erected among a civilized people. With some boards, and canvas, Harriet's room was surrounded; and, with the exception of two of the rooms, the floor of the whole house was composed of terra firma, and not of a too clean appearance, for that 'eternal fat pork' had made a few sad-looking pictures along the favorite walks, and particularly around the table.

Harriet occupied a long room, which contained nothing more than her bed and her bandbox. The persons who had charge of this house were two ladies, one of whom was an old maid—that is, fretful and peevish—and the other was her sister, called Mrs. Marshall, upon whom marriage no doubt had had the desir-

able effect of preserving a small portion of good-humor. But the old maid, Mary Black, was one of those scythe-handle creatures, made crooked and lean by downright fault-finding. She had never seen a good person in her life, and she did not intend to be the first in setting the example. Like Mrs. Ellis, nobody would trust her, and she was not going to trust anybody. She believed all mankind were wicked and bad, and she was determined not to permit them to run over her; and, to render herself safe from the wicked world, she had firmly resolved to be the first one to commence fingering for a share of the spoils. Indeed a fac-simile of one nation against another was the closet-learned and 'rigid wise' old maid. She hated everybody, but she hated gamblers and fallen females worse than she did the devil; and, no matter how unfortunately they had been driven to such a life, she believed it was her duty to show them no favors, and help to destroy what little character they still possessed.

She had made up her mind what Harriet was, and if all the world had sworn to the contrary yet the fact would have only been removed still further from her belief, and she would have been convinced that such a thing was done expressly to blind the public. If her sister carried tea to Harriet, she always administered a precaution upon the subject of character—a something which, in her eyes, was of far greater value than what little reward she might gain from the Creator when she would get to heaven, by doing "such a thing" a favor. "Keep yourself unspotted from the world" was her particular motto—a sentence which she supposed prevented her from speaking or associating with those whom "she knew" to be her inferiors. "Character" was the principal word by which she was governed, and she believed it to be the only real thing that a woman could have; and to protect that character she advocated the right of young men to carry bowie-knives and revolvers, and to "shoot down anybody who dared to say that she had ever spoken a familiar word with Harriet," for, she felt sure that the latter had lost her virtue, and deserved her abuse.

To our readers, such a character on the part of a female, may seem to be exaggerated, but, if so, we only hope that they may

turn their glasses to view a few of the facts that are daily occurring in the principal cities of England and America—in both of which countries a fallen woman is treated worse than a beast—hissed at, abused, shunned, trampled down and ill-treated by nearly every (so called) respectable citizen—even by the strictest of church-members they receive abuse continually.

It was by reflecting upon this wretched defect in society, that poor Harriet burst forth:

"O! tell me not that such is the nature of woman's heart." But alas! poor Harriet could not prove her purity, and she was obliged to be goaded with their malicious suspicions at their pleasure. There was also another mysterious personage connected with Harriet's condition, and one, too, which shows how erroneously society is acting, when it too hastily condemns a man's outward appearance—this was our friend and philanthropist, Mr. Parker. Now, at this length of our story, we know this individual to be one of the first blacklegs of the country, and in principle but little better than a robber; but, as may be perceived, Harriet knew but little of this man which was deserving of censure, and had good reason to believe him to be an honorable man. Immediately after Harriet's illness, this gentleman deferred all his business, and stood, like a brother, to watch and to administer to her every want—ay, he was as kind as it was possible for man to be. And as the old maid and Mrs. Marshall had deserted her, Parker was her only real friend and benefactor; neither were his actions indicative of the slightest degree of self-interest, nor did he manifest any further inclination to win her attachment; but, on the contrary, he did it as a benevolent act, and he also promised her, that as soon as she should recover, he would assist her to return to her native city. At this time, she had almost entirely despaired of Simons' being alive; for, having advertised so long at San Francisco, during which time, we are aware, Simons had been confined with the cholera, when he never saw a paper, she concluded that the person of whom Parker had told her, could not possibly be *the* person she was in search of. Parker helped her to believe so, too.

Harriet was very ill for a long time—scarcely able to leave her bed for many—many long weeks!

Here we must dismiss her for a little while, and watch the progress of Simons hurrying to make a fortune, to return with to Cincinnati.

CHAPTER XXII.

According to the rules among the miners, in the early period of gold digging, the first to obtain possession became the rightful owner of a claim. Therefore, Simons and his Scotch companions reached their valuable piece of ground in time to entitle them to be the legal owners; but, scarcely were they upon the place, when a great number of miners reached it, also to lay claim to it. It was entirely optional with Simons' party, who they chose to admit to join them, in forming a company to construct a dam; but among the different anxious persons to enlist were our two friends, Charley and Jimie. In the course of conversation, Simons recognized Jimie to be an acquaintance of his sister and Mr. Hamlin—having come from the same settlement in Indiana—which soon established an intimacy, sufficient to amalgamate them into the favored party. Bound by no organization, more than good-will, this party of five now commenced the construction of their dam, of which, in order to judge correctly of their legal rights, we must give a passing description in as few words as we possibly can.

To construct a wing-dam properly, is a matter requiring more ingenuity than most people would imagine. A wing-dam is that peculiar kind of dam which crowds the river over to one side—making it flow in about one-half its usual breadth. But, as the bottoms of these rivers are lined with large bowlders, it is very difficult to make them waterproof. They are constructed of stone, wood, and sand. The first part of the operation is to commence at the upper end of the valuable ground, and lay a

row of stones directly *into* the middle of the river; then, directly *down* the middle to the lower end of the claim. After this row of stones is laid, quantities of sand are deposited around them, to fill the interstices. After this, a row of boards is driven down along the wall or dam, to protect the sand, which is afterward covered with clay.

Chips was elected to the occupation of preparing the boards; and the others commenced their masonic part of the dam, each one trying to show the greatest skill in his new employment. Chips made his first attack upon a huge pine, a little way off.

His first day was put in faithfully, indeed. The next morning, Jimie was passing near by where he was at work, and called to see how he got on with the boards. But lo! what was his astonishment to find Chips hard at work at the same tree, which he thought never would fall. Poor Chips! carpenter as he was, he could not handle the ax. Jimie took a good laugh at his awkwardness, then took the ax, and in a few minutes felled the tree. Chips laughed to think how awkward he had been; but the joke assisted to make them intimate. After this, Jimie did the cutting and splitting, and Chips finished up the boards. While this was going on, the others were laying the foundations of the dam. The water at the edge of the river, was very shallow, but near the middle it was about three feet deep. This water was kept up by the melting snow not far above, and, consequently, was but very little above the freezing point, although the weather was remarkably warm. To be wading in and out of such a place all day, was no very pleasing task. But merely wading in it was not all, for they were obliged to stoop down in the water, in order to adjust the stones. To say nothing about the weight of the stones, the pinching of fingers, or the slipping and falling a hundred times a day in the water, it could not be considered a desirable occupation. And, when it is borne in mind, that three months of such labor must precede the obtaining of any gold, some notion may be formed of the persevering spirit with which the miner labors; but, lest too sanguine thoughts are entertained, it becomes necessary to bear in mind, also, that all of this labor is prospective and that the miner does

it only in *hopes* of something. Under such considerations, the miner occupies a position that will test his perseverance, equally as well as though he was a favored lord riding a steeple-chase, or a duke or a general commanding an army.

The old notions, that only particular positions can test the good qualities of the human mind, are beginning to yield to the more enlightened ideas in regard to the philosophy of the mind. For a man to commence such an enterprise and then despair of success, and abandon his intention, would show just as much fickleness of disposition, as for a nobleman to lay down in the field of battle and declare himself a coward; and it is only by illustrating common occupations that the real nature of man can be studied. Therefore, let those who will keep pace with the age in which we live, remember it is the *man*, and *not* the *occupation*, which the world is beginning to admire.

Not many days passed before a general intimacy was established among our little party, and diverting stories formed a happy relief among them. Charley, as well as the Scotchmen, improved in speaking English, and began to assume many of the peculiarities of American phraseology. To speak plainly, the Scotchmen had had little opportunity for learning, but Wattie, their former companion, though an American, could speak and understand broad Scotch as well as they could; and during his stay with them they generally conversed in that strange, but affectionate language. But now the old habit had to yield, for Simons and Jimie could not speak it at all, and found some difficulty in understanding it. Many of the old scenes with which we are familiar, were related during their evening sittings around their camp-fire, and many a good laugh burst forth at the relation of something funny. Many jokes about youthful tricks, or school-day joys, where each had been a tedious burden to their persevering teacher, rendered their time not at all unpleasant. In addition to merry stories, the philosophy of the gold deposit formed a subject to test their learning. In this, Jimie held the advantage, and generally came off the victor. But in reference to the system of taxing foreigners more than other people, they all held an indisputably high position. Charley and Jimie had

arrived at that point of determination to declare, that it ought not to be paid, and that he, Charley, should dig gold, but *should not* pay it. The Scotchmen, whose license had run out, stimulated by the enthusiasm of the others, also concluded never to pay it again. However, much time elapsed before they would agree to such a determination, for, although they were the last men to throw away money, yet, fearing that they were violating the law, they looked upon such a resolution as close akin to something wicked, if it was not really a sin.

Such is the difference between persons brought up under different governments. Brought up in subjection, the one scarcely has the energy to oppose a principle which he knows is wrong; but the other becomes a law breaker. The Chinaman boasts of *worshiping* his common officer; the Briton boasts of his *loyalty*; but the American boasts of his *right to disobey* any law which seems *unjust*. He laughs at the Briton for his weakness; but he pities the Chinaman for his heathenism. The Chinaman abhors the wickedness of an Englishman, for not worshiping the queen; but he is pained in the extreme at the wickedness of the common citizen of America attempting to come so near his Creator as to take part in framing laws. The Briton declares both are wrong. He says the Chinaman is superstitious for worshiping his common officers; and that the American is a lawless villain for not obeying even such laws as he knows are unjust. Now, whether the Chinese are *too* superstitious, and whether the Britons have a little of the same—under the name of loyalty—or, whether the American has not enough, can only be judged by that which gives the greatest amount of security and happiness to the common man; and as all of them claim this, and are satisfied with themselves, it is very wise to let them remain so—suffice it, that through the influence of Simons and Jimie, the two Scotchmen finally concluded that they had a right to refuse to pay the foreign tax. Under such circumstances, it is very evident that Simons and Jimie felt some responsibility in protecting the property of their three companions.

We have now before us, the general conditions of our five young men, but the particulars of their fiddling, singing, talking,

cooking, washing, laboring, laughing, etc., must be filled up by imagining as jovial, and good a lot of young men together, as ever lived among the wild mountains of California. And even those lofty prominences must be left to the imagination, which can easily supply the Scotch poetry that made many an attempt at describing their altitude, but only brought forth bursts of laughter, loud and long. Here, we have them for one month. Their work had progressed finely, and hopes of success began to dawn. The water in the river had greatly decreased, and many miners were crowded along its stony sides. Wing-dams were being constructed in every favorable place, for many miles up and down the river. White tents were crowded along the banks of the river, like a continuous village of canvas, but winding around the mountains to hide their beauty behind the rocky prominences. In the day, the clash of tools, the felling of trees, the rattling of cradles, the blasting of rocks, the whooping and yelling, the singing, whistling and laughing of the merry miners rendered the scene one of the most animating imaginable. But at night, how changed it was! As an amusement, among the many, fiddling and dancing expressed their happiness; but then at an early hour all was changed, calm and still. No fighting or drunken men to disturb the repose of the wearied miners; but all was hushed so still that the little blazing fires alone indicated that there slept the moral and the brave! Ah! how mild that deep-yellow moon looked down between those wild mountains to where these honest men were sleeping! How proud she seemed to grow while her pale rays rested upon the only nation in all the world where the wealthy could lay down and sleep without a throng of soldiers or police to watch for thieves! Ah! well indeed can the American's bosom heave with pride when he casts a wistful eye over the great world around! Well indeed can he feel himself insulted when his morals are compared with those of the *subjects* of anything living! Well may he watch, with an eagle's eye, every attempt to disturb the moral rights that have raised his fellows from serfdom to citizenship! but lo! how dreadful would it be to lose sight of the principles which have erected his pride and glory, by a too sanguine tenacity

to religious prejudices! Ah! it was pleasing indeed to look upon such an encampment, and to know that not only life, but property—valuable property, strewn all through the village, was safer than in any other country under the sun!

But there is another picture necessary to illustrate the growing principle which has, in a later day, assumed a more tangible appearance; and to illustrate this we must abandon our enthusiastic conceptions, and refer to the only sound argument—*facts*. It will be remembered that our party's wing-dam was a triangular concern, and extended into the river half its breadth. Now then, a little examination proved that on the opposite side of the river the ground was also exceedingly rich; and, accordingly, another company commenced building a dam on that side, which, if completed, would not leave any place for the river to run. Certainly this was exceedingly rash, but when it is remembered that a great fortune is lying where a little exertion and perseverance will gain its possession, its rashness does not seem so extravagant as it otherwise might. Beside this company (which went under the name of the Pittsburg-boys,) there were companies in close contact on both sides of the river—so that the poor river had enough to do to convey the war of words that continued to gallop across its troubled waters.

As we stated before, the first claimant is the legal owner; and accordingly, our party had a right to proceed with their work, and to entreat the other party to postpone their right until after they had finished. After some serious contemplation among Simons' party, they resolved to give the Pittsburgh-boys a notification of their rights.

"Gentlemen," said Simons, one day to them, "we consider it is impossible for both of us to proceed, and, as we have been at work for several weeks, we think it is nothing more than right for us to continue to work out our ground; but, as you are only commencing, we consider that you should defer your work until another season."

Evidently the Pittsburgh-boys had expected such a notification, and they very civilly replied:

"O! we are not going to do much. we are only trying to do a

little in the edge of the water, here; we do not intend to interfere with your rights at all. O! no, no, you are entitled to proceed; we would not, for the world, disturb your progress. O! no, no; go on with your work, you are in the right."

Thus ended the first interview. But the Pittsburgh-boys, the awful Pittsburgh-boys, kept on working. Further and further their dam extended into the river. Again Simons' party began to apprehend serious trouble, and again addressed them:

"Gentlemen, I thought you were going to put off damming, this season?" said Simons.

"Yes, we are only going to work this small bit of ground here," they replied. "Never mind us, we will not interfere with your ground; as soon as we finish this small bit we will quit."

So ended the second interview. But, as before, the Pittsburg-boys kept extending their dam further into the river. Serious consultation among Simons' party was beginning to occupy their idle hours. At this time they had spent about six weeks on their dam, which was about half the labor it would require. But the Pittsburgh-boys had only spent about two weeks on theirs and, as yet, it was only a small affair.

"Gentlemen," said Simons, "you still continue to build your dam?"

"Yes, but it does you no harm yet, does it?" they replied.

"No, but if you raise it much higher it will back the water on to us."

"But we are only going to strip out this little place; we do not intend to disturb you at all. O! no, no; but we think we are entitled to work out this ground."

"But you can not work that out without injuring us, I am afraid!"

"O! yes; we can do it easily—anyhow, we will try."

"I am very much afraid you can not, and when you can perceive the gold, you will not like to abandon it."

"O! not at all, sir; we are sure we can work the ground; and if we can not, we will yield to you, that is *if you have the best right* to proceed!"

"Then, already you begin to think your *right to proceed* is as good as ours?"

"Well, I do not know, but that must be settled after this."

Thus ended the third interview. But now, peace no longer dwelt between the two parties, and a fearful contest was beginning to appear. In each camp the evenings were occupied in laying plans for battle. However, for another week, no more was said by Simons' party to the other, which continued to work at their dam with the same perseverance as before.

"Gentlemen," said Simons, again, "I wish to know, now, whether you intend to proceed with your dam this season—if so, we will be obliged to stop, for already the water is beginning to rise against our dam?"

"We can't help the water running," they replied, with rather an uncivil air.

"Then you intend to proceed?"

"Yes, we do. We consider we have as much right here as foreigners!"

"And why did you appear so civil at first, if you intended to proceed?"

"We were not aware that your party were principally foreigners."

"Then, because they are foreigners, you are willing to break your word and rob them of two months' labor?"

"Certainly; but it is not robbing them. We are preventing them from robbing our country—they have no business here."

"Then you are determined to continue, and abide the consequences?"

"Yes, we are," replied the others emphatically, "and we inform you to be careful about damming the water against us—we are not children."

Thus ended the fourth interview, but Simons' party had their dam so complete that they could now discover gold literally strewn all over the bottom of their claim; and in eight or ten days more, they could prepare their pumps and commence mining the ground. But the alarm of their little party was now serious, indeed.

"What!" said Simons, "for the sake of twenty dollars a month, shall we be in danger of losing all our ground? Would it not be better to pay fifty or a hundred?"

Such was the manner in which conversation was introduced into their camp on the evening after their last interview with the Pittsburg-boys. In this instance our little party were seated about their camp-fire, gazing anxiously upon each other to hear some plan devised whereby their rights might be protected.

Ah! how like a band of brothers those young men looked upon each other! The same kind expressions beamed forth from every eye, and the same silent spirit seemed to be passing among them and speaking from every heart, that "the law which separates us shall perish! Woe! be to such pecuniary legislation, and eternal curses upon such mockery to equal rights! Hurl us into monarchy and despotism, and then declare we shall not live upon equal terms with those we love; but woe! be to the same principle cloaked under another name."

"Curse that infamous tax," said Jimie, springing to his feet, "I detest the idea of them paying it. I hate to yield to such a contemptible scheme. But they'll take our claim if we don't. I declare I don't know what to say about it!"

"Faith, Jimie," said Charley, "I think we had bether pay the tax. D'ye see, now, we have lost a good deal of time, and it'll be more wise to take the plan which will make us the most money. D'ye see, now, if we had paid our tax when we were along with uncle—God bless the poor ould soul, for a betther man never drew the breath o' life—it would have been the wisest for us, and that's my candid opinion upon it, Jimie."

"That is true, Charley," said Jimie, "but I hate so confoundedly to yield, after saying that I would protect you against the tax," and Jimie's eyes sparkled.

"Faith, Jimie," said Charley, and his broad face glowed with feeling, "ye have done more for me than I deserve. I'm only an Irishman—bad luck to the name—and ye must never think I cares for anything that tries to separate ye from me! No, Jimie, if ye will but yield this time to Charley, ye shall never suffer—the Lord preserve me—so long as the world stands!"

and the young Irishman held up his face, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Ay," said Chips, "I think it would be full as weel to pay the tax. It 's no so much but what we can stand it. I ken it looks awfu' cowardly-like, too, for to have our determinations breaket after all our tho'ts have been wasted; but I believe it 's the wisest plan to pay the tax."

"Ay," said Willie, "d' ye ken, it 's no sa often we find groond like this; and, for ane, I 'm sure I should rather pay the tax, than to risk holding our claim. Perhaps, my fear leads me astray; but, d 'ye ken, it 's better to mak' sure of a little, than to run after sa muckle and get nathing ava.' "

"Yes," said Simons, "I think it is advisable to pay it—it 's not much anyhow. Three times twenty are sixty, and five into sixty goes twelve times—O! it 's only twelve dollars each—a mere trifle."

"But," said Chips, "ye surely canna' expect to help us pay our ain tax?"

Simons arose as if an arrow had pierced his heart, his brow raised, his eyes sparkled, his face brightened, and the obligations he owed toward Chips and Willie, for carrying him off the mountain during the last summer, seemed as if nearly convulsing his soul with emotion.

"Your own tax!" he repeated. "Am I not your partner, and are you not my equal? What difference is there between you and me, that you should pay twenty dollars a month, and I pay nothing? Is it because you have worked two months in an American river? Must you support a lot of gambling officials in money to buy ice-cream, mint-julep, egg-nog, or something of the kind—perhaps to be expended at houses of a still less character? *Your* money, which you procure by such labor as this, be squandered by such idle officers and beardless boys! Look what immense sums they have collected, and what a paltry trifle they have given to the State!—and *you* talk of bearing it alone!—never! never! They may make laws as they like; but that tax shall not come off you any more than it does from me. The government gives you nothing in return; for the right that it

pretends to give to you for twenty dollars, is your right anyhow; and, as it is a scheme laid to take advantage of foreigners, under a plea that they are ruining the country! it is not only my will to bear an equal share with yourselves, but my duty to help you to withstand so unprincipled a plot against you while you are in my country. It is really a poor indication of morality, for a neighbor to plunder his fellow, the moment he finds him away from home; and, though the whole world should try to screen such a nefarious scheme, by cloaking it under political dogmas, *I* will stand by you, and help you to bear the grievances under which you labor—*I* will help to bear the oppression which has been heaped upon your natural rights—*I* will help you to bear the misfortune which has resulted from your having no voice in the government, which you are obliged to support, and *I* will stand up for your natural rights, though the whole of my country desert you. No, you shall not pay it alone—never! I care not what any man says; but I say you shall not bear it alone—never! never! You know my obligations to you!" and immediately after his voice ceased, the party became so still, that the little snapping fire was all the sound that could be heard in their midst, and not an eye dared to look upon another.

On the following day, Chips started for Sacramento to procure their passports—alias license. The distance would require nearly two weeks to go and return, and in the hottest days of summer, it was a journey very fatiguing; but knowing that the result of his speed might yet save their property, he put forth all the exertion that he could possibly endure, and neither hill nor valley, plains nor mountains, clouds of dust nor drought, hindered his progress.

"Ah!" said Jimie, "if they apprehend that Chips is after a license, they will endeavor to beat us off the ground before his return."

"But we 'll no tell them," said Willie.

"Faith," said Charley, "if they try to take the advantage of us that way, we 'll be afther brushing their jackets, we will, so sure as the knot on my head."

"I think we shall be the gainers yet, if Chips only meets with no detention," said Simons.

The Pittsburgh-boys became alarmed at Chips' absence, and they sat about their claim, fingering bits of clay and whittling sticks. Their hawkish eyes rolled sneakingly in their sockets, and stole sideling glances at the "foreign intruders"—alias their brethren, even the children of the same God!—and eternal hatred seemed to be issuing from their mouths at every low murmur that escaped their compressed lips. And when they venomously cast little pebbles at their feet, volumes of smoke arose from their midst, and the words, "we have more rights than foreigners" could be seen upon the horns of a beast enveloped in the midst of darkness.

"Why do the Pittsburgh-boys quit working, and sit about their claim so?" now began to be asked by the different ones in Simons' party; but no satisfactory answer could be given. But, in order to make themselves safe against any trouble, they applied their hands with all the energy that they could possibly put forth; every part of their dam was strengthened, and every hole was being stopped, and hopes of success again brightened their future.

Day after day, the Pittsburgh-boys continued to loiter about their ground as if nearly persuaded to abandon their attempt. About their fire, late at night, they were to be seen clustered together, as if contriving some plot, whereby to wring the claim from their foreign brethren, and to place themselves in possession of the whole river! Frequently they were seen counseling with a few of their neighboring camps, and whispers—indistinct whispers—seemed to be organizing a clan to carry out the law which was so admirably adapted to their unholy desires.

"Do you see the gold?" said Jimie, one day, pointing to the ground.

"Ha! maun! but that's fine!" said Willie, and he stooped to examine their promising fortune.

"D'ye see," said Charley, "if ye're after looking for gold, the Pittsburgh-boys will smell a rat, sure! It's best not to let

them diskiver our ground is so rich, or they may be afther doing us some mischief."

"O!" said Simons, "if Chips is spared a few days more, all will be well!" and they applied themselves with renewed energy, and their pumps, cradles—everything was being constructed with all possible speed.

"Hark!" said Jimie, one morning before daylight, "hark! hark!" and the sound of his voice aroused his companions. "Hark! hark! hark!" and in breathless anxiety they sprang to their feet—they rushed from their tents, and looking through the dim light, they beheld the Pittsburgh party tripled, and hard at work!

"I perceive their design," said Simons, "they are going to raise their dam so high, that the water must break ours!" and manly fire flashed from their eyes, and in a moment they were clothed and at work upon their dam.

The Pittsburgh-boys were now a strong party, and their labor caused the river to rise every hour; and ere the night arrived, the foaming water was surging hard upon both their dams; and one or two days more was sure to bring the contest to a close.

"O! that Chips would return!" Simons exclaimed, as they seated themselves by their little fire late at night.

"Faith, he'll be here before another night, I'll wager," said Charley, "it's a pity his legs are so short—bad luck to it," and the young Irishman seemed to be grieved.

"If it was no' sa dark, we might work at night," said the considerate Willie.

"Hark!" said Jimie, and he sprang to his feet, "hark! If I don't hear Chips whistling! I know it's his voice!" and Jimie gave a shrill whistle.

"I ken it's him!" said Willie, and he threw some leaves on the embers, and in a minute more, the smiles upon the broad face of the young Scotchman were illumined by the blazing camp-fire.

"Weel, Mr. Simons," said Chips, reaching his hand into his pocket, after having received a hearty welcome, "here are our

passports—American passports for us foreigners!" and he handed over the strips of paper to his companions.

"But hold ye still, Mr. Simons," he continued, and still reaching into his pockets, "I have bro't ye what 'll do your soul mair guid than that. D' ye ken, ye 're no forgot yet—I expect it 's frae your lassie, 'cause it 's sa like a woman's haund. I can no find it—it 's in my pocket somewhere! Here 's ane I received frae my ain lassie, but I dinna ken where I put your one, but it 's in my pocket, I 'm sure," and the Scotchman's good humor, and searching in his pockets for a letter, caused Simons to become nervous.

"Ay!" exclaimed Chips, holding up a small letter, "here it is! here it is! I'm sure it 's frae a lady, and she writes a bonnie haund," and laughingly he handed the letter into Simons' trembling fingers.

"Here, Jimie," Chips continued, "I have had a paper sent to me frae Australia; and as ye 're a fine haund at the reading, ye can amuse yoursel' over it, while I have another bit peep at my lassie's guid letter," and he handed the paper into Jimie's hand, and then turned his large eyes upon his own interesting epistle. Charley and Willie were examining their passports, and, bending their heads toward the fire, counseling upon the fortune that was now sure to fall upon them.

"It 's the Melbourne Argus," said Jimie, turning the paper over toward the light, "well, let me see now if it is actually true that gold has been discovered in Australia?" and he bent his head carefully over every piece, and made an anxious search.

Simons read his letter over, and turned his face away from his companions. Again he read it, but still his face was not to be seen; and without speaking a word he read it again and again. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and leaned his face upon his knees, but no sound escaped his lips. Charley touched Willie, and silent sympathy was bestowed upon Simons from all of his companions. Mysterious glances were cast from one to another, but they endeavored to converse upon unimportant subjects. Again Simons raised it, read his letter again, and pressed his hand upon his forehead.

"Did you not cross the Plains in the Michigan Company?" said he to Jimie.

"Yes, I did."

"Did you know one Harriet Lindsey?"

"Yes; a young lady from Cincinnati."

Simons remained quiet, but Charley remarked:

"Faith, and a better girl never trod shoe-leather, than that same Harriet Lindsey. And sure she 's the cleverest woman I ever met in all the days of my life; it was to save her that I tried to 'knot' a Mormon's head — the blackguard, he had no more principle than the instigathors of this passport; but, faith, I toppled his rainbow wife, I 'll wager," and the party burst into laughter.

We can not give Simons' letter; but let it suffice, that it was written by Harriet, a few days before she left San Francisco, and she stated that she was intending to live with Mrs. Ellis, in Marysville. As Simons was so situated now that he could not possibly leave, for at least a few days, he immediately wrote a letter to his lady, to the care of Mrs. Ellis.

"See here," said Jimie, turning his paper toward the light, "allow me to read you a little news from Australia."

"Faith, I have some cousins in that country, and no bad fellows they are," said Charley, but Jimie continued:

"From our Balarat correspondent we learn that 'the yield of gold is still increasing, and that the escort is not able to bring it down in consequence of the quantity. The commissioner asks for more police; says that they now have thirty-five thousand ounces of gold on hand, and that the roads are so very bad he is obliged to retain it until the escort is increased. The state of society still continues good, and sickness is unknown among the diggers. No doubt but this will be good news to our friends in California, who are complaining so bitterly of the treatment they are receiving from our republican brethren in that 'land of equal rights.' Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see our friends returning; and, from our California correspondent we learn, that the treatment of foreigners has been so outrageous that many are even returning again to the 'old country;'

consequently, we have every reason to believe that in a few months our arrivals from California will be very great. It is painful in the extreme to every Englishman to see that the great Republic is becoming so clannish that poor people are obliged to return again to the 'old country,' where they can scarcely earn the bread that will keep them alive—a spirit that is likely to stain the American character even worse than slavery. Yes, friends, come home! Come where your rights can be protected! Come where you can make a fortune without being treated like cattle! Bring a few of Jonathan's boys along, and we will endeavor to give them a lesson upon equal rights.' What do you think of that, Chips?"

"Weel, Jimie, I 'll tell ye—I tho't if our claim had been jumpet while I was awa', I 'd gang right straight 'till Australia. I wadna like to stop in this country ony longer, when I ken I 'm no liket. I 'm na beggar yet, and I have na great liking 'till any country that 'll treat me as sic. I can earn my bread in the docks o' Glasgow yet, and I 'm no beholding to this nor ony other country for the wee morsel that a maun deserves in this world."

"O!" said Jimie, again directing attention to the paper, "every part of the country is yielding immense quantities of gold. It seems as though this escort is some kind of a military band, kept to convey the gold from the mines down to the cities—not a bad arrangement either—it 'll be apt to prevent a great deal of robbery. 'Thirty thousand ounces brought down from Bendigo this week.' Well surely there is something doing. I don't understand how they 'll work the mines! Will they be obliged to pay a certain share to the government, do you think? The *British*, you know?"

"Ye will see it on the ither side, Jimie!" said Chips, "I was reading it where I stopped for dinner the day."

"I noticed a sketch here stating that the license, seven dollars and a half a month, was put on for the purpose of keeping up the police, and for to make the roads; but surely that is not all, can——"

"Ay," said Chips, "that 's all. D' ye ken the miners wha ha' went frae here, they are all speaking well o' the arrangements?"

"Faith," said Charley, rising to his feet, "let's go to Australia, Jimie? What d'ye say? I believes we will have betther luck. D'ye see now, the sun shines backward on the south side of the world."

"How far is it 'till Australia, Charley?" said Willie.

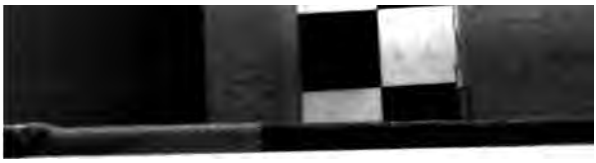
"Faith it's as far as it can get, and I'm towld it's right on the road to purgatory."

The day was dawning, and the villagers were yet sleeping. At such an early hour a collection of miners upon the contested ground seemed strange indeed; and their loud voices and hurried conversation rendered it wild and animating. Running hither and thither, cramming in boards and stones, wading and splashing in the water, and bracing and holding against the dam, indicated that the people were fearfully excited. The water was surging, swelling, roaring, heaving and dashing in great waves over the wall, and every moment rolled a stone and opened a new gap; but one mighty tide came rolling down its broken channel, heaved a moment, burst the dam and swept its frothy sheet through the Pittsburgh claim!

The days of Lynch-law passed away, and the settlements were nearly all supplied with magistrates and constables. Gambling houses—or, properly, tents—were erected, and houses of still more immoral character were becoming common. Difficulties among the miners were settled before these magistrates, instead of referring them to a jury, as in earlier days. In this settlement a very respectable gambler was the people's 'justice of the peace.' The name of this individual—who, no doubt, laid claim to being one of the human family—was Lewis Campbell, but for convenience sake he was generally called Squire Longlegs, a name that was very fitting his personal appearance. But had his long finger-nails and broken teeth, and his tobacco-looking mouth been included in his name, it would have been entirely too foreign in appearance to have been introduced into anything but an English novel—a species of literature that is eternallly heaping insults upon our language by failing to express the author's ideas without stepping beyond its 'very unlimited

capacity' and introducing squibs of Latin and French. Like our friend, Mr. Warner, Squire Longlegs assumed a certain important position, which looked very like an inverted V, and although the poor fellow could not change his ungainly proportions, yet, when we see the little regard among the matrimonial community to improve our sickly, puny, gaunt, short-lived stock of human creatures, we feel quite like making sport of the pitiful Squire Longlegs' long-legged appearance.

Squire Longlegs had been too sickly to follow any laborious occupation, when he first arrived in California; and having no money, and having been brought up a gentleman—that is, to play cards, smoke and chew tobacco, drink rum, mix Shakspeare and Byron with common conversation, and taught to believe himself talented—he resolved to live by his wits. Accordingly, he commenced with a dice-box to try his skill in the field of chance; and being exceedingly fortunate, he was soon enabled to open a faro bank of no ordinary capital. This gave him still greater opportunities to make money, as well as established his reputation for being an honest and enterprising gambler; and the consequence was, that in a few months he had a great fortune; after which he quit shuffling the cards himself, but kept a number of skillful players employed to attend to his different banks. Holding such a position in society, the gambling community nominated him as their 'available' candidate for magistrate; and, as the miners were regardless of what was going on, because they all expected to return to the other States soon, this gentleman was elected by a very great majority. In this new calling, he could now be seen in full fashion—that is, a cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his breeches—striding from one gambling tent to another; or, in a more fashionable style, riding in company with some of THE ladies—a species of female creatures who fashioned their dresses, alternately, after the Bloomer style, or the style of our own sex—both of which styles seemed better adapted to the prosperity of their "profession," than were the long dresses worn by modest women.



As soon as the Pittsburg-boys' dam broke—which was owing to its poor construction—they sued Simons' party before Squire Longlegs, for "damages and unlawful possession;" and immediately an injunction was drawn up, to prevent any further work being done until the matter should be investigated. A general excitement prevailed among many of the people, and when court was about sitting, an immense concourse of miners were clustered about Squire Longlegs' official tent—all snarling and barking like so many hungry wolves.

The principal reason for so many persons hanging about the office was that if, after the decision of the court, there should be any valuable ground lost by either party, they were in readiness to "jump it," which was sometimes a very easy manner of obtaining other people's property.

The court was soon in order, and the very important Squire Longlegs, seated in quite a consequential China chair, was prepared to hear the pro and con of the subject before us. The evidence was all brought out—the time that each party had been working; the time that license was procured; the cause of the dam breaking, etc., etc., were all given in and properly recorded.

The lawyer for the Pittsburg-boys then opened his plea, by referring to the glorious destiny of California. For his part, he liked to see quarreling and contention—it was characteristic of all great places, it showed that the inhabitants were a spirited people. He could look into the great future, and see this golden California ranked not only among States, but kingdoms and empires! He could see the Eagle spreading its wings from the east to the west, its tail and neck reaching from the north to the south, and its mighty form covering over the western hemisphere, and in its powerful beak he could see it waving the "Stars and Stripes" all around the world, and proclaiming "freedom" to all men.

During his sublime effusions about the coming greatness of our "free" land, the audience became greatly moved—his own talents were acknowledged by loud cheering, and his judgment in regard to the word "*freedom*," was crowned by hyena-ous frowns cast upon the foreign defenders; and around the crowd

went a word in chilly whispers—"foreigners! foreigners! nothing but d—d foreigners!"

Throughout our country, a man is generally said to be a "free" man, who is not under the influence of a monarch; and, as most of our people are under the impression that subjects of monarchs are maintained in subjection by *force*, (instead of from choice) they have great sympathy for the oppressed subject! As much credit as other nations bestow upon us for our American literature, it is doubtful whether they have yet stimulated our people to investigate that principle comprehended in the little word *freedom*, as much as they should.

After carrying Squire Longlegs' mind away upon California paradise, the lawyer commenced upon the character of the real American. He thought that such a nation must adopt decided measures, in order to have character. He knew that all other countries had a pride to protect, and he considered that such a national character as ours—which was universally admired for its freedom—needed protection, by showing to foreigners that we know our standing, by a particular act on the part of the legislature. He was astonished that our country had maintained its character so well as it had, without using coercive measures; and he regarded the dilatory conduct of our people, in not using active means against foreigners, as one of the greatest errors that ever possessed the land! He did not believe in foreigners holding rank and liberty the same as American citizens. He only looked upon them as subjects, at most; and, although they might declare themselves in favor of Republicanism, the greater part were Catholic in principle, and subjects to the Church and to the priest. But he thought that it was very different with the real American; he would sacrifice his opinion to no man, priest nor church, nor was it possible for him to do so, and still be a real Republican; and he sincerely hoped that there might be something more done to check foreigners from coming to the country. He considered the country was ours—our fathers fought for it, and we ought to maintain their principles—and we ought not to permit foreigners to *dictate about our affairs*. While dwelling upon the above sentences, he was continually applauded

for his noble principles and patriotic disposition; but, occasionally, from different parts of the crowd *gamblers could be heard:*

"D—n 'em, they 're foreigners, anyhow. Let 'em go to their own country if they want to dig gold. They must have a face to try to stand suit in such a plain case! The Squire knows a thing or two, though."

It was gratifying, indeed, to see that most of these inhuman sentiments—which fell upon the good-natured Scotchmen more heavily than could have a two-edged sword—*emanated from the gambling part of the audience;* for if the question had been referred to miners alone, a very different feeling would have been manifested.

Reader, you must bear with us here a little, for when we remember the vicious hatred which some of those cigar-smoking gamblers, and even beardless boys, heaped upon those poor Scotchmen, our pen feels very like jamming through the paper, and our desk seems about to rise up for vengeance! While they sat praying to Almighty God for security and protection, they turned deathly pale, and shuddered at the demoniac grinning and squinting which passed between the gamblers and the Squire, and their very hearts seemed to quake with fear!

After the lawyer had brought forth all the hatred that he possibly could against the foreigners, he then tried to prove the justness of the tax, by showing the manner in which they were carrying gold out of the country, and really carrying away what he considered as the property of Americans. Then he brought his grasping mind down to the subject of contention. The evidence proved, he said, that these foreigners had been working two months before they had procured a license—that they had no license when the Pittsburgh-boys commenced—that all the time they were working without license did not amount to anything—and that, consequently, the Pittsburgh-boys were the first legal possessors. His speech, for it could not be called anything else, was very long, but its general features are retained in the above.

Jimie was chosen by the other party to reply upon the question, which he did in no unpolished style. The first point he

touched upon was in reference to the justness or unjustness of the foreign tax. He was willing to admit the valor of our fathers in establishing America as an independent nation, but he could not see that that act entitled us to be the only rightful owners of what was hidden in the ground; for, to apply the same argument, he considered that, the descendants of those who carried arms in the revolution would be the real possessors of everything in America! an idea that was preposterous! Nations might have conquered other nations at a remote period, but that did not entitle the Indians to be the owners of the California gold. He could not see that an American had any better right to the gold than a foreigner had. He considered that God gave one man as many privileges a she did another, and he could not see why one man, or nation of men, acting according to justice, could assume the right to declare certain things to be their own, which God had created as much for one man as another. He was willing to admit that California was under our government, but, as our government was merely the voice of agreement among the people from whom it derived its support, it was not really the possessor of anything. And, for the government of California to declare that foreigners had no right to prosperity in the country was merely the people taking possession, taking forcible possession of what rightfully belonged to anybody. He maintained that as God had given man a power to change his abode at pleasure, he had a right to do so, even to roam over any country he wished; and that, if the government would not permit him to do so, it would be violating his natural right. It is the nature and privilege of man to live wherever he wishes; otherwise, God would not have given him the desire to do so. Every man was entitled, by nature, to the result of his own labor. If a foreigner dug gold out of the ground, it was his. There was no right by which anybody, or anything, could demand a portion of that man's gold. God never made man to labor for any other; and any government that made him do so, was robbing him of his natural right. And after a foreigner dug the gold, it was his; and he had a natural right to take it to any other country he wished. If we do prevent

him from doing so, we are usurping his right, and violating the principle of liberty. Therefore, he maintained, the natural right of any foreigner was, to come to California if he wished; to labor as he wished, the same as any other man; to be entitled to the profits of that labor, and to do with such profits as he wished. Such was the *natural right.* No government had a right to violate any man's rights. Man's natural right is the essence of all government, and not to be forfeited as government dictates. His natural rights are the first things to be consulted. He then maintained that, as foreigners had a natural right to come, and to labor among us, they had rights to be adjusted and settled, when interests seemed to conflict. Such difficulties could not be properly investigated, if, one party alone, assumes the power of doing it; therefore, the foreigner had a right to argue, discuss and explain his own rights as well as anybody else. And, if so, how could we, how do we assume the right to tax and to abuse him at pleasure? The foreigners had just as much *natural right* to demand three, ten or twenty dollars a month off us, as we had off them. We only do it because we have the power, and not because it is our *right* to do so. Further, he believed, the nobler, the more liberal, the higher regard we pay to *man's natural rights,* was the wisest and strongest foundation upon which our government could stand. He then read a few extracts from the Australian paper, upon the abuse of foreigners in California; he also read the tax of that country, which has since caused a rebellion there; that that tax was, at that time, thirty English shillings ($7 50) per month, and made *no distinction between native and foreign* residents; but that tax has long since been lowered to ten English shillings, and the California *foreign* tax has been lowered to three dollars.[c] Jimie then referred to the time they commenced working, and the time they procured license; and as they had their license before the damage occurred, they were, accordingly, the legal possessors before that period. But, even if they were not the legal possessors, he could not see why the Pittsburgh-boys complained of them? for the damages

[c] The present capitation tax upon Chinese in California, is fifty dollars.

resulted from their own negligence and want of caution in the construction of the work.

But he did not believe anybody was so lost to a sense of justice as to entertain any notion that the damage was occasioned by any breach of right on the part of his party. He only looked upon it as a clue whereby the Pittsburgh-boys and the gamblers seize an opportunity to wrest the ground away from his party. The foreign-tax law *might* have been enacted with no very evil designs, but he thought it showed how little a foreigner's rights could be protected when the law afforded such an opportunity for plunder; that it showed exactly what politicians were after by excluding them from having anything to say about the administration of the government. Upon this argument he dwelt for some time, and then he referred to the character of Parker—and to the probable whereabouts of the taxes that had been collected. He did not believe in paying taxes into the hands of gamblers, *they* had no right to demand tax. He looked upon gamblers as unlawful persons at large; and as such they did not deserve money to defray their expenses. His remarks upon this point nettled the Squire's passions, for it was too personal not to be observed by a man of his sagacity; and, rising to his feet, he bellowed out:

"Do you mean to insult this court?" and, pouting his lips into an important figure, he re-seated himself, and received a loud shout of applause from the spectators.

Including some excitement and confusion, the court was brought to a close; but the main features of this outrage have now been related in this brief description. After a very few minutes the Squire decided. It is, perhaps, needless to tell our California friends, who have seen similar scenes, how this case was settled; but as there are others unaware of what is going on, where the poor foreigner receives no protection by the law, we must write the decision, which will, doubtless, *fall under the observation of foreign nations*, and cause many an honest American's heart to bleed with shame and grief!

Simons' party lost their ground! and were obliged to pay the costs of suit!!

CHAPTER XXIII.

"O! how can my unguarded words be recalled, and the friends for whom my heart is dying, be again restored to my presence? Will not some silent spirit transmit my sorrow and anguish, my prayer and repentance, and entreat their noble hearts to forgive the utterance that overcame my weakness and injured their happiness and peace? O! why could my tongue be so listless, when my very soul was controlled by love? when their attachment was more valuable to me than all the sentences I have ever spoken? when with them I wished to live as long as I shall sojourn upon earth! O! why could I have been so heedless of their feelings?" and the speaker buried his face in his handkerchief, and while reflecting upon his lonesome condition, and the unhappy prospects that surrounded him, his grief and sorrow pierced his feeble frame with renewed anguish, and a death-like weakness stole over him, which was more terrible than anything he had ever before experienced.

He arose, and upon feeble limbs he proceeded to join his present companions; but his weakness was too great to allow him to do an equal share of labor; and, to place themselves in possession of the valuable property, his companions complained of his feebleness, and heaped insults upon his native land—they told him he was English!—but in the tone of the sentence was a poisonous accent and an indignant feeling, that made him pray for death to relieve his troubles! To avoid their malice and abuse, he returned to his camp, forfeited all his right to the property, and in the evening he laid down alone! a beggar! and cried with grief!

A single ray of light shot across the universe, and in its brilliancy glowed a hope so promising, that the feeble and despondent sung praises to the Author of all things, and even the dead arose and wandered through the wild mountains!

"Come, come!" said a hidden spirit, "beneath thy burden thou shalt climb these rocky hills, and thy frail limbs shall

nearly fail to bear thee up; but beyond these thou shalt wander, and when forests of pine, and of nutmegs, and of thorns, shall be thy companions, thou shalt find a treasure of greater value than hath ever before been known to thee!"

O! how wild and lonesome was that brushy cañon! On either side, the huge, black mountains, covered with an almost impenetrable forest, arose so high, that one could not gaze toward their summit without shuddering; and so closely hemmed in was the narrow cañon, that the sun seldom reached its bottom! But the water that came flowing down the rocky channel had, in its heavy rumbling and splashing, a peculiar romance that mingled so strangely with its own echoing, and with the wheezing and humming of the dense forest, that even its solitude seemed sweeter than paradise! and as the sparkling water trickled over the ridges of rocks, its innocent and perpetual murmur seemed to converse with unseen spirits, upon the troubles of earth, and at each drop, to be noting the lapse of time, and recording the follies of ambition.

A little tent stood beneath a thick cluster of evergreen oaks, to screen it from the oppressive heat of summer. It was the only dwelling-place in that cañon where man lived, and a single inhabitant was all that lived within it—this was Uncle Thomas. Prosperity again smiled upon him, and he was the discoverer of another "rich cañon." Week after week passed away, and his fortune seemed as if about to return; but the same unhappy thought of being alone—alone! rendered his wild home burdensome indeed.

Time rolled on; months passed by. Sitting by his little tent, his elbow upon one knee, his hand supporting his forehead, his white locks flowing about his neck, his eyes resting upon the result of his day's labor, and escaping his lips in broken accents were the words:

"One ounce, one ounce! and nearly worn down with fatigue. A pitiful old man, indeed I am. Wearing out my existence by working for such a material. A worthless metal! No, not so fast: it is indestructible! I am destructible! Yes, I am.

This flesh and bones shall soon fall to pieces! The gold will not. But that can not be why I search for it? No, this gold mining seems to be a sort of 'cut off' on the road to affluence—and to its kindred associates, things which Uncle Thomas was once acquainted with—desirable objects, too. But, ah! they are all gone now—gone, gone! and *I*, too, shall soon go—I shall go! My kindred are all gone—some of them are sleeping in England, England! O! God! how that name crowds upon me! and even my boyish days are associated with it—England! England! It must have been the happiness that I enjoyed in that country which makes me love it, for the country itself is nothing! Perhaps I shall see England again! see England again! see England again! O! heavens, if I could see England again!" and Uncle Thomas sprang to his feet, and wrung his hands with delight.

"Hark! hark! I hear voices! Could some one have wandered through these wild hills beside myself? If I mistake not it was an unseen spirit that conducted me hither! Is the same one bringing others? Surely there are voices!" and the old man startled, and looked cautiously up the mountains.

"I can see no one! but, in the tone of those voices, visions flit across my mind so like an accidental surprise, that really I fancy my young friend, Jimie, is darting down the mountain. Hark! hark! am I deceived? Do my eyes fail me! Surely I saw him climbing around those rocky precipices! It is Jimie! I know it is Jimie!" and, before his words were finished, a loud shrill whistle from the young man ran echoing through the brushy cañon, and in its frankness the old man knew that his words had been forgiven, and his young friends made happy. They came and met him; their meeting was as happy as ever occurred.

"Well, uncle," said Jimie, "we have called to take our farewell—we shall remain over night with you, and then we leave again—perhaps, forever!"

Uncle Thomas started, and gazed with surprise upon his friends.

"Why, why," said he, "why do you say *forever*—you are not going far?"

"Yes, uncle; we are going to Australia."

"O! why do you tell me so? surely you are not intending to go so far?"

"Yes, uncle; gold has been discovered in that country, and in great abundance, too."

"But I have valuable ground here; you and Charley might remain with me. There is some chance for a fortune here!"

"No, Uncle; two of our friends—two young Scotchmen—have made us promise that we should meet them at Sacramento, and proceed direct to Australia."

"And because they are your friends you can not promise me any comfort?"

"But they are going, and Charley is going, and I must go with them."

"But you and Charley might remain with me—there is a good chance for a fortune!"

"The Scotchmen will go; and Charley is anxious to leave the country."

"O! why is that?" said Uncle Thomas to Charley.

"Faith uncle, an' it 's as plain as the knot on my head. Do ye think that an Irishman—bad luck to the name—is not made with human feelings?" and his broad face colored with evident emotion.

"Why, Charley, to what are you alluding?"

"Faith I 'm afther telling ye that I should rather a man would break my head with a shillellah than to be sticking his nose at me bekase I am unfortunately a son of Erin. If I can't live here without having people insult myself and my religion, merely for political purposes, and even take my property away from me bekase they consider that God has given everything in the country to themselves, I think it 's high time that I be afther leaving. The blessed Creator made the Irish, and he intended for them to have the value of their own labor, and everybody that takes the same from them is a robber! He gave the Irish tongues to speak with, and in every country they have the right

to speak, and whoever takes that right away from them is also a robber! Bekase they have been robbed of that right at home the people here are saying to them that they 'don't know enough' to have the right to speak! But why do the people say so? Faith, and I can tell ye. They are afther money. Divil the bit they cares for the 'equal rights' they're afther spaking into everybody's ears. Faith, if a man is ever so iguorant, or ever so foreign, he has rights and property that must be protected, and do ye mean to tell me that he can have justice when he is not allowed to advocate his own rights? But some of the people are afther saying so, and so they said on the Yuba, and they very clearly proved, too, that themselves had a right to our summer's labor!"

"Why, how was that, Charley?"

"Did they not prove by the law itself, that themselves had a right to drive us off from our claim afther we had it all prepared to get the gowld—and for near upon three months had we been working in the cold wather. Divil take their hides, but a judgment shall fall upon them sure," and Charley's fists became clenched, his broad face colored indignantly, and a spirit of independence and noble feeling beamed from his dark-brown eyes.

The morning was still and clear. The bright sun shone upon the mountain-tops, and birds were singing in the forest. From the long branches and green leaves large dewdrops were falling, and sorrow and sadness seemed to be chiming in the melancholy sounds that stole listlessly along the deep cañon—warbling and echoing in gentle strains all around the brushy-wild home.

Close by the little tent stood the three friends—they were separating, to meet on earth no more! Their hands were locked and trembling, their tears were flowing uncontrolled; in broken and half-pronounced syllables they were uttering words, sentences and prayers, too sacred to be written! and yet failing to express what their hearts were feeling!

Slowly and reluctantly their grasp was loosened—their farewell was had, their voices ceased; the young men turned toward the mountain, and the old man sat down, gazing through a dense mist at the disappearance of his best friends on earth! In a few

minutes the brushy cañon was more desolate, and sad than ever seemed the lone home of mortal man. Uncle Thomas was so overwhelmed with grief and sorrow that he prayed for death! Here we leave him, for the present.

In the sitting-room at Hamlin's hotel, plenty of newspapers were scattered about on the different tables, or in the hands of miners, merchants and gamblers, sitting around the room—their feet elevated, their faces covered with perspiration, and their loose collars thrown wide open. Some of the people were in conversation, and the subject of Australian gold mines was being considered by many. The two Scotchmen, and Charley and Jimie were present, and the fact of them talking of leaving for that distant land was what brought the question before the present persons. Many different notions were entertained in regard to John Bull's management of a gold-mining country—some thought that the work would be done by the government—some thought that Victoria's children would receive the most of the gold—some thought that the *subjects* would be taken as slaves to dig the gold for the benefit of the crown—some supposed that there would be armies stationed about the mines, to oblige the laborers to kneel when the lords of the land passed that way—some considered that gold would be a curse to any country except a free country (like ours)—some thought that foreigners would not be permitted to go near the gold fields at all; it was the policy of the British Government to oppress her *subjects* as much as possible, and there was no knowing how severe she might be upon foreigners; and some were fully resolved not to risk their necks under John Bull's clutches: but here were a few who entertained very different notions from any of the above suppositions—and they too, were persons who ought to have known—they were persons from that country.

While this public conversation was going on, two middle-aged men, seated at one side the room by a table, were engaged in very serious, guttural mumbling, which might for convenience sake, be called private conversation. Before them and upon the table, were a few porter bottles, some were empty, and some contained

a fluid nearly the color of the broad faces of the two men, and not any more sparkling than were their eyes. At frequent intervals their huge fists would rise slowly and fall emphatically upon the table—seeming to be confirming some point of the subject where the language was inadequate; but the color of their faces, the size of their fists, their guttural dialect, and the presence of porter, are facts quite sufficient to explain what kind of men they were, and where they were from.

One of these stout-looking men turned his red eyes and still redder face upon Jimie, and, like a great planet escaping an eclipse, the longer he looked the brighter he grew. Jimie passed near the table, and the man with the red face said to him:

"So you are about leaving California, too?"

"Yes, I am; I am going to Australia."

"Well, I can congratulate you upon that—God knows, *I*'m anxious enough to get back. We'll be where we're not afraid to tell people that we're English."

"Why," said Jimie, "have you been afraid here?"

"Certainly I have; haven't you?"

"No, but I am not an Englishman, though."

"Then, I beg pardon, sir, but I supposed you were an Australian—you look like a native," and the red-faced man bowed his head to apologize for his over intimacy; but Jimie now took interest enough in him to pursue the subject a little further.

"No apology is necessary, sir, but permit me to ask if you have really been afraid to tell the people here that you were an Englishman?"

"Then, sir, since you have asked me, I shall not take pains to give you an indirect answer. In two respects I have been really afraid: I have been afraid of being abused and hated; I have been afraid of having my property taken away from me."

"I am sorry you have found things so, but I suppose you are alluding more particularly to your having come from Australia?"

"If they knew I was from Australia," and the red-faced man leaned over the table, and lowered his voice, "*entre nous*, they would seize upon the most trivial matter and hang me; but, even when they know I am *English*, it is almost impossible for me to

have a hearing. No, sir, the system is rotten—it 's rotten; before I came here I was as thorough a republican as ever breathed; but I am not one now—I 'm done with it, it's rotten. If people can't be republican without being clannish, and evil-disposed against other nations, the system is rotten—it 's rotten; the country is turning into one great clan of robbers—to rob other nations, and to enforce slavery. They won't allow a foreigner to speak, lest he advocates something that 's dangerous to their *slavish institutions, that 's it exactly;* the system is rotten. A foreigner's notions of liberty are a little different from a *man-trader's* notions, *that's it*, exactly—*that's why they are so clannish against us foreigners.* And if we attempt to say we are not anxious to see these slavish, and clannish institutions spreading over other countries, 'Down with him, down with him, he 's a foreigner, he 's a foreigner, and wants to *dictate about our country*, down with him,' and if they wish, they can hang him upon a tree! and oh! it 's all right, he was served right; and, the first thing you know, the men who done the deed are up for the Legislature or Congress—they are '*smart fellows, they are smart men.*' No, sir, the system is rotten—it's rotten, it's rotten," and he let his fist confirm it, by falling upon the table. Like most of our countrymen who have not lived among any of the foreign nations, Jimie had supposed that everybody acknowledged the freedom and liberty of his own nation; and, under such a conviction, he little dreamed that the ill-treatment of foreigners in California would be sufficient to array different people against Americans in general, and even against Republicanism itself. The fact of its being a republic, and that nearly everybody were entitled to vote, had led him to believe that it was not to be compared with any other system; he had neglected to consider that *the principal object of any government ought to be to protect the rights of the weak.* Indeed, it is a great misfortune that even intelligent people overlook the object and the effect of the thing itself, and become blinded by the name under which it lives. But it is impossible for us to relate the conversation of Jimie and the Englishman, which was quite similar to the sample we have given.

Soon after Jimie was engaged in talking with this man, the

two Scotchmen went out to attend to their money—which they had deposited in a bank about three months previously. And, while Jimie was yet conversing upon political matters, in came the two Scotchmen—their eyes wide open, their broad faces were excited, and their motions quick and hurried. Chips had scarcely entered when Jimie arose to meet him, asking:

"What 's the matter, Chips? what 's wrong?" In breathless haste and trouble, Chips replied:

"Mr. Lee, our banker, has failed! we 've lost all our money!"

"He has!"

"He has; we can't get a penny. Willie and I will scarcely have enough to carry us 'till Australia."

Charley was sitting near, and no quicker heard the sad news than he arose to his feet—changed from his fun making disposition—showed an indignant feeling in his stern features, and assumed an independent appearance, yet thoughtful and grieved.

"Blast the counthry," said he. "They permit any swindler to open a bank that chooses. He can take other people's money and break up rich, and be called a gintleman for it—bad luck to such a system."

"But it 's a free country; and any man has a right to open a bank that wishes," said a by-stander.

"Blast such freedom," said Charley, and he became fierce, "I don't want *such* freedom. It 's too much freedom. Give me the counthry that *punishes* such freedom—for taking a poor laboring man's money. It 's the business of the government to see that such rascals are punished, and not permitted to open banks and impose upon the likes of these men, who had no way to find out whether the banker was good or not. Faith, I believe ye will advocate stealing bekase it 's a *free counthry* jest!"

"But they had no business to put their money into Mr. Lee's hands!"

"Sure and they done it bekase they placed confidence in him; and he has stolen their confidence, which—to say nothing of the money—ought to stretch his neck. Would ye have these Scotchmen look upon every man as a thief, and carry their own money and be robbed, when ye have a government that ought to look

afther these things for the good of the public—bad luck to such freedom—give me owld Ireland before such freedom. I don't want such freedom at all, at all—it's swindling all the laboring men in the counthry."

As most of our people are acquainted with this firm's bankruptcy, we shall not comment upon the liberty of such establishments, any further than Charley has expressed himself, trusting that he has uttered a few sentences upon banking privileges, which could not have been better had they fallen from the sky.

But to add to the mortification of the poor Scotchmen, and to cause their ideas of a Republican form of government to be still lowered, right here, in the midst of their vexation, in came Mr. Miller and Mr. Warner, with about a dozen political gamblers, all exclaiming:

"Hurra! for Miller! hurra! for Warner! two of the best men running—men of sound principles—honorable and *available* candidates!"—and the whole crowd roved about through the barroom, more like madmen than enlightened Christians.

"And who are you going to vote for?" said one, slapping Charley upon the shoulder.

"And, faith, I'm not going to vote for any!"

"Not going to vote! Nonsense! why the very salvation of the country may be made by your vote. The other party are using all the means in their power, and we're obliged to 'rally,' or we'll be beat."

"Faith, it's divilish little I cares for that."

"But you may care when it's too late—I tell you the other party are using all the intrigue they know of."

"I don't care about their intrigues at all, at all."

"Why you are foolish, man! It's just such men as you that's dangerous to the country. Won't enjoy your privileges!"

"If it may plase your honor, I've enjoyed too many privileges already."

"But, Warner and Miller are both good men! They will represent our interests!"

"Faith, my interests have all been represented."

"The other party are going to raise the salaries, and run the State into debt; but if we succeed in getting Miller and Warner elected, the salaries will be lowered and we 'll avoid such a burdensome debt!"

"It 's little I cares for the State debt."

"'Shaw! you 're foolish."

"Faith, I have been, to give one year's labor into other people's pockets."

"Then you won't vote for Miller and Warner?"

"If it may plase yer honor, I have no right to do the same."

"Makes no difference—we 've concluded to take everybody's vote. Miller and Warner have the only true principles—and they 're statesmen too, very smart men!"

"Bless yer sowl, and am I not afther leaving for Australia to-morrow."

"O! you are going away, eh? Well, of course you can't stay till the election, then."

"Faith, I am afther leaving the counthry—and glad of it. Ye can make a great row about getting votes for to save the counthry, and all the time ye are afther electing blacklegs!"

"It 's not the men we must look at, it 's the principles—*principles*—PRINCIPLES."

"Faith, and did ye ever know a bad man to have good principles, or the conthrary? D' ye know what ye 're talking about? Did I not tell ye that I was going to start for Australia to-morrow? and do such men as ye try to stuff politics down my throat, and think yerself betther informed upon such humble subjects than meself? D' ye not feel ashamed to be teaching people about the 'salvation of yer counthry?' D' ye suppose that bekase I 'm from ould Ireland, that yerself is betther prepared 'to make the salvation of yer counthry' than I am? Ye can take our money, and cringe for votes, and then declare yerselves better judges of foreigners' rights than themselves are! Ye can talk loudly about foreigners having no rights bekase they are ignorant, and ye can talk about yerselves having all the rights, bekase ye are gamblers and blacklegs! Morality has nothing to do in the subject! But when the election is coming, ye 're

glad to make a tool out of meself, for to cut my own throat! Blast such liberty and governments—if the people won't pay no attention to morality. If ye had of had good laws, I should have been worth something; but d'ye think, after receiving such treatment, that I 'd turn my hand over for to save the counthry from sinking?"

"Well, you 're going to Australia, ain't you?"

"Faith, I am."

"Well, you 'll get tired enough of living under 'John Bull's clutches,' I guess!"

"Faith, I 've been tired all my life, but it 's little good the same has done to me. A government is a government, and it 's the poor laboring man's money they are all afther getting."

"'Shaw! you are foolish," and the politician turned to address the Scotchmen and Jimie, which he did after the same style, and received about as much satisfaction as he did from Charley.

It is very difficult for persons who have not witnessed California electioneering schemes, to imagine with what spirit and ambition some of the gamblers (who, as a matter of course, were great politicians, for the two principles are almost inseparable,) advocated the *rights* and *privileges* which would result from the election of their gambling friends—each proving, beyond a doubt, that, if the opposite party should be elected, it would inevitably result in the downfall of the country. But as *principles*, and not *men* were the favorite arguments, we shall pursue a few of these items in another chapter; for our two very conspicuous persons, Warner and Miller, are to be caught in a still more dreadful crime—one too, with which many of our California friends are intimately acquainted.

Scarcely any grief and dissatisfaction could have been greater than was that of the two Scotchmen. They had been driven from their property according to law, and finally swindled out of the money that they had so hardly labored for, by a person who "failed with a fortune," and who was allowed, by law, to hold out inducements to gain the confidence and the money of persons who could not possibly learn anything about his respon-

sibility—persons who were obliged to place their money in some banker's hands; for the State had no such banks of deposit for the protection of the stranger, or of the ignorant, who deserve more protection and sympathy than any other.

"Weel, Mr. Simons, we must start to-morrow."

"Then you have decided to go direct?"

"Ay, we 'll no stay ony longer in California."

"It has been an unfortunate country to you."

"Ay, it has been very different from what I expected to find it; we came here for the purpose of settling in the country."

"Of course, I needn't ask you if you like the country?"

"Weel, Mr. Simons, I do like it fine. If you mean the country, the climate and such like, I like it fine; but it 's no use for me to like the country—I must leave it."

"Then you are sorry to leave?"

"Ay, maun; I am sorry to leave; I ne'er expect to find sic anither country."

"It is a good country for to make money in."

"Ay, I will be obliged to work hard if I return to auld Scotland again."

"I am sorry that you have been so unfortunate here."

"But I would rather work hard all my days in Scotland than to be coming in 'till this country when I 'm no liket. I didn't have the choice o' my ain birthplace, and I canna bear to hear folks insulting me because I was no born in America."

"But I think the most of the people in this country are not so far lost to good feeling as that."

"Perhaps no; but d 'ye ken that *when the law turns against us, the folk generally copy their feelings after the law! The more distinction the law makes between maun and maun, the more will the people make.*"

"That 's very true, Chips; and that 's to be feared as one of our greatest troubles. This difference of feeling upon several subjects is more likely to overturn our government than is all of Europe. There is an old saying, 'a house divided against itself

will never stand,' which seems as if in another half century will need some assistance."

"Ay, and other countries, who are envious of the prosperity of Republicanism, will seize upon the opportunity of siding with either party for the purpose of crushing the whole."

"Faix yer politics!" exclaimed Charley, coming forward, "let 's have a ramble through the city and see the ladies, and those fine pictures in the gambling houses! Ye know, Mr. Simons, I 'm going to leave ye to-morrow, so come on and take what advice I can give ye before I lave ye to yerself althegither."

Charley's pouty spell had fled, and he was once more the life of the party. During their ramble through the city, Simons and Jimie became somewhat isolated from the others; and here, Simons acknowledged his matrimonial engagement, made all the inquiries after Harriet that he could think of, and received from Jimie all the assurance of her amiable and attractive qualities that he could have wished to hear, and also received encouragement to meet her as soon as possible.

It was, perhaps, prudent for Simons to make some inquiry of Jimie previous to informing him of his engagement to Harriet; but, whether it bore any semblance to suspicion or not, certainly he adopted that plan; and to his great delight he heard of more good qualities than he had ever supposed her to possess.

From the time that he received the before-mentioned letter, which was only three days before he made the present inquiry, the fact of having received no letters since that period—for he was expecting a number of old ones, at least—made her California life seem exceedingly strange and doubtful. But upon this subject he was firmly resolved to learn from her own lips, as well as to hear of her troubles; and also to have a share of her 'ups and downs' the balance of his days—for he should not be under the necessity of asking Dr. Sparks anything upon the subject. In such an agitated condition he could scarcely wait to see his companions start for Australia, yet he could not break away in order to fly to his lady; consequently, the way he was praying for the next morning nine-o'clock-boat, might have made his friends jealous of his attachment. But after all his anxieties

the time finally arrived. The boat was ready and the bell was ringing. He accompanied his four young friends to the river; he saw the vast crowd hurrying here and there; he heard the boats'-runners calling and shouting, and, at half backward and half forward turns, he saw the great wheels moving and rolling. The parting moment had arrived—the moment when he was separating from his friends perhaps to meet no more! There was bustle and confusion—a few words half spoken. Their hands were fondly shook, and in a moment they were separated! A struggle and a heave, and the noble steamer moved out into the river. Simons stood upon the bank, and saw his jovial associates borne down the river. But as the boat glided away, the red-faced Englishman groaned three groans for American 'liberty and equal rights,' and prayed God to forgive the people! and, as long as man's voice could be heard, his whole-souled prayer continued to issue from his porter looking face, wasting itself upon the indignant crowd.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was late in the summer, the fruit was falling, and the prudent were providing for winter. A man and his wife were roving through the woods along the American river. He was of short stature, dark complexion, and ruddy appearance; his wife was very similar, but of less dimensions. Their hair was uncombed, their faces unwashed, their feet were bare and filthy, and their simple blanket-dresses were more filthy still. They were not pretty and beautiful, according to the common manner of testing and interpreting these qualities; but they followed their occupation with so simple good-will that, even in their native wildness, the philosopher might have been puzzled to know whether they, or their money-making brethren, were the true Christians. In simple innocence they trusted their souls to their Creator; but they were ignorant, and worshiped nothing. They believed that

the Great Spirit which sent them into this world would take care of them in the next. They laughed, and talked in their own language, and, to the looker-on, they seemed as happy as their white brethren; but, whether they really were we shall be better able to say when we ourselves, get to be as unsophisticated as the Indians.

From oak to oak they proceeded, they set their baskets down, gathered the acorns, and seemed to be considerately preparing for winter. This man and wife evidently loved each other, for they pursued their occupation with great regard to the feelings which either might possess, and not a syllable of displeasure escaped their lips. When looking upon each other, a confidential smile was observable on their faces; and in their employment, frequent bursts of unfashionable laughter indicated a familiar acknowledgment of each other's talent at wit, or the sincerity of reciprocal feeling.

They halted beneath a large oak, they stood beside each other, and their attention became directed to two of their white brethren approaching on horseback. A little astonished at seeing such finely dressed gentlemen galloping through the open forest, they stood beside their baskets, and gazed in uncouth wildness upon their lordly visitors. Their suspense and curiosity was only for a few seconds, ere the gentlemen were by their sides, dismounted, and proceeded to hitch their horses—these were our friends, Mr. Warner and Mr. Miller.

Without any introduction, Warner advanced and addressed the Indian lady; but she was not acquainted with his language, and seemed to be puzzled with his queries; whereupon, Warner commenced to demonstrate his wishes without words altogether. But when he laid hands upon her, she became frightened, gave a terrible scream, and flew toward her husband. Her husband was enraged at such wicked designs upon his affectionate wife, and rushed boldly forward to rescue her. Pistols and bowie-knives glittered in the bright sun! A clash! a scream! the report of a pistol!—'twas the same that murdered poor Hance—a desperate groan! and the husband fell at the feet of his fainting wife! After satisfying themselves in the foulest of all

wickedness, the gentlemen mounted their horses and galloped away.

The poor, injured widow arose, trembling, flew upon lightning's wings through the woods, reached her native village, and told the tale. Quicker than thought an army of Indians hurried after the legislative candidates, determined to be avenged for their fellow-companion. With bows and arrows they rushed madly on—they climbed the hills, they tore through the brush, they took advantage of every crook, they ran, they leaped, they cried with rage!

The sun was setting, but on they went, running, leaping, howling, gnashing their teeth, and at every step gaining upon the murderers, and at every breath increasing with rage.

The road circled round a mountain, the gentlemen followed it; the Indians stole over the hill! A shrill warwhoop, a demoniac cry for vengeance, a shower of arrows, a broken voice cried out, "O! Miller, I 'm a dead man!" and immediately two bodies tumbled from their horses! and the Indians returned to their native home, leaving Warner dead and Miller groaning with pain!

In the morning, a few miners were traveling from Placerville to the American River; in the road they found the corpse of Warner, and a little to one side, wrapped in saddle-blankets, lay the great politician—he was not "spilling his blood for the good of the country," but, weak and trembling, he lisped a few feeble words, groaned, and repented of his inhuman guilt.

The miners carried him away, nursed and doctored his hundred wounds; but, when the sun stood just above the tops of the trees, his voice strengthened a little, and he said:

"Boys, I 'm going to die! I hasten to tell you, that, should anybody wish to blame the Indians for this, tell them that we have met the punishment we deserved. My life has been nothing but crime continually, and I deserved to die long ago. But my time has come at last! Will you give me a little water?" and immediately water was placed to his lips, he supped a little, then continued, "Do all you can, boys, to prevent the people from pursuing the Indians. I am a hardened villain; but I know

that when I am gone, the report will be, 'murdered by the Indians.' Tell the people that Warner and I died in a drunken spree—will you? Will you give me some more water? O! my God! I feel the blood flowing in my breast—I feel my arteries bursting!" and he turned his pale face toward the sun. "I see something coming toward me! It's a blaze of fire! O! my God! save me."

The by-standers turned him over, and placed some water to his lips—he shivered, his eyes glared wildly, and he seemed as if overwhelmed with fear.

"O! boys," and he struggled and clenched his teeth, but in a moment he began to relax, and his power dwindled away.

"Boys, will you promise—" but his voice was obliged to rest a little, "promise to prevent the—the—the people—O! God!—from taking up arms against the Indians—will you?"

The by-standers assured him that they would, but before their sentences were concluded, he struggled and again feebly exclaimed, "O! I see something coming at me! It's coming—it's coming!" and he turned his eyes upon his wounds, and viewed the blood flowing away—he cringed—he shook with fear. "O! save me, boys, save me! It's coming at me! It's coming! it's coming! O! ho—ho—" and a delirious quiver issued from his trembling lips.

"O! it's coming at me! Save me, boys! O! it's got me! it's got me! I must go! I'm going!" and his voice ceased, his eyes turned wildly in their sockets, his system shook, convulsed and gradually relaxed, and finally ceased to move!

Thus ended the two great politicians. Their bodies were interred at Placerville, Eldorado county.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Five weeks, and Parker has not yet returned from Sacramento!" Harriet exclaimed, and arose from her seat and walked to the bed in which she had been so long confined. "Two more

doubloons, and my money is all gone! O! what shall I do if Parker doesn't return?"

Harriet still labored under the same suspicion and hatred from Mrs. Marshall and Mary Black—the peevish old maid—that she had experienced previous to Parker's departure; and it was with the greatest difficulty, and by paying exorbitant sums of money, that she could secure as much attention as was necessary to furnish her with bread and tea.

To persons who have never experienced the suspicion of their neighbors or associates, when they were perfectly innocent, the mortified feelings of the person suspected, are far more oppressive than might be supposed. In fact, this suspicion of character, and eternally watching of each other, is the cause of more trouble and mischief in society, as well as a severe punishment to an innocent person, than any other grievance under which the public are laboring; even at this moment for walking with a respectable lady down to the steamboat, the writer of these words, has had sour and suspicious frowns cast upon him by persons who style themselves Christians, and who do it for no other purpose than because we differ in religious sentiments. How people can commit this sin, as it were, be "eaves-droppers," and let fall dishonest hints, talk about "late hours," "other men's wives," and yet have the audacity to style themselves Christians, is a mystery which has never been so satisfactorily explained to the writer as to prevent him from suspecting such suspicious personages. But we must not be too personal, for the weakest dilution sometimes contains more remedial properties than do severer medicines. But to our subject.

Harriet finally recovered so that she could take short walks through the little city of Marysville; but still she was far from being a well person, and had she been in her native city, everybody would have declared she was not able to leave her room. But, day after day, she continued to recover, and erelong she expected to be once more able to engage in some useful occupation. Parker, her only friend, had promised to be only one day absent, but had not been heard of for many weeks; and his mysterious absence gave her some anxiety on his account. She was confi-

dent though, that she did not love him; but she had scarcely any hopes that Simons was living, and she felt in duty bound to respect the many kind attentions of Mr. Parker. She felt that he was her only protector, and to him she wished to relate her troubles, and from him alone she expected assistance.

"O! if Parker would come, and provide me with a comfortable situation, where I could engage in light employment!" she often exclaimed, and pressed her thin, pale hands upon her forehead, or hid her face on the pillow. But the time rolled on, she recovered slowly, and faint traces of color began to brighten her cheeks, and again she exclaimed:

"Only one half doubloon remains! What shall I do?" and pressing her hands upon her face, she was absorbed in forming a resolution. "I am weak, but I must go in search of employment. I must 'do or die!'"

She arose and walked along the street. She saw no acquaintances, and but few ladies; she feared to enter houses and ask for employment, for she feared that everybody had the same suspicions of her that her hostess had; and, in fact, a world of trouble seemed to crowd upon her mind at every step she made. She soon became weary, and was just turning a corner to return to her boarding-house, when she met Parker's sister, and seizing her by the hands, exclaimed:

"O! Mrs. Brown, I'm so happy to meet you!"

Mrs. Brown seemed astonished and confused to know who was addressing her.

"Why, Miss, by jing, you have the advantage of me!" and Harriet thought Mrs. Brown's eyes glistened strangely; she thought that some of her beauty too, had faded, and those beautiful arched brows of Mrs. Brown's seemed to be lowered and sad.

"My name is Harriet Lindsey; I once came to see you, in company with Mr. Parker." Mrs. Brown smiled a curious smile, struggled a little with her memory, and replied:

"O! I mind now; by jing, why couldn't I remember?" and she shook Harriet's hands heartily, and seemed to be sad with some hidden memory. She pulled at Harriet, and said:

"Come up into my room; come, you look tired."

They walked a few paces, climbed up the steep, narrow stairway, and entered Mrs. Brown's parlor—it was the same parlor where she had passed such an agreeable afternoon previous to receiving the abuse from the clergyman and his wife. Harriet noticed a considerable change in the dress of this young woman, and feared that some sad story was soon to be related; but, when entering the parlor, a still greater change in the furniture and luxury of the room, struck her that all was not right. The piano was gone, the chairs were damaged, the window-curtains were torn, torn ribbons were scattered over the rich, but stained carpet, and the absence of a broom seemed everywhere observable. Mrs. Brown tossed her gaudy, broken bonnet upon the table; Harriet's eye followed the motion, and observed a revolver lying upon the table. She endeavored to dispel her strange apprehensions, and asked:

"When did you return from San Francisco, Mrs. Brown? I was very sorry that I knew nothing of your going—I wanted to give you an introduction to Mrs. Case, I think she is one of the best women in the world."

The words seemed strange to Mrs. Brown, and her glistening eyes seemed to wander. She threw herself carelessly on to a chair, and replied:

"Return from San Francisco? Why I haven't been to San Francisco."

"Why, I understood that you went?"

"No, by-jing, no such news," and her thoughts seemed scattered and loose, but she continued, "nor I never expect to see that place again. But where have you been stopping so long?"

"At Mrs. Marshall's, on L— Street," Harriet replied, but her attention was cautiously directed to a closet in one corner of the parlor—the door was half open and bottles were standing within.

"Are there many of you there?" asked Mrs. Brown, and she commenced to gape and yawn; she then drew a bunch of cigars from her pocket, and asked Harriet to take a smoke. Harriet declined and began to have strange impressions; but she pursued the conversation.

"No, there are no ladies there except myself—that is, beside Mary Black, an old maid."

"Is it a good house?" said Mrs. Brown, drawing some matches from her pocket and lighting her cigar. Harriet paid more attention to those glistening eyes, she fancied that she discovered a dimness; and an exclamation, can it be possible! was checked, and she again replied:

"No, it's not a very good house; I intend to leave as soon as Parker returns. I should not have remained there so long, but I cannot well leave."

Mrs. Brown's cigar would not light, she twisted it a little, then threw it across the room. At the mention of Parker's name she colored, and asked Harriet:

"When will Parker be back?" Again she commenced to gape and yawn, and seemed to turn quite sleepy; but Harriet replied:

"That's just what I intended to ask you? I supposed you would be sure to know?"

"Why, how should I know?" and again Mrs. Brown gaped and yawned.

"Brothers generally tell their sisters," said Harriet, but the sleepy Mrs. Brown arose, proceeded to the closet and brought out a bottle of champagne, still repeating her own question:

"How should I know, how should I know?" Again Harriet replied:

"Brothers generally tell their sisters everything?" Mrs. Brown started a little, and looked steadily upon Harriet:

"Brother!" she said "why who on earth put that nonsense into your head, child?" Harriet was beginning to feel alarmed, but replied:

"Why, he told me that he was your brother."

"He did? The good for nothing r—l how dare he talk so? Just let him show his face in here again! I have this laid away for him," and Mrs. Brown seized the revolver and swung it about like a warrior.

Poor Harriet was frightened at such female bravado, and considered now that all her suspicions of Mrs. Brown were true. The cause of her expulsion from Mrs. Ellis's flashed upon her in

an instant, and she felt like leaping from Mrs. Brown's room; she was unable to make any reply, but remained trembling in her seat.

Mrs. Brown laid the pistol down, and raised a large knife to cut the cork of her bottle of champagne; and at that very instant foot-falls were heard coming up the stair-way; and, in a second after, without knocking or giving any signal, the door opened, and in came two well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking young men.

"Well, Sally," said one of them, laughing, "my dear, we're just in time for the champagne, eh?" and he hopped across the room, took Mrs. Brown (whom he called Sally), into his arms, hugged and kissed her very affectionately; which she returned by quite as much freedom, and by even a greater abundance of kissing. This gentleman was scarcely through, when the other advanced to Sally, and did the same. As soon as they were through squeezing Mrs. Brown, they turned toward Harriet, and said:

"Halloo! who's this?" and proceeded to give her a similar embrace.

When these gentlemen first entered the room, Harriet had arisen, and was about taking an unceremonious leave; but, before she was aware of her critical situation, one of the fashionable gentlemen had her enfolded in his arms, and, amid her screams and struggles, attempted to take one of his social kisses. The other gentleman noticed her refractory disposition, and rushed forward to assist his friend in his diabolical amusement; but he reached the place just too late to miss his hold. The door was standing open, and the poor girl, wild with fear, had made one desperate leap, cleared the door and tumbled down the stairway on to the side-walk! But in her rapid flight, the gentleman who had hold of her, was also overbalanced, and tumbled down the stairs also, but *un*luckily escaped receiving any injury. Sally and the other gentleman remained up stairs, evidently satisfied that nothing strange had happened.

He assisted Harriet to rise, but when she tried to escape, he tried to force her up the stairs, and to get relief, she screamed for help, and in a few minutes a great crowd of gamblers were

about her — laughing at her and the young man's struggles. Among some of the modest phrases which these gentlemen uttered in Harriet's presence, were a profusion of words which are too base to be written; but, of course, as it was a "free country," it was all quite right, and quite an argument in favor of extending our Christian dominions—even at the risk of having a war with European powers.

"O! gentlemen, why do you not help me?" the poor girl cried, and attempted to free herself from the fun-making gamblers; but the spectators laughed, and some of them said:

"She's one of 'em, I'll bet;" but others said:

"She's blamed good-looking, though! Who brought her? I never seen her before! Sam, do you know who she belongs to? She's been fighting. See how her face is bleeding!" but others said:

"Served her right to fall down stairs. I hope all such characters will break their necks;" but there were others, who said:

"O! George, don't hurt the girl; see, she is crying. I'm sure you must be mistaken in that girl; I've not been galloping about so much for nothing. I can tell by her looks that she is not one of 'em. I know she ain't." During this time Harriet was crying:

"O! help! gentlemen, help! help me! for God's sake, help me." This occasioned the crowd to increase, but yet they all stood coolly watching "the fun." Harriet, it must be remembered, had only lately left the sick-chamber, and was only strong enough to take a short walk; and, certainly, she was in a very poor condition to struggle with a large young man. As he continued to push her up the stairway, she would cling to the railing, and endeavor to hold herself close down to the steps; but, in a little while, her bonnet was torn off, her hair was rumpled and dangling over her face, tears and perspiration blinded her, and her dress was being torn to ribbons. Her weakness continued to increase, and she found that the gambler's strength was fast gaining upon her. Still she cried:

"O! gentlemen, for heaven's sake, help! help!" and still the crowd continued to laugh, and make light remarks. But the

gambler seemed to delight in his tussle, and during all the time, kept up an affected fit of laughter, or made indecent compliments about her desirable attractions. Harriet felt her weakness rapidly gaining, her hold to the railing was beginning to give way, her limbs were sinking, and even her courage for contending any longer, was nearly gone! But still she continued to scream:

"O! my God! are these men so destitute of morality? O! heaven! protect me! Gentlemen! is there not a man among you who will release me from this monster?" But the gambler began to have the ascendency, and already had her up several steps.

"O! heavens! must I be ruined?" she screamed. "Will no man protect me until you learn my innocence? Gentlemen! for heaven's sake, protect me!" but her hands began to feel numb and dead; first one and then the other let go its hold, and she rested in the gambler's arms, crying:

"O! my God! what will become of me? O! my God!" and the gambler commenced to tug her up the stairs. But at this moment there was a great bustle and confusion among the crowd. Everybody was pushing and shoving, and everybody seemed to be talking. But one voice, louder than the others, cried out:

"Stand back, here! Stand back! Let me pass! Stand back!"

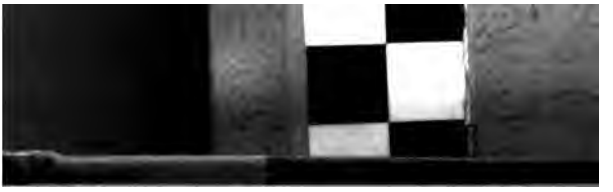
Though the crowd was so dense that the speaker found great difficulty in passing; for every one seemed anxious to crowd up to the foot of the stairs, yet, just as the gambler got Harriet at the top of the stairs, a large, well-dressed young man broke through the crowd and rushed up the stairs after them; he drew a revolver from his pocket and pointed it at the breast of the gambler.

"Release that lady," he said, "or you are a dead man! Release her in a moment! Not a word!" The gambler let go his hold and put on a sheepish smile, but stood aghast. Harriet turned to look upon her preserver, her face was covered with blood, her hair disheveled, and, looking into his face:

"O! Parker! Parker!" she exclaimed, "may God bless you!" and she tossed up her hands, and threw her arms around him.

HARRIET'S RESCUE FROM A LEGALLY TOLERATED FREE INSTITUTION.

As soon as Parker came to her rescue, the affair assumed an entirely new character. Everybody now looked upon her as a good woman, and deserving of protection; all were anxious to speak of the outrageous conduct of the abductor, and to show their willingness to 'respect woman's rights,' and to assist Harriet to get away from the crowd—which at this instant had become prodigious in number, and composed of both Jews and Gentiles, and of every color and language that exist—but Parker assumed the honor of accompanying her, and in a few seconds he hurried her away from the noisy crowd. What were the impressions, the conduct, the opinions, etc. of the people, after Harriet and Parker left, we cannot relate, but we must follow her back to her boarding-house. She had scarcely been able to speak, after meeting Parker, until she reached her own room; and, half sitting and half lying upon her low bed, she took a general view of her torn garments, shuddered a little, then turned her tearful eyes upon Parker; she looked steadily for a moment, then buried her face upon her pillow. Parker had not yet lost the noble feeling that still beamed in his face; but nearly overcome with sympathy



for Harriet's unfortunate condition and trouble, he asked, in a mild voice:

"You would like to be alone, Miss Lindsey?" Harriet startled, and looked at him—he seemed more than mortal—and she exclaimed:

"O! Mr. Parker, how can you leave me?"

"I only meant for a few minutes. You are too weak to talk now. I think you had better compose yourself and rest a little. You are perfectly safe now—nothing shall disturb you any more." A feeling of confidence and safety stole over Harriet's mind—giving her more courage and hope than anything she had known for several months.

"Then you will not go out of the house?" she asked.

"No, Miss Lindsey, no. You can rest perfectly safe. Try and compose yourself, and you will soon feel better. I will call in, in about two hours, and see you," and he drew his watch, looked at the time, arose, shook Harriet's hand gently, and left the room.

"Sporty! Sporty!" said Harriet, after Parker left, for the little dog seemed to be attached to Parker's personal appearance, and nearly disposed to follow him away.

When Harriet fell down the stairway, she unfortunately disturbed her index of human sympathy, and caused it to bleed and disfigure her personal attractions; but in other respects she was scarcely injured save the griping and pinching which she received during her struggle with the gambler. With her nose bleeding, her dress torn, and her character nearly gone, she felt some timidity in returning to the boarding-house where she had already received so much abuse. When she and Parker returned, the two women, Mrs. Marshall and Mary Black—the maid with the dried-up face—were standing directly in the door, really as if watching to see whom they might injure by casting out hints upon 'character.' Of the pair, the old maid undoubtedly possessed the most attractive qualities. She was tall, and shaped exactly after the fashion of a scythe-handle. Like Willie's wife of Linkumdoddie,

"She's bough-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther."

This tawny creature had cultivated her frowning capacity until her withered face had turned into malice and suspicion; and to give herself a still higher position in "*her* virtues," and to place herself above all suspicion, although, perhaps, the worst gambler in California could not have been hired to touch her, chose her tongue as the instrument with which to put others down and to elevate herself.

Being acquainted with this lady's weapon, Harriet had no sooner perceived her standing in the door than she felt an oppression and fear quite as severe as she had in the struggle with the gambler; for such a battery as had the old maid, was without any counteracting agent, but, acting in secret and unknown paths, could circulate a suspicion, too serious to be effaced by any argument, which could extend among everybody throughout the city.

Shortly after Harriet met the abuse from the minister and his wooden wife, this old maid took the pains to run over to Mrs. Ellis, and ascertain, if possible, whether she could find any clue whereby to expose Harriet's conduct; but whatever information she gained, she took particular caution always to relate to anybody else but Harriet or Parker; but, as Mrs. Ellis and the old maid met twice in church every Sunday to worship God? and to cultivate their spite and hatred toward their fellow creatures, and to learn all about the "last suspicious" reports in reference to some other ladies' characters—it is not at all likely that they arrived at any very wholesome conclusion about Harriet. This granite lady assumed a dignified holiness when she saw Harriet and Parker returning, and she looked as though the words "served you right" were just on the eve of escaping her leather lips; but, turning haughtily, as much as to say "thank God, *I* am yet holy," she swept her stiffly starched calico along the

greasy ground floor, and went into another room. As soon as Harriet entered, she washed the blood from her face, and seated herself upon her low bed to talk with Parker, as we before mentioned. As we are aware, Parker only remained a few minutes, and promised to call again in the course of two hours' time. Now then, as soon as Parker withdrew, for he did leave the house, this granite maid seized her bonnet and sallied forth to learn the news about Harriet's misfortune, not even asking one word upon Harriet's side of the question. Harriet saw her leave, and from the direction in which she went, and the indignant manner in which she walked, Harriet at once apprehended the object of the old maid's search; and, knowing the happiness of this granite machine upon learning the evil reports against anybody, she very much feared that the said granite lady might hear some hard story and finally turn her away from the house—which, without money, might yet drive her to ruin or starvation.

Reader, *starvation* is a hard word to be used in our country; but, both here and in England, the woman who has been trampled down by slanderous reports can only escape starvation by submitting to be ruined! This family, that family, nor any other family will have anything to do with them, unless it is to add a little more evil to the reports, and to 'push them still further under water;' and too, the lady herself, different from man, begins to fancy that everybody is acquainted with the report, and her own modesty causes her to shrink from public gaze and observation. Whoever she sees, she fancies they are looking at her and contemplating upon her own reported condition; and, instead of becoming enraged and resolved to be avenged as man does, she becomes timid, resistless, despondent, and is more easily taken advantage of. In this manner, the 'rigidly religious,' who persecute and avoid, shun and neglect, instead of pity and comfort, assist and protect, have caused thousands of fair females to be ruined!

Now, reader, lest you think this representation is too extravagant to be true, we will refer you to your own town, to your own street, to your own house, and to your own self, to see if you have not seen this same persecution and neglect toward the

female who is said to have fallen. But, reader, you must not take it as anything personal, for you and we, you know, do not belong to that class of persecutionists, nor do we intend ever to join them.

Just at the period of this great falling, Harriet knew of but one person in the city who considered her above suspicion—that was Parker; and to him her obligations knew no bounds, nor had she words sufficient to express it. And, too, she now feared that an "alliance" might spring up between them, which she could not possibly interdict; and, although she had but little hopes that Simons was still living, she felt that her hand could never be given to any other. But when Parker left her this last time, he pressed her hand strangely—she felt an electric shock vibrating throughout her person, and in his noble, dark eyes, she saw affectionate expression beaming upon her, and she felt that she could have burst into tears, and thrown her arms around him. Musing upon this subject, as well as upon the mad-like absence of the old maid, she lay down on her bed, hid her face in the pillow, and, weary and fatigued, she fell into a deep sleep.

It was late in the afternoon when Parker called, but near the time he had appointed. The house was quiet, and seemed to be nearly deserted. Little Sporty met Parker at the door, and seemed to invite him into the room. Parker stooped down, patted him a little, then proceeded toward Harriet's room—he opened the door gently, walked beside her bed, and stood, looked upon her innocent face, sighed to himself, "She sleeps, she sleeps sweetly!" and, pressing his handkerchief upon his noble brow, appreciated more intensely than ever the unworthy life he had lived; a mist seemed to crowd before his eyes, he turned and walked quietly to the door, looked back a moment, then passed out and walked away.

It was late in the evening when Harriet awoke, but just as she was awaking, she was thinking to herself whether it was because she fancied she had a protector to guard her, or whether it was from some other cause that she slept so soundly—ay, she was reasoning upon the advantages of a married life. But her contemplations gradually changed—she thought she heard some-

body arguing upon "character," and she thought the voice sounded like that of the granite old maid. Slowly indeed, did she awake, but it was night—and those voices, too, were real voices, arguing upon woman's "character." "O! what a dream I had!" she exclaimed to herself, and she fancied that her past day's experience had been only a dream.

"But how did I lay down without changing my dress? This seems strange indeed!" and she commenced examining her clothes. "This is strange!" and she pressed her hand upon her forehead. "I can not be dreaming *now!* Sporty! Sporty!" and immediately the little white dog skipped to her bedside. "No, I am not dreaming, and this exposure of which I was thinking, must have been real! But where is Parker? O! I remember! I remember!" and she arose, struck a light, and placed her candle upon the stand—a sort of broken box covered with brown muslin. She then seated herself upon her bed, to hear the earnest conversation going on between the old maid and Mrs. Marshall; but, in their hatred and malice, they even masticated their own words—bit them off, so that no one could have distinguished what they were saying. Satisfied that she could gain no information, as to whether they were arguing upon her own character, she arose and started out in search of a cup of tea, and, if possible, to explain the whole of her misfortune to the wooden ladies. Now, there were beside Mr. Marshall, generally about five or six men boarders, but not lodgers, who feasted upon the humble fare prepared by these sisters, and who were all aware of the old maid's rules. One of the rules which this lady enforced, was even more arbitrary and binding than what our Christian brother, Mr. Dickens, has so very curiously represented to be common to our country. That was, that every boarder must be on hand exactly at the moment the bell was rung for the breakfast, the dinner, or the supper. When any failed to be there according to this rule, the old maid drew her lean face into a sour shape, moved the chairs or stools quickly, bit her words, griped the bread, or the knives and forks with her long, lean fingers, and kept her lantern jaws so firmly shut, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could eat her meals. Har-

riet was acquainted with this rule, and when rising, to go in search of something to eat, naturally enough expected to receive a volley of epithetical looks and sarcastic glances from the old maid's cat-like eyes, the very moment she came into her presence. Under these impressions she ventured forth, and, until then, she had not been aware how severely she had been bruised; for her whole person seemed as if wounded and about ready to fail her in reaching the dining-room. However, she accomplished the task, entered into the presence of her female friends, found them just dropping some needlework, and in the act of closing business for the night—Mr. Marshall had already retired.

"Is there any tea left?" Harriet asked, but neither of the ladies looked up, though the old maid answered, "I think there is, but supper is past. We can't be getting supper all night."

Harriet made no further questions, but proceeded to a box-fixing, lined with calico, so as to look like a cupboard, brought a teapot, and placed it upon the stove to heat up.

"I slept later than I intended," said Harriet. Neither of the ladies replied, but turned their needlework carefully over.

"Is it very late?" Harriet asked. The old maid looked at Mrs. Marshall, and said—

"How do you intend to work the sleeves? like this of mine? I never like to see ruffles—they are a bad sign."

"It'll make a very nice dress," replied Mrs. Marshall, then gaped, and said, "I think it's bed time."

"I'm not to be done," thought Harriet, and she again said:

"I suppose there are no particular fashions about sleeves in this city, are there, Miss Black?" The old maid looked toward a different part of the room, and replied:

"Some of the ladies wear ragged ones." No greater hit could have been made, for Harriet's sleeves had been nearly torn away by the gambler, and it was to her the old maid referred.

"Yes," said Harriet, "but have you learned why they wear them? Good people are sometimes unfortunate and ill treated!"

"I've learned something, and I'll learn the balance to-morrow, I guess," said the old maid.

Harriet now felt somewhat easier; she had the subject fairly introduced, and was resolved to relate the ill-treatment which she had just received.

"Now, Miss Black," said Harriet, "you are aware that every story has two sides, and all I ask is, that you will not decide upon the treatment which I have received to-day until you have heard my explain me side of the story."

"I 'm not going to be biased by anybody's story," said the old maid, shortly; "there were enough people seen what was going on."

"But," said Harriet, "why would you not as lief hear my side as the other side? I 'm sure you have never seen anything wrong in my conduct—have you?"

"I suppose you think we didn't see that gentleman going into your room this evening, when nobody was about—eh!" said Mrs. Marshall.

"This evening," repeated Harriet, "why there was no person in my room this evening."

"Now, how dare you deny that? Didn't I see him with my own eyes?" said Mrs. Marshall.

"O!" said Harriet, "you are alluding to Parker coming home with me?"

"No, I am not—no such a thing. I know that you had a gentleman, and I expect he was a gambler, too; I didn't get to see his face rightly, but I know he was in your room this evening."

"Mrs Marshall, you are certainly mistaken."

"Never mind," interrupted the old maid, "we 'll find these things out to-morrow. I know a thing or two already, and I intend to know more, too."

"But won't you permit me to tell you how badly I have been treated to-day? I now know why Mrs. Ellis turned me away from her house; but if she had given me a hearing, I could have satisfied her that she was under a very wrong impression."

"You are a very pretty *thing* to be censuring our minister's wife! You suppose I haven't nearly found out where you've been to day, eh?" said the old maid, and she walked stiffly away.

"If you will permit me, I will tell you where I have been to-day, and how fortunately I escaped with my life and character."

"Character!" repeated the old maid; "you had better eat your supper, and go to bed, that's the kind of a story you ought to be thinking about."

"But I wish to tell you how I ventured into a house of ill-fame, through a mistake, and —"

"Mistake!" repeated the old maid, "mistake, I dare say it was a mistake—a sad mistake."

"Yes, Miss Black, a mistake. It was where I had had an introduction the day I was driven from Mrs. Ellis's, and —"

"I don't want to hear any of your stories. Only a few minutes ago you denied about that gentleman coming into your room *alone*. How can I expect the truth from you?" and the old maid walked stiffly out of the room.

"Well," said Mrs. Marshall, rising to follow her sister, "well, this affair must be looked up to-morrow. I'll examine into it myself. I don't intend to have the character of my house injured for nobody, I don't. I hope you 'll eat your supper now and go to bed. I should be very sorry, after all our encouragement and care of you, to find that you no sooner recover your health than you take to the same life again. Sister," addressing the old maid, "sister have you the Bible, or did I leave it in my work-box?" and the lady, Mrs. Marshall, also left the dining-room, leaving Harriet to ponder upon human nature. Harriet did not yet despond, as perhaps many a lady might have, but sat tearless, perplexed, provoked, injured, and abused, contemplating upon some manner to regain the position she so honestly deserved; and, while mincing over her cold supper, an idea entered her head—to sue for ill-treatment, and to break up the house where "Sally" lived.

"Yes, I can get plenty of witnesses," she said to herself. "It will show, too, that I am innocent; but whether it will do me any good or not, it will at least prevent any other young lady from being taken in there. Parker will be a good witness. O! I remember, he was to call in two hours to see me. It must have

been Parker whom Mrs. Marshall saw come into my room. O! why could I not think of that!"

The idea of suing the gambler for abusing her, and of breaking up the den about that house, now occupied her whole attention. She returned to her bed, weighed all the pros and cons of the whole subject, and after passing several hours of hard study, she again fell asleep, and slept soundly.

A young gentleman, about twenty-two years of age, lived upon B. street. He was exceedingly tall, but moderately good-looking; wore a sickly moustache, and a goatee of a milky-brown color—was rather limber and sprightly, with a pale, but sanguine face, straight flaxen hair, an effeminate voice, and altogether of quite a boyish appearance. He dressed in good black cloth, wore large rings upon his fingers, a splendid watch, a striped vest, smoked cigars with good grace, and, in fact, appeared to be the making of a fashionable gentleman. His education was moderately good, and it was reported that he had 'rubbed his back against a college,' and even elevated his feet in a lawyer's study-room. In common conversation, he used quite a number of those hard words which have been so great a burden to us in writing this story, by not being privileged to write them. It is really oppressive to think that society is overrun by persons who use so much profanity that even their language cannot be written! This young gentleman was said to be the best quoit pitcher in California—and that he has "rung his stake" three out of five, for hours together. At this laudable amusement he could be seen on the shady side of the street nearly all day, pitching quoits with young men of about the same standing as himself. When he first arrived in Marysville, he was put into the office of public administrator, but, as the reader may not know what that office was in California, we must relate some of its characteristics. Almost everybody had friends or relations who went to California, and must take some interest in information of this kind, for we will state the matter so that no one can mistake our meaning. Among those friends and relations who went to that golden land, were some of the most honest and virtuous of American citizens. They had good wives, children, parents,

brothers or sisters who were depending upon them for support, and who lived back here in our civilized States waiting anxiously for the dear one to return. Unfortunately, these adventurers were not adapted to the climate, and, after a few months' toil, many of them were called to their eternal home! The cholera, and a chronic diarrhea, and some of the fevers, swept these good people off in a few hours after the attack. In this hasty exit, they very frequently failed to settle up their earthly affairs as they wished—scarcely saying good-by to the strangers around them. Almost all of these persons who died, were in possession of a few hundred dollars, and some of them had several thousands; but one of the wealthiest that ever came under our own observation, was a David Ward—a colored man, from the city of Boston—who had about eighteen thousand dollars, principally in gold dust. Now then, to attend to the property and the money which had been in the possession of these deceased, to settle the accounts, and to transmit the money to the friends or relations of the departed, was the business of these administrators. But the deceased seldom, and scarcely ever had any friends or acquaintances to see that the business was fairly settled; and, as the administrator was generally a gambler, it is scarcely necessary for us to mention what became of the money. Imagine, reader, a young man of twenty-two, a gambler, a quoit pitcher, taking charge of the gold dust in the pockets of your deceased brother or husband! See that young man soon become the wealthiest in his city, and, know too, that you have never heard of the property or gold dust which belonged to your brother or husband! Imagine all of this, reader, and then you may have some idea of a true state of "doing up" things in California—you will have, too, a correct impression, an impression which the writer utters in defiance of all the booby-boy-gambling-officials in the golden State! Here, reader, permit us to state that, if you are a good Republican, you can perceive why you should not advocate the annexation of any more territory; for these gambling officials have no regard for the persons who are remaining back in the other States, nor for foreign nations. So that if our territory becomes much larger, the officers of these distant places

must be appointed from the other States, in order that we can have justice, and act in concord with each other, and accord with other nations. But as these distant places will not submit to have their officers appointed, secession will be the result. This was the first great cause of the Roman Republic changing into an Empire. And, although you gather these words from a love story, they are worthy the consideration of every one who cherishes a love of Republicanism. But to our story, hoping that things are now better conducted in California than they have formerly been.

The young gentleman whom we have partially introduced, became a man of wealth and influence while holding the office of administrator, and was soon considered an "available" man for the magistracy. The election was favorable, and we now introduce this boyish gentleman to the reader as Squire Harris. Squire Harris's office was a small wooden building, close to the place where he was generally found pitching quoits, and was not a very bad sort of house. As a magistrate, considering his years, he was generally acknowledged to be a "smart man," and one who acted promptly and justly. As he was one day, about two o'clock, in company with a few companions, pitching quoits, a young lady neatly dressed, approached and asked:

"Is Squire Harris about?" He suspended business, walked close up to her, and answered:

"That's my name, Miss; what do you want?"

Harriet—for it was no other—was a little daunted by such ungallant speech and promptness on the part of a gentleman of his years, and in a moment she feared that even he might have heard of the suspicions which the old maid had endeavored to spread abroad.

"I want to speak with you," said Harriet.

"Very well, Miss, speak on!" and he seemed to be noticing a scratch or two about Harriet's face, which she, naturally enough, seemed to try to conceal by her handkerchief.

"Have you an office near by?"

"Yes, Miss; but what do you want to speak to me about—to sue somebody—eh?"

"I wish to speak privately, sir, if you please?"

"O! certainly, Miss, I like to speak with women in private—I always did, it 's kind o' natural," and the Squire turned and walked toward his office, followed by Harriet. Just as they were entering the office, one of the Squire's companions said:

"Spunk up to her, Squire!" but what the phrase meant, we leave every one to form their own conclusion.

"Well, Miss," said the Squire, and he pushed her a seat, and shut the door. A thought flashed through Harriet's mind in a moment:

"Why should he shut the door in such warm weather as this? Surely I can have nothing to fear from the magistrate? I must be growing suspicious!" But the Squire addressed her:

"Well; what 's the nature of your grievance?"

"O! Squire, I have been most shamefully treated. Even my life has been endangered."

"But never mind, Miss; I can't hear your case. I only want to know what is the nature of your complaint? and what redress you wish to sue for? The case cannot be heard until both parties are present."

"Well, sir," and Harriet's face brightened with courage and independence, "I was severely abused yesterday, by a young man called David Smith."

"Well, what did he do to you?"

Harriet then related a sketch of her visit to "Sally's"—her falling down the stairway, and the cruel attempt of the gambler, David Smith. The Squire sat patiently until she was through with the whole story, then asked.

"Were you not in company with this Parker several months ago, in search of boarding at the Tremont House?"

"Yes, sir, I was."

"You can open a suit against this David Smith, by paying five dollars as security of costs; but really, Miss, I should advise you to drop the matter. I should hate to see a lady of your appearance attempting to prove your story before a court."

"But, sir, am I to be subject to such treatment, and to have my character injured without any redress?"

"Just as you say. Five dollars, Miss, is what it will cost you to open a suit." Harriet withdrew her purse, but the Squire continued:

"I should really hate to see such a beautiful creature before the court, Miss," and he drew his chair beside hers. Harriet arose. She looked the Squire full in the face. The whole earth seemed to quake, and the human family seemed to be robed in darkness! She felt her heart throbbing, and nearly fainted with weakness; but she summoned her courage, and replied:

"What do you mean, to treat me with this familiarity, sir?" The Squire smiled and said:

"O! no harm, Miss—no harm—no harm!" and he arose to stand by her side, "we 're on good terms, Miss, I hope?" and he raised his hand to take hers. Harriet turned quickly toward the door, seized the latch, opened it, and took a hasty leave—the last words the Squire said were:

"Mind now, you can't prove nothing." Thus ended Harriet's suit for damages.

On her way back to her boarding-house, she experienced more mortification of feeling and intense trouble than she had ever before known. To find such a boyish fop acting as magistrate, and to meet such an insult from the place where alone she had expected security and confidence, gave her an entire new view of her wretched condition. Sooner than she expected, she found herself once more near her boarding-house. But, O! what a change in the appearance of things since she left! Precisely as if the old maid had been taught under the care of Mrs. Ellis, Harriet's boxes were cast out of doors! The old maid and Mrs. Marshall were standing in the door, as if expecting to be met by an army of Russians. A single glance told Harriet that pleading was utterly useless; for she knew that the old maid had determined to make her leave the house. However, when she neared these granite creatures, she asked:

"Will you not hear me relate all my troubles before you turn me away?" The old lady replied sarcastically:

"No, we don't want one word, not a word. We don't intend to have our characters injured by keeping such a *thing* about the house."

"But, even supposing I am a bad woman, how can you refuse to hear what the nature of my case is?"

"Take your things away, and don't say one word to me—we know all about you," and the old maid "scraped her feet at the door," and went into the house, followed by Mrs. Marshall. Harriet was left standing upon the sidewalk—she felt a death-like weakness stealing over her person—it was a strange feeling! Her eyes turned toward the heavens, the sky seemed to glimmer, and strange figures were written along its deep-blue ridges—she had never seen anything like it before! The injured lady turned upon her feet—the same little feet that bore her over the Great Desert more than a year before—she looked about the city, it seemed to vibrate and grow dim—it was a strange dimness! She raised her hand toward her face—but that hand had never seemed so pale, never trembled as it now did! She gathered her shawl, but she heard something beating within her bosom—it was not excitement, but seemed as a strange warning! She started to walk; she said to herself, "I must search for protection and peace!" but she noticed a numbness in her person—it was a strange feeling that seemed to pervade her entire system—to chill her mortal frame! She moved along, but the streets seemed to be clouded, the earth grew unsteady, and strange sounds echoed in unseen places. She saw a little river; she heard its gentle murmurs; she seated herself upon its banks. Heavy clouds gathered about her face, and that river seemed to invite her into its mellow ripples!

"Sporty!" she said; and the little dog pressed his face to hers! "Sporty!" she said, and she pressed him to her bosom! "Must we now separate, Sporty, forever?" and immediately her eyes were covered with darkness, and involuntary motions placed her at the brink of the river. "Sporty!" she said, and the little dog pulled at her clothes, and tried to counsel with his fair mistress! She pointed toward the water—that strange-looking

water—so different from what the Yuba had ever seemed! She raised her hands, and all the earth was still as the house of death! "Almighty God! I 'm tired of earth! Let me come unto thee, O my God!" and immediately she turned, and said: "Sporty!" and the little fellow pulled hard at her clothes, "Sporty, I must go! It 's calling me! It has come for me! Good-by, Sporty! Good-by, Sporty! My only friend! If you alone could talk to me, I would yet live! Sporty! Sporty! good-by! good-by! May God preserve you, Sporty! I will soon be with your master—he is in heaven, Sporty!" and she turned her dim eyes toward the river—that river had no terror—it seemed sweeter than paradise! and even its murmur seemed like the voices of angels, spreading before her vision a kingdom of eternal glory!

She withdrew her handkerchief; there were two names upon one corner, she pressed one of them to her lips, but even her lips began to grow cold and numb! She removed her bonnet, and her hands involuntarily raised the handkerchief to her head. Those beautiful brown curls were folded and bound down by the snowy-white handkerchief, and she spread her shawl by her side.

"Here, Sporty," she said, "I give this to thee," and Sporty laid upon it—he looked into her face, he seemed resigned to his mistress's will. She drew a piece of paper from her pocket, and wrote, "Flow, gentle Yuba! flow sweetly o'er the body that chooses thee as the last friend on earth, and leave no stain upon the virtue of the woman whose purity is unsurpassed even by thine own sparkling water; conceal the body beneath thy murmuring blue ripples; bid the heartless world ne'er touch the virgin form that chooses to sleep in eternal darkness—rather than be a *slave* or a *beast* to her fellow-creatures—with the glorious hope of eternal felicity. Sweet Yuba! one plunge, and the mist between me and darkness is broken! Thy little waves shall roll o'er an injured woman, and thy soft murmur shall chant the love she wished to bestow, but could not. Lovely Yuba, thy voice is too inviting. Mary Sparks cannot write more—she will join with thee!" Harriet arose, pinned the

paper to the willow leaves, and again kneeled by little Sporty's side—her voice was in faint whispers. "Sporty! Sporty! I must go—I must go to another world! For you, even such a friend, I nearly fail! Good-by, Sporty, good-by!" and while not a living thing disturbed the awful stillness, our fair lady walked slowly to the water's edge, turned her eyes for the last time toward heaven; her lips moved, but no sound escaped their pale borders; she leaned far over the deep river, dropped her eyes toward the blue ripples, and said, "'Tis done!" and immediately her balance gave way.

There was a rustling among the willows. A man sprang forth—it was quicker than thought. His strong arm encircled her waist—she screamed:

"O! Parker!" and fainted in his arms.

The gambler laid her death-like person upon the shady green; he acted not like a gambler then. He unfolded the snowy handkerchief, he dipped it quickly into the river, he bathed her temples, his hands trembled. He perceived her struggling for breath; he moved her, and exclaimed;

"O! God preserve her! she is dying, she is dying! Great heavens! give her strength—life! For her sake, O! God, give her back the soul which has been ruined by thy pretended followers; let her once more smile upon earth, and help her, O! God, to attain the peace and comfort which she so fairly deserves," and he watched the gentle pulsation stealing over her pale forehead—color seemed to be returning. "O! she lives, she lives! Fair lady, O! come to life again—happiness awaits you. But breathe and live and you shall know no more trouble—no more cruel censures—no more secret malice—no, no more cold suspicions shall molest your pathway. Arouse, noble woman! Arouse, adventuress of the west! Dispel this darkened gloom—dispel these impenetrable clouds, and behold the arm that will shield you, shield you until you meet one more worthy. Harriet Lindsey, Mary Sparks, look up, see, you are safe, you *shall* be comforted, if man can comfort!" and he saw tears glistening in her dark-gray eyes, he saw her bosom heave.

Again, he dipped the handkerchief in the river, he bathed her temples, and he saw bright colors stealing over her face. He stooped his ear, he heard her whisper:

"Is father near, or my mother?"

"O! can it be," exclaimed Parker, "that she has lost her reason!" and again he listened to her whispers, for she seemed wild.

"Tell them I still believe that Nathan Simons lives; and that, live or die, my heart is ever his. Tell them that though stars may fall, the moon and sun grow dim, the very earth fall to pieces, here, and in eternity, my heart cannot change. 'Tis woman's pledge. Tell them that the gentle Yuba is less constant, nor shall my prolonged existence ever break my vow; neither is there in mortal or spiritual existence the power that can change my love. 'Twas my heart and hand I pledged on Walnut Hills; and though the Queen City, upon which he and I looked with tearful eyes when our pledge was sealed in heaven, sinks to rise no more, that pledge never shall be broken!"

Harriet's face brightened, she looked strangely upon Parker; he was upon his knees, his hand pointed toward heaven, his eyes, those noble eyes, seemed riveted to the skies, and strange feelings were manifested in that brow, that noble, lofty brow; and more than mortal existence beamed in his unheard whispers, to be recorded in the world above. He acted not like a gambler then. Large tear-drops rolled down his manly cheeks—those full, manly cheeks; his heart beat hurriedly, his lips—those slightly curled, firm lips, parted at every move of his silent, full breast, and around his reverential form there seemed to be floating a scarce perceptible electric fluid, that had power to unnerve the fair lady by his side. He arose, dipped the handkerchief in the river, bathed her temples and her forehead—the fair forehead on which he had so often placed his hand—*that hand* had a strange touch—when she was so long suffering upon her little low bed; he examined her pulse, he watched her eyes, he seemed not like the 'rigidly' religious old maid then.

"Have courage, Miss Lindsey," said he, "you will soon recover. Strive hard to dispel your troubles, a bright world is yet

before you. Courage, Miss Lindsey, courage! Happiness yet awaits you," and Harriet perceived a mildness in his voice—it seemed like the voice of a Christian then—it contained a power sufficient to raise her trembling form. "Would that all the world were gamblers such as thee!" Harriet thought, but, turning her tearful eyes upon Parker, she asked:

"What does all this mean, Mr. Parker—you are my friend, are you not?" Her voice seemed more natural than before, and Parker smiled, and replied:

"Certainly, I am your friend—your friend against anything that lives. Be not afraid, nothing shall harm you while I have a drop of blood in my veins. Believe me, I am your friend, and nothing shall disturb or annoy you. Be of good heart, you shall soon be yourself again." Harriet was in a sitting posture, she looked wildly around her, and asked:

"Are they gone—did you drive them away?"

"Drive who away, Miss Lindsey, who?"

"I don't know," and the poor girl seemed as if lost.

"Who, Miss Lindsey, who were they, and what did they to you?" and he placed his hand upon her forehead. She looked strangely into his face, and replied:

"They brought me here, and threatened to drown me, but I was saved by the old maid."

"O! no, Miss Lindsey; you surely are mistaken in the person who saved you—I claim that great honor, myself."

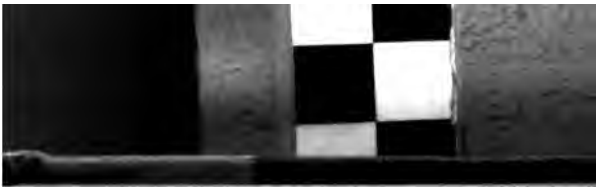
"And are you not 'Squire Marshall, then?"

"O, no, Miss Lindsey; I am your old friend, the gambler, and collector of foreign taxes."

"Parker! O! I remember! You shook the post-office clerk in California. I shall never forget you, Simons," and a troubled smile played over her face, she was deranged!

"O! no, Miss Lindsey, Mary Sparks; my name is Parker, Parker. Simons is the person to whom you were engaged to be married. A fine young fellow he was, from Cincinnati."

"Cincinnati! Cincinnati! Walnut Hills! O! I remember! I remember! 'twas there we pledged eternal love!" and the faith-



ful woman rose to her feet, her face rested upon her heaving bosom, she leaned upon Parker.

"It is all plain to my mind now, Mr. Parker. The truth has all flashed upon my memory. Conduct me hastily from this unhallowed place. Conduct me where it seems proper to you—you know better than I do. But do, do not let my reason escape me again, guard me well," and she sobbed upon Parker's arm; they moved slowly away; little Sporty followed.

"Miss Lindsey, I think I had better restore you to your friend, your good friend, Mrs. Case, in San Francisco. What say you?" In broken sobs she replied:

"I should be happy."

"Well then, let us continue up the river to the boat. You can remain on the boat until I bring your boxes down. You can trust me, Miss Lindsey. Be of good courage, and you shall soon be beside Mrs Case."

In a short time they were aboard the boat; and, after giving the captain orders to keep an eye to Harriet, Parker started after her luggage. The boat was to leave in a few minutes, and, without explaining anything upon the subject, Parker took her boxes, hurried them on to the boat, and was soon at Harriet's side. In a few minutes the boat was off, moving down the river, on her way to Sacramento.

Shortly after Harriet had left Mrs. Marshall and the granite old maid, Parker had called to see her; but, hearing that she had started away, he supposed her to be in search of another stopping place, and, to assist her, he followed after. From different inquiries he ascertained that she had been seen going toward the river; and, following after, he perceived her at the moment she was spreading her shawl for little Sporty. Fearing to rush upon her, lest she might leap into the river, he stole cautiously among the willows, and just succeeded in reaching her as she was about making her fatal leap!

It was early next morning when they reached San Francisco. But few of those bull-dog hotel keepers were out, and Parker

and Harriet met but few annoyances. During the journey, Harriet asked Parker to conceal her suicidal attempt, to conceal it forever, to divulge it to no living mortal—never, never! and he faithfully promised to comply with her wishes. Under such obligations Harriet felt but little timidity in meeting her old friend. It was the same little house, the same door where Harriet had sat on the evening previous to her departure for Marysville. She knocked at the door, it opened, and the fat woman stood before them.

"Why law me! if this don't beat! Harriet Lindsey!" and she seized the smiling girl in her arms, she covered her delicate face with kisses, the good fat woman cried with joy! She gave Parker a hearty welcome, and ushered them both into her little parlor.

Mrs. Case was a good woman, a fine woman, a pretty woman, a woman with as friendly a smile, as warm a heart, as good a soul as ever lived; and, thus far, she had made their introduction very happy. But what do you think followed? You couldn't guess? Well! if she didn't run to her bed, and that too as soon as Harriet and Parker were seated; she jerked down the clothes, she jerked out something; she ran to Harriet, and she said, "See what I've got while you were away!" and behold! there it was! a little swaddling baby!! the only serious fault that the good woman ever committed — to introduce such a little thing as that was to Harriet and Parker! The poor little baby was so young that it could scarcely see with its own eyes, hear with its own ears, or eat with its own mouth. A little fat thing it was.

CHAPTER XXVI.

One of those lovely autumnal suns of bright California, had just lowered behind the great mountain to the westward of the little village, but its glorious brightness still reflected its thousand beautiful tints upon the deep-yellow hills to the eastward. The refreshing shade from the western mountains, spread over

the entire slope on which the village stands, and circled round to the base of the mountains beyond the South Fork of the American river, rendering the broken-like valley more pleasant than an English twilight. A vast assemblage of persons were seated and standing, a little to the east of the village. They were about two-thirds gamblers, and one-third miners and honest men. One of the men was elevated upon a large pine stump. He was a moderately good-looking, well-dressed young man. When he mounted the pine stump, the people shouted:

"Three cheers for the Governor," and immediately went up such a noise, as would have been a great novelty in that same place when, and where, gold was discovered, nearly three years before. While this noise was being made, the gentleman on the stump bowed politely, removed his hat, and prepared his throat. The noise ceased, and the gentleman on the stump said:

"Fellow citizens, gentlemen, I come not to make a glorious speech. I come not to comment upon the splendor, riches, prosperity that await our young, growing State. Neither have I come to dictate and control the affairs of our great Pacific coast. No, gentlemen! I am here to execute your own wishes in regard to the protection of our just rights. (Cheering.) Well, gentlemen, you are aware that two of our most respectable fellow-citizens have been cruelly, willfully murdered by the Indians. It is not, fellow-citizens, because these unfortunate gentlemen were *my* particular friends and associates, that I am anxious that active measures be taken to bring these savages to justice, but because we all must have security and protection. (Loud cheering.) True, they were men whom we should all be proud of—they were laboring for our great common good. They have been cut off in the prime of life—they have been murdered! Warner, well known in Sacramento for his indefatigable labors to elevate the principles of our nation, and to extend the great American commonwealth, is deeply mourned by all who knew him. Miller, whose very name strikes every one of us as the first of politicians, the first as a writer and speaker, with which our glorious State has ever been honored. Yes, gentlemen, these men were found, one of them dead, the other filled with arrows

so that he died—murdered by the Indians! Well, then, shall we let all this pass without demanding justice? (No, *no*, NO!) Very well, gentlemen; I have had a petition forwarded to me, asking a right to organize a company, in order to drive the savages further back into the mountains. That petition has been signed by some of the first citizens of Eldorado County."

We must here state, that the term *first* citizen, does not mean the oldest settler; for, almost universally, in California, in Oregon, and in every other new settlement, not only in America, but in the British colonies, the *first* or *earliest* settlers always live agreeably with the Indians. Upon this subject we pen our remarks without the slightest fear of contradiction from any person who has ever investigated the facts. *We know them to be true.* And it is almost always just such persons as Miller and Warner who give rise to the Indian disturbances. In fact, wherever the Anglo-Saxon settles, he is by far too apt to consider himself entitled to more privileges than any other "breed of people." It is a weakness, a selfish, an unchristian spirit that exists as much among the educated and enlightened, as among the most ignorant of our "breed." We use these plain words for the express purpose of not being misunderstood. But to the Governor's speech, remembering that *first citizen*, means persons of wealth, notoriety, and stump-speaking abilities.

"In reply to that petition, I am now before you. In order to insure safety, it is necessary that the Indians be driven further back in the mountains. To do this, I have appointed a Colonel to proceed at the head of a sufficient body of militia, and drive them from their dens. The young man appointed to that honorable office, is well-known to you all, and acknowledged by you all, to be the best enforcer of the law that we have—that person is Elias Parker. (Three cheers for Parker.) Mr. Parker will open a list for enrolling names this evening, and upon your love of liberty, your patriotism, your courage, I depend for volunteers." (Immense cheering.)

Here set up a confusion of voices, some asking what pay would be given to the soldiers, some declaring that they wanted nothing, some laughing, and some swearing, so that it was difficult to

ascertain what was the public sentiment. After a few minutes, they again quieted, and the speaker proceeded.

"I am glad, gentlemen, that you have mentioned that subject, for I thought I had finished my speech (great laughter). Well, gentlemen, you shall all be paid. Uncle Sam pays all his debts. And you shall be well paid; for we shall not accept low wages. Californians don't do business for nothing. We shall place your pay at least at one hundred dollars per month; and if the other States do not acknowledge our bills, we will give them to understand that California is not under very many obligations to them for their attention, anyhow. (Hear, hear, with one or two voices crying shame, shame.) If we must defend our own rights, we shall have our own profits; and if the other states don't like it, they can lump it. (Good, Governor, give it to 'em—laughing and cheering.) Yes, gentlemen, volunteer to defend your rights; rout the savages, and, depend upon it, you shall be well paid." (Cheering and laughing.)

The gentleman then descended from the said pine stump, and the meeting dispersed. Two hours after the meeting above referred to, a greater one assembled about one of the celebrated gambling saloons. Many of them were intoxicated, and nearly all were in a jolly good humor, some talking politics, some commenting upon Parker's ability as a commander, some lamenting over the loss of their esteemed Warner and Miller, and, altogether, presenting a scene which was painful and disgusting. In the next morning's paper appeared an article which read as follows:

"At the meeting last night, the utmost order and civility was observed. One hundred and forty of our first citizens enrolled their names beneath the 'banner of honor,' to venture their lives among the savages. We were highly pleased to learn that the noble Elias Parker, well known for his untiring services to the State, and as being an intimate friend of the murdered Mr. Miller, has been appointed to head these valiant soldiers; and if we were to find any fault with the appointment, it would be that such an invaluable statesman should be placed in such a hazardous position. We understand that about one-half of the soldiers

will have horses, and that every one is to be well furnished with bowie-knives, revolvers, rifles or muskets, and plenty of ammunition. They are to leave at ten o'clock, and we hope they will make a clean job of their work, and gain the renown they so justly deserve."

Ten o'clock arrived, and, in broken file, the soldiers marched toward the woods—accenting every step by furious oaths, or boasting what their fire-arms or knives would soon do; many of them were intoxicated. But, as we shall have occasion to speak a little of this affair after awhile, we must now dismiss them, and imagine ourselves in Hamlin's Hotel, just after the Scotchmen, with Jimie and Charley, left for Australia

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was ten o'clock. The brother and sister were alone. In her hands was a letter, it trembled a little. Her black eyes darted quickly along the lines, her face crimsoned, then turned pale; her appearance was closely watched by her silent brother.

"Why, I saw this Harriet Lindsey on the Plains!" exclaimed the little black-eyed woman, as her sympathizing face turned toward Simons. "O! I remember her very well—very well! and she 's in Marysville, too, with Mrs. Ellis."

"And what would you recommend me to do, to go immediately to meet her, Julia?"

"Most assuredly, Simons; you shouldn't lose a moment. O! she 'll be so glad to see you! But why didn't you come that way from the mines? I don't believe you love her."

"Julia!" said Simons. Julia's face colored a little.

"But you should think how hard she has tried to find you!" and she looked imploringly into Simons' face.

"A boat leaves at eleven, Julia; I shall go. I shall reach Marysville during the night."

"O! I shall be so glad. Can she sing?"

"No, Julia, she can not; but she plays well."

"Plays what—plays with you?"

"Don't jest, Julia; I fear all might not be right."

"How 's that? She won't have you? Don't you be afraid of that. Girls are as glad to get married as men are. Will you bring her right down here—and spend your honeymoon at our house? O! delightful!"

"Ah, Julia, you are not aware of the troubles and difficulties a woman has in this country."

"Ain't I, though? Washing and scrubbing, and burning my face—my pretty face, you know—over that glimmering, greasy stove. O! dear, I wish the people would quit eating so much of that greasy pork."

"But these are not difficulties and troubles. Go and walk along the streets unaccompanied by your husband—pass near these gambling saloons, and notice the remarks of these gentleman gamblers as you pass—go where you will, not accompanied by a gentleman, and you will soon see the position you will be ranked in; difficulties that will be new to you."

"But she will be in company with Mr. Ellis, when she walks out, and, you know, nobody will dare say anything when he is present."

"Perhaps so; but do you remember, on the Plains, about Mr. Ellis leaving you?"

"Poor Nixon!" said Julia, and she walked to the window. But the time for his departure soon arrived.

"Remember, now," said Julia, to her brother, "I shall have a roasted duck ready. You must come here to get married—I'll have a 'Squire waiting for you."

"I hope so, Julia."

"Why, really, I believe you are afraid to get married. It won't hurt you."

"Julia, I don't like to hear you jest so. But I must go, good morning."

"Good morning; now mind those pretty gray eyes, you know. Give my love to Mrs. Ellis, and ask her how soon she expects to

make her fortune," and Julia laughed at her brother as he moved toward the boat.

"Come, now, Mr. Hamlin," said Julia, "it 's quite late enough for us to shut up, and you have not rested those short legs since morning. Come, I want to tell you all about Simons' wife!"

"I am not tired, Honey," said Hamlin, "but I suppose it 's time to shut up; I can't expect to make any more money to-day. But about Simons' wife, I don't see why you should want to talk so much about her to me. I have one now; that 's quite sufficient, I think. Halloo! what 's this, Julia?" and Hamlin cast his eyes hastily over a newspaper. "The Indians! why, Julia, dear, that gambler, Warner, has been murdered by the Indians, and his friend, Mr. Miller, too, while on an electioneering tour through Eldorado county. O! here, I must read this:

"'Colonel Parker and his militia presented such a bold appearance that their first day's march was unsuccessful, in consequence of frightening the Indians further back into the mountains. This is to be very much regretted; and some of the papers are already blaming the Colonel for not stealing upon them at night; for, in such a proceeding, the greater number of the Indians might have been killed with far less expense than it can now be done. The Colonel is marching toward the Silver Fork, where some sharp work will soon follow. The Colonel's health was good. The air in the mountains appeared to agree well with him.'"

"Why, husband," said Julia, "isn't that Colonel Parker the same man who came into our house so strangely last spring?"

"I cannot say, but that sounds like the same name. Parker, yes, Parker; that was it. I *do wish* I could see that man. I am almost confident that I know him. But I am not sorry that that contemptible Warner is dead—he deserved shooting."

"O! husband!"

"Yes, he did; I 'm sure he's been meddling with the Indians. These confounded rascals are slipping round among the Indians, selling them coarse beads for their weight in gold, or selling them beef for five dollars a pound, and the poor Indian doesn't know the value of gold, and gives it without knowing any better. I 'm

sure he's been playing some such tricks on 'em; there's plenty that does; and I expect the Indians have retaliated."

"Well, there now, shut the door, and let's go to bed, and then I'll have a chance to tell you all about my new sister; come, dear."

Day was breaking. Simons walked up to the little house of cow-stable appearance. He rapped at the door, it opened, a wooden woman stood within; he asked her:

"Is Mrs. Ellis present?" The proud lady stretched open her sunken eyes, smiled with a dignified, idiotic air, and replied:

"That's my name, sir; but you seem to have the advantage of me. Come in, and be seated. Peggy! Peggy! get up, get up, it's daylight. I can never get my servant girl up. It appears to me that that girl likes to indulge in the wickedness of the natural heart. Folks ought to have been up an hour ago. Did you come up on the boat?"

Simons thought the house seemed to be turning somersets, and that somebody was beating upon his breast—that breast had never beat so before, and he feared that some serious disease had seized upon him—even his breathing became difficult, and a disposition to swallow was perfectly ungovernable. He entered the house while Mrs. Ellis was speaking; he seated himself, but continued to look anxiously about the house, and attempted to answer Mrs. Ellis's question, and ask another.

"Is there a young lady, Harriet Lindsey, living with you?" The wooden woman looked electrified, or badly insulted, and anything but pleased.

"No, sir, she isn't;" and she gazed with a political air toward Simons, who became more calm, and asked again—

"You know her, I suppose?"

"I *did*," and the wooden woman moved not a muscle.

"Did she not live here awhile? She wrote me a letter to that effect."

"One night she did."

"And where did she go from here?"

"To Mrs. Marshall's."

"And is she there yet?"

"There *yet!*" and the political lady smiled with a "rigidly" religious air, and continued, "No, thank goodness; they got rid of her, and she's gone where she'll not injure anybody else's character. Just exactly as I predicted—the wickedness of the natural heart, decidedly."

Simons trembled and turned pale at the iron-hearted woman's remarks; but she continued:

"I told Mary Black about Harriet's character, or else, perhaps they wouldn't have got her away in time; but she's done at last. I told *her* about the wickedness of her natural heart, but she wouldn't listen to me at all; she supposed she knew everything; but I hope God will forgive her. But may I ask who you are, as you seem to feel interested in that strange girl?"

"My name is Nathan Simons," but his fine voice faltered; his power was failing. The "rigidly" religious lady's wooden heart was still unmoved, but her eagle-like eyes grew big with astonishment to see that so fine looking a young man should be making inquiries after such a "thing" as Harriet; and, at the mention of his name, her dried-up face seemed to shrivel with more contempt than ever.

"Nathan Simons!" she repeated, and again became silent and dignified.

"Yes, that's my name; but, if you please, will you give me what information you can of this young lady, Harriet Lindsey?"

"And are you not the young man she was engaged to, to be married?"

"I am."

"Well, I'm sorry to tell you that you made a bad choice, and, I suppose, you may as well know it at first, as well as at last. The very moment she talked so much about nature, and natural rights, and such things, without any regard to Scripture, that very moment I knew that the wickedness of her natural heart was leading her astray; but I hope God will forgive her. But I suppose a person who commits suicide can't be saved, and there

isn't any doubt but she 's floating somewhere in the Yuba—I 'm sorry for her parents."

Simons turned paler than ever; he had never heard such cruel words, words that communicated sadder news than he had ever known, words that seemed to be spoken with spite and hatred toward one as dear to him as was his own soul. But the long-faced woman continued:

"I suppose you haven't heard of it before, you seem to be astonished to hear it! I always thought she was a pretty good girl when I first knew her; so I sent an invitation to her, to come up from San Francisco and live with me, for I knew that she was a good girl to work, to give her due justice. So, up she comes; and she brought a little dog, which I suppose you used to have, and over that little dog, Sporty she called him, she doted more than ever I saw anybody before dote over such a thing; but whether she doted over the dog because you once had him, or whether it was because her mind ran after such nonsense, 'like birds of a feather flocking together' or not, I don't know. But the very first night she staid with me she slipped off somewhere, I don't know where, but she remained in her bed next morning until almost dinner time, and she was very ashamed to come down; for when she went out at night, she got to fighting, and got one eye blacked, com—"

"O! hush!" exclaimed Simons, and he tried hard to believe the words spoken to him were false; but the iron-hearted woman continued:

"You shouldn't let it affect you, it 's the natural heart: you should cultivate a love in Christ. But you needn't to mind, she 's gone now, drowned herself in the Yuba! And, as I told Mary Black on the following Sunday, never did anything surprise me so little as to hear of that *thing* jumping into the river!"

"O! my God! Mrs. Ellis, is this possible!" and Simons bowed his head to his knees.

"Certainly, it is. She wrote a few lines and pinned the paper to the willows, and it was published in all the papers. But the wickedest feature in the condition of her natural heart was, that

she claimed to die a virgin! and she was so long laying under the doctor's hands! Nonsense! I don't know what possessed her!"

"O! woman!" said Simons, "for God's sake tell me about her, but do not censure her conduct. Leave me to be my own judge."

"I 'm sure I have been telling you, and I expect you could see the writing she scribbled down, yet, if you 'd go to some of the printing-offices. And I can assure you that that 's the end of her. The day before she drowned herself, she went to 'Sally's' and got to drinking and fighting, and she and one of the gamblers fell down stairs and nearly broke their necks. People talk about Lynching, I think if they 'd go to work and hang the gamblers—every one of 'em—for I have my doubts whether any of their number will be of the elect; and if they were away from among us we might have some satisfaction."

And while the wooden woman ran on after the above style, the overburdened young man arose and departed, intending to further the awful investigation by applying to more humane people. To do which, he now called upon Mrs. Marshall and the old maid. But with these women he met a still less civil or sympathetic account; and, nearly despairing that he should obtain a correct statement of the facts, he went in search of the article said to have been written by Harriet. This little paper was found in the possession of one of the printers, of whom Simons learned the particulars of the place where she had been supposed to make her fatal leap. This little paper though gave him an entirely new and more favorable impression of the life she had lived, and of the difficulties that had driven her to the woeful end.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The sun was setting. The brother and sister were seated in the dining-room, and conversing upon the dreadful end that had befallen his intended bride. They were aroused from their sol-

emn reflections by the approach of some one, rapping violently at the door. Mrs. Hamlin arose, opened the door, and was asked:

"Is Mr. Hamlin present?" by a loud, bass voice in a tone of authority, which came from among a heavy crop of black beard, the lower end of which rested on his full, broad breast.

The coarseness of his features, the harshness of his voice, and the boldness of his address, told at once that he was a man of business, and after something of no little importance. Mrs. Hamlin eyed him with some curiosity, and replied:

"No, sir, he is not, but he will be here in about an hour after this. Perhaps I can answer your wishes, sir?"

"No, madam, I must see him on particular business. I will call in exactly one hour," and the beardy man looked at his watch, turned upon his heel, said "good evening," and hurried away, and was soon out of sight.

"Simons, do you know that man?" Julia asked, returning to her heart-broken brother's side.

"No, Julia, nor can I imagine what he wishes to see Hamlin so particularly for. Hamlin has no particular business with any one. Perhaps, to confirm some other sad news, Julia?"

"O! no, brother you should not think so. More likely it is some good news—perhaps he is the man who has been speaking about purchasing this property? If so, we shall soon be on our way to Cincinnati! Cincinnati! You shall have no more trouble then brother. Four thousand dollars will purchase you a comfortable home there, where you shall be surrounded by good company, happy and agreeable people."

"Ah! Julia, Cincinnati has long been the locality of my private contemplations, but now—now—now! Julia, there is no point whereon I can concentrate a single thought with pleasure. I hear some one in the bar-room, Julia; I think Hamlin has returned." Hamlin entered, and his wife asked, laughing:

"Did you see a big, black beardy man hunting you—a fashionable sort of a fellow he was?"

"No, I did not, who was he?"

"Goodness knows, I don't, nor I shouldn't think that any one person ever could get accquainted with such a figure as he was."

"Did he say what he wanted to see me for?"

"No, but he had an armful of papers, and I supposed he was on some business or other."

"And he didn't say anything about his business?"

"No, nothing; but he is to be here in an hour."

"What kind of a looking man was he?"

"Why, didn't I tell you, a coarse, beardy sort of grizzly-bear-looking, middle-aged man."

"Did he seem to be in a hurry?"

"Very much, but why do you inquire so directly?"

"Confound it," and Hamlin stamped his foot.

"Why, husband, what's the matter—has anything serious happened?"

"Nothing yet, dear, but something is likely to."

"O! husband! tell me what it is? O! here comes that man again," and in an unceremonious manner the beardy man entered again, and took a seat.

"Good-evening, Mr. Hamlin," said he, unfolding some of his papers, "I didn't expect to come so soon, but I saw a man out here, who told me that you had just returned. This is lovely weather, Mr. Hamlin, business rather dull though. Ah, here it is, my papers are mussed a little. A little business with you, if you please, Mr. Hamlin?"

"Certainly," said Hamlin, evidently prepared for the surprise, "I am at your service."

Mrs. Hamlin, in breathless anxiety, was leaning on her husband's shoulders, while Simons, sitting to one side, seemed as if predicting the misfortune which was brooding.

"Well, sir," said the stranger, "I have been at great trouble and expense looking this business up, much more than I expected. But, sir, do you know that this property once belonged to Capt. Sutter, and that, through him, it has fallen to one John Lake, and that your title is good for nothing?"

"I heard such word about an hour ago."

"Well, sir, it is true. When Capt. Sutter came here, he got a grant of this land from the Spanish Government, and, accord-

ingly, a title through him is the only legal title upon this property."

"But, was Capt. Sutter's title approved by the General Government?"

"The validity of his title, sir, can only be tested by the U. S. Land Commissioners, and they are not appointed yet, and probably will not be for a twelve-month."

"But how can you think of driving me off before the Commissioners arrive?"

"Why, sir, Sutter's title is the best in appearance, therefore, he is better entitled to hold possession until the Commissioners arrive and settle the matter, than you are."

"But what is the reason that the Commissioners are not appointed at once?"

"That, sir, is one of the misfortunes of a large territory under one government. Little States like this, are sure to be neglected by the General Government."

"Then it would have been better for me, individually, if California had been a separate State."

"Yes, sir, and for a thousand more. But, sir, I have no time to waste—I am authorized to order you away from this property. You can have three days to leave."

"What! the whole of my property?"

"Yes, sir, according to law, you are not entitled to anything."

"Why, not to my house?"

"No, sir, you had no right to build your house on other people's property; but, the three days are given, in order to allow you to move your furniture."

"But, suppose I refuse to go?"

"Then you will be put out according to the law. You will be obliged to stand suit, and if you lose, of course you will be obliged to pay all the expenses."

"Well, then, I'll stand suit."

"Very well, sir, just as you like. Then, here is your summons," and he placed a slip of paper into Hamlin's hands.

"Then you were expecting me to stand suit?" and Hamlin cast his eyes on the paper. "Halloo! what 's this? Sue me for

unlawful possession and detention of *landed property* before a *common magistrate!* Why, how can that be?"

"Well, sir, it is twisting the matter a little, to be sure, but it is the best we can do in a new place like this."

"But, sir, consider what a temptation it is to 'Squire McNab, who already owns so much property under Sutter's title! How can he be expected to decide a case of this kind so as to dispossess himself? Why, it is the most outrageous affair I have ever heard of! Such a 'Squire can not be expected to do justice."

"Well, sir," said the beardy man, rising, "there it is, you are commanded to appear before 'Squire McNab, and defend your title. If you can prove its validity, the property is yours; if you can not, the property is John Lake's. But, I must go, good-night, sir," and straight away walked the beardy man.

"Now, you know why I inquired so particularly after that man," said Hamlin to his wife.

"But you don't think we shall lose our property, do you, husband?" and the little woman was nearly bursting into tears.

"I can not tell yet, Julia; but I have heard of more than a dozen families being turned out during the day."

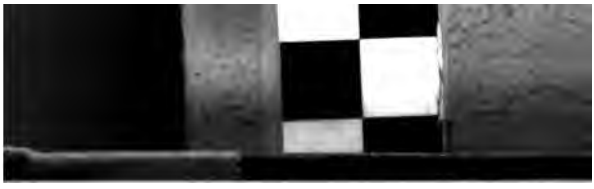
"O! husband!"

"Yes, Julia, dear, poverty again threatens us. But I must search after Sutter's title. Perhaps there 's a flaw somewhere. I tell you, I must go and see lawyer Hargrave to-night; no, I 'll go now," and away went Mr. Hamlin in search of advice.

"Ah! Julia, sister, just as I expected. The cold, stern hand of unseen misfortune again waves in unfeeling hideousness before the dreary future; and all our little hopes are prostrated by the threatening aspect of renewed disappointment, by the approach of the common enemy of all men—poverty, poverty, poverty!" and Simons bowed his face to his knees.

"Simons, brother, do not despair so soon! Success attends the just and the brave. I still feel confident we shall hold our property. Surely, nobody would be so hard-hearted as to take it away from us—it 's ours?"

"Trust nothing, Julia. There is not a person in all the world that can be trusted. Nobody has any regard for anybody else.



No, Julia, it's all up with us, we're ruined! I shall never try any more, never!"

"O! brother! do not despair so. Remember that your troubles prevent you from viewing things in a favorable light."

"Julia, have I not tried faithfully for several years? and have I not already, too long cherished the hopes which have brought me this trouble?"

"O! Simons, do not despair. Some unforeseen fortune always follows our darkest days. If we lose our property, I shall only feel the more convinced that a still brighter fortune will again smile upon us. Like the rise and fall of nations, each fall places the next rise upon a more exalted standing."

"Why, Julia," and Simons looked into her face with surprise, "I never heard you speak so philosophic as now; why is this?"

"Brother, 'tis the office of woman to encourage men to bear trouble. But you, but you—ah! you've driven away my philosophic powers, I can't think what I was going to tell you," and laughing, she added, "but don't despair until after I get supper, and I'll cure you. It's growing late," and away went Julia, leaving Simons alone. His eyes turned upon her as she hurried toward the kitchen, and he muttered to himself:

"Ah! woman, you only make me feel more intensely the great loss that has befallen me. The charm of woman's voice has been withheld from me nearly all my life; and now, the great future seeems to be devoid of it, and I am to be my own sympathizer, encourager, and everything else, as during the past, until I am numbered among the unknown! Ah! why should I wish to live, to struggle, to labor and contend against misfortune any longer? all to meet an unmourned death. Blessed, indeed, are they who have woman's kindest attention, sympathy, love! Well, poverty again, poverty, poverty, the common enemy of man—poverty, poverty! I will go into the sitting-room and seek diversion," and he arose and entered. Here, were a fine lot of men, indeed. It was growing late in the evening, and some transient people, were waiting for supper. Some of them were miners, some merchants, doctors, lawyers, and a host of

gentlemen-gamblers. A few were sitting by one window, a few by the doors, and some in the middle of the room, and nearly every one occupied two chairs—one for the feet, and one for the purpose of sitting upon. In this official-looking position, some were reading papers or using them for fanning purposes; some were leaning upon each other in that ever-peculiar, American fashionable familiarity, and conversing quietly upon something, known best to themselves; but a decidedly greater number were engaged upon a spirited and important public discussion of land titles, occasioned by the aforesaid visit of the beardy man to Hamlin, to warn him to leave his own property. A single glance among these disputants, struck one with surprise, to see that the gamblers and government officials all vindicated Sutter's title so strongly—a peculiarity that never has been explained—and a mysterious kind of sympathy which looked, in Southern language, "mighty suspicious." But we do not intend to be personal at all, we might insult some of those official gamblers, only we wish to represent the facts, and the facts we will represent. One of the forms that the question assumed was, that according to the regulations of our general government, one man could not be the legal owner of so much wild land, and that, there was Captain Sutter, said to be the owner of several leagues, three of which were in that vicinity.

Some argued that the United States would not allow him to own more than half a section, unless he had it under improvement. They did not believe the government ever would grant such a monopoly to one man—it was contrary to anything they ever had done. But the other side argued that Captain Sutter had bought the land in good faith, and that the government would sustain him. They thought no government ought to violate an individual contract. To this, the others replied that, even if Captain Sutter had bought it in good faith, it did not entitle him to actual ownership. If the Spanish or Mexican government had given the whole of California to Captain Sutter, would he have been the legal owner of California?

"Yes," said the others, "he would have been the only legal owner."

But they answered this argument, by supposing Captain Sutter refusing to sell any of the land of California, or, of his forbidding anybody to settle in the country! Then, under such consideration, he would be the monarch of California, annexed and protected by a Republican government!

They could see no difference between such a landed owner and the Emperor of Russia—if one was the legal owner, the other was equally so—and if the title of the Emperor of Russia was granted by some one who had no right to grant so much territory to one man, they could, just as well, object to the right of the Mexican or Spanish governments granting such an immense tract to Captain Sutter.

However, the others contended that, as Captain Sutter had paid his money, he ought in justice to have it—they considered that anything a man paid his money for, was his.

The others said that such an argument was real British, and that, if it contained any evidence, it would uphold the right of buying and selling anything, even of men selling each other. The British argue that if a man *buys* fifty miles of country he is the rightful owner! Just as though *buying* it covered the sin of stealing it away from the poor! Just as though, by paying the Crown a certain sum of money, they had a right to thwart the wishes of the Creator, by driving poor people away from the country!

But the other side could not see why the land did not belong to Captain Sutter just as well as if the grant had contained only half a section—a grant was a grant, be it little or much.

The others objected to the *right to grant* more land to one man than he could improve. Such grants as comprised a greater quantity were opposed to the general principles of Republicanism; and, if Republicans attempted to copy their administration after *natural rights*, they were bound to advocate an equal distribution of wild land among their citizens.

The other side still clung to the fact of Captain Sutter having paid his money in good faith; and also, that when the country was annexed, our government had promised that such grants should be respected; and they did not want to see such a promise

invalidated, neither to see such a good man as Captain Sutter ruined.

The answer was, that the purchase of the land in good faith, was no argument at all, or else it would cover the right to hold *men* as property, just as well as land. As to ruining Captain Sutter, they did not advocate that, but if anybody was to be ruined, it certainly was advisable to ruin Captain Sutter, rather than the *thousand men* whom he was depriving of land.

But if the government had promised to maintain such grants as were made by the Spanish or Mexican governments, it only proved how little the American people knew of the country they had annexed. They often thought about these difficult questions, some time or other, causing a State to secede. They were satisfied that if such countries, or islands as were proposed to be annexed, should ever be, that these very troubles would soon cause them to be separated.

But the other side did not care about that—they would rather, now, that California was a separate State, controlling all her own affairs. The Atlantic States had not showed them very much affinity anyhow—they looked upon California as a good place to get gold; but they hadn't time to legislate for her. It would be their happiest moments, to see California take a decided stand, and declare herself a separate government.

Here, another party set up:—they looked upon the union of States as sacred—they considered that no State had a right to secede. They thought that any man who advocated a secession was a dangerous citizen.

But the others said that it was a 'free country,' and that a man had a right to advocate anything he wished. They thought that any man who talked so much about the sacredness of the Union was the last man to remove the present evils that exist in our legislation. Neither did they care: people might call them what they chose, but, with all their preaching so much about its sacredness, they could not prevent Americans from advocating secession, unless they remove some of the grievances under which we live, grievances which are already dividing our nation, grievances which cannot be maintained by a whole nation of warriors,

while an eye of justice, demanding *natural rights*, looks down from above.

Nights passed away, days slipped by; the mighty wings of threatening ruin cast their long, dreary shadows over the peaceful family, and rested their future prospects upon the result of the present day. Simons, ruined so often, began to look upon the glowing promises of his former hopes as deep laid plots to plunder the prime of life, by secreting the sad realities of actual experience.

The glowing visions of other days were turned to ridicule and shame; and even the lowest wishes were cheered no longer by the meanderings of hope, but hissed from every side, like a culprit running the gauntlet, scored at every advance, and tripped at every halt, until ambition, to try again, comes from the galling lash of the unfortunate present.

But Hamlin, ever ambitious and enthusiastic; ever a good husband, industrious man, jovial neighbor, with a human heart, surrounded by many warm friends, now experienced the dejected mood, of which he was always before ignorant.

In thoughtful sadness, his eyes rested at his feet, his bushy head reclining, his brows knit, lips compressed—devising means to retain his hard-earned property. But his wife, a happy woman, formerly whispering of the bright future, or gayly singing, now sat melancholy and sad. Her heavy waves of black hair hung in mournful folds down her troubled face, her black eyes were turned to the open window, but at every throb of her aching heart, tears rolled down her rounded cheeks, but left her troubles still. She remembered the often repeated cheers with which she had encouraged the companion of her heart; but now, how could she plead again while scarcely a ray of hope promised succor.

After the excitement about titles commenced, every day dispensed with a number of suits, and nearly, if not quite all, were decided in favor of Sutter. The magistrates, as might be expected, were large landed proprietors under that title; and, however proper it would have been to try such cases before such a

court, but little else could be expected, where such an interest was at stake; but even if the magistrates had owned no land, what an imbecility of the general government not to have sent out the Commissioners of land titles to have settled these affairs, before such little courts assumed the responsibility—a decision which might be changed afterward.

But that was not all. The decisions of these little courts were believed to be guided by a secret plot among the gamblers; and good citizens did not feel like yielding to such decisions; but were devising schemes, to be protected from what looked like a system of robbery cloaked under the color of law.

Sutter's title seemed to have no evidence of validity; and persons desirous of homes, settled upon the city grounds without paying anything for it, believing it to belong to the government. But the other party wished to drive them away, though they gave them no evidence of title; and in this, though they existed in office, they were as much the violators of justice, as were the others for trying to maintain the ground. Nevertheless, serious times were approaching. Guns and pistols were rapidly rising in value; and secret meetings were often convened. But the steam was not up long, when, true to the American fashion, lo! it burst the boiler."

In this sad affair, which is familiar to everybody, several good citizens, and the mayor of the city among their number, went to their eternal home! where, doubtless, their souls are still heaping curses upon the dilatory conduct of Uncle Sam.

We must beg some indulgence here, for we were among the unfortunate losers of property upon that occasion, and we have not yet forgotten it.

Time rolled on. The day for Hamlin to have his right to his hard-earned property tested, arrived. The day was one of those sunny, calm, lovely ones of which California summers are generally composed. The dizzy tops of the great Sierra Nevadas were sending down soft, cool breezes, at frequent intervals, to refresh one after the languid strokes of the glimmering heat, and hurrying through the tall sycamores, waving their beautiful green

leaves in the most inviting loveliness, and adding a charm to the young city, which impressed the resident with emotions never to be forgotten.

Carts and carriages, buggies and wagons were whirling through the streets; but the sidewalks were covered, crowded with people of all the nations of the earth, speaking in all languages, dressed in every fashion — from the big-collared, peak-tailed blue, to the wide-trowsered Chinaman—from the coarsest wide-awake to the finest beaver — from the Bloomer to the skirt that swept the dust—from the finest silk to the modest woolen blanket—ladies of fashion and ladies of Indian blood, all, all were moving—each intent upon different objects. Ah! how little they knew of the affairs of each other. How seldom they compared their own hopes or troubles with those who surrounded them.

But let us turn a little to one side of the great, noisy throng, and behold the large mob about the office of Squire McNab. Here, as on the sidewalks, we perceive all sorts of people, but moving about with more excitement, and seeming to be expecting some dreadful collision; some are leaning their heads close upon each other, as if counseling upon some desperate scheme; but coming closer, we perceive squires, lawyers, doctors, and the first men of the city, with pistols and bowie-knives lashed upon their belts, or thrust carelessly in their bosoms.

Such, was the exterior of the body of men, who were waiting to hear the result of Hamlin's suit; but on closer examination, their faces all seemed strange with these *lawful* weapons about their persons. Cool indifference, combined with unflinching terror, showed at once that it was the defensive side of questions which was the most likely to bring their dangerous weapons into play; but, beside this, there was a look which indicated that they did not consider but what the place where they were living, was the safest and best-governed part of the globe, a look which seemed to say, that it was perfectly right and natural to carry pistols and bowie-knives to guard oneself from his neighbor—a look that seemed ignorant of the fact, that such weapons would be unnecessary in many other countries.

To an American, such a body of men presented no unusual appearance; but how vastly different they seemed to the people from foreign lands. With what trembling limbs they walked about our republican representatives, and made the sad contrast between the land of their adoption and their native homes! With what gaping eyes they viewed the citizens of our "free land," keeping at a safe distance, becoming more frightened the more they gazed! With what exceeding wonder they beheld such an armed body about a civil court; but, smiling at such a ferocious people boasting about extending their civilized liberty at the price of blood, they walked coolly away, confirmed and sickened with disgust. But money, and not their love for the institutions, bound them to try our land. Of course it was all right, quite right; it was a pretty scene. Such were the outside spectators; but in Squire McNab's office was one of strikingly similar appearance, though of less dimensions.

This office, or court-room, seemed to be some man's contracted notion of making a public place have the appearance of private, by contracting its size into nonsensical littleness, and choking the poor inmates with heat and darkness.

Behind the low wooden railing sat the Squire—a man of moderate size, but extremely boyish in appearance. From the soft-looking "furze" which began to appear on different parts of his face, he might have passed for twenty—no older—but the manner in which his greased hair was sleeked down his thin lantern jaws, he would, in general, have been taken for an overgrown boy. His dress was of excellent black; and, had not an immense breastpin and a few huge finger-rings accompanied his dress, he would have presented an appearance closely resembling some rich man's son who had been somewhat used to good society; but in his bold attempt at jewelry, any observer could see, in an instant, that he was decidedly of different caste, and probably a man—or boy, rather—who had made a fortune within a few months past. His usual mode of sitting was by elevating his feet, and making himself into a half circle, resting upon his back, with a cigar in his mouth, and his books at one side, his face grinning as though he had detected a blunder in somebody's conversation, and was

expecting to meet the approval of some friend. In this condition he sat to hear the present suit. Close by him sat the lawyers, pro and con; but as they were men of excellent appearance and moderate pretensions, living by their talents, we will not comment upon their quiet, gentlemanly behavior.

On one side sat Mr. Lake, complainant. The appearance of this gentleman at once decided him to be one of the first gamblers in the city. In positive coolness, his lips pouting beneath his heavy moustaches, just as though the cigar had been withdrawn when he was meditating too seriously to think of closing them, or as if he could yet see the volumes of smoke still pouring out; but in absent glare his eyes indicated an old hand at chance games; and when they turned in their sockets, a wink at some bystander showed that some understanding existed between him and the Squire.

On the other side sat Mr. Hamlin, his wife, and Simons, all in the dress of business people. True enough, they presented a very humble appearance compared to the others; it was *prima facie* evidence that they were not likely to be shown many favors when judgment was to be given. Beside these, the little court-room was crowded with anxious spectators, the greater number of whom were exceedingly well dressed; and had not nearly every one been accompanied with bowie-knives and revolvers, they might have passed for people from some of the Christian nations: but as they were, with cruel, heathenish features, thirsting for blood, with a total disregard for human life, we can only compare them to some unenlightened tyrant enforcing certain religious creeds, and certain forms of government by the sword, declaring they are the most liberal and free on earth. It is true, an American can look upon these and declare that there stands a body of men who neither lie nor steal. He may turn in just hatred from the person who doubts the words of an American; but how can he pray for the extension of territory without acknowledging that such an extension would be endangering the lives of some of his fellow-mortals? Does the American ever take a peep into other countries to see if, in a civil court, the common people are required to carry such weapons for self-

defense? Does he, who is acknowledged to have more esteem and regard for woman than any other man living, ever think about women going into the presence of men who carry such weapons? Can he, with Christian humility, put on a long face and pray for the annexation of territory for such purposes as these—to gamble and kill at pleasure? Has our Christian republic laid aside all religious and conscientious scruples for the sake of national wealth—national glory? Ah! will there not some indignant hatred burn in the bosoms of some, when they see this little curb to their unholy desires? Perhaps they will muse a little, then declare that foreign capital controls this pen. But let every man remember that, beside freedom and liberty, *protection to life and property* should also be one of the most prominent features of every government, and that, unless such a principle accompanies the new settlement (which it never does), no honest man can wish to see such harbor incidentally made.

The court was not long in arranging business for the suit, for in that fast country preliminaries generally found but little favor; but the main subject was approached with a spirited determination to see the end as soon as possible.

The evidence, for and against, which failed to prove either title, and really amounted to no evidence at all, unless it was that a few speculators had endeavored to "bend Captain Sutter's grant," so as to make a fortune by seizing other people's property, was all soon disposed of, and the pleading commenced.

The defendant tried hard to show that such a suit could not come before such a court; but to this the magistrate declared he knew the law, and that he was determined to "stick to it, too." Such remarks generally brought forth a laugh, which diverted many of the gamblers with the Squire's conceit at wit.

During the plea made by the complainant, a title granted to Sutter, about thirty miles above Sacramento, was clearly proved to be the title to the ground in question! and upon this grant he rested his proof to ownership. The defendant then tried to prove that a grant made to a piece of ground thirty miles above the city, a piece of ground, too, only three leagues in extent.

could not possibly reach thirty miles, which it would be required to do, in order to cover the ground in question. Before he had finished his plea, the young Squire called him to order, and declared the suit in favor of Lake!

Such a hasty, outrageous decision called out loud peals of laughter, which were directed in ridicule and mirth, derision and rejoicing, upon the unfortunate, *injured* Hamlin, his wife, and Simons. The court-room became mirthful, and, amid loud talking and laughing, they all hurried off to a gambling saloon, where Mr. Lake agreed to "stand treat," considering that he had "made an excellent haul."

Hamlin and Simons had been somewhat prepared for the defeat, by having heard of so many of their neighbors being driven off before by the same course of law.

Slowly and sadly indeed did they walk back to their valuable property, which had now fallen into the possession of a band of gamblers by one of the most outrageous schemes ever perpetrated among a Christian people.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"SEE here, Harriet," said Mrs. Case one day taking a newspaper and intercepting Harriet's needlework, "news from the Indian disturbances. Read it, something there about Parker."

"Mrs. Case," said Harriet, seriously, "you don't know how strangely your remarks affect me. If you knew my obligations to Mr. Parker, and my anxiety to think of him only as an invaluable friend, you would not allude to him in that manner. I cannot tell you all—"

"All what, dear?" and the fat woman placed her finger beneath Harriet's chin and laughed.

"Let me see the paper," said Harriet, and she took it and read, 'The Indians are still dangerous, and seeking after opportunities to murder the miners; but, as yet, they have not murdered any since the death of our Statesmen, Warner and Miller

Colonel Parker is still pursuing them up to the South Fork; but they have not destroyed but a small number of the savages since our last; and, of the Indians killed, it is to be lamented they were nearly all squaws or children, or some who were too sick to run into the mountains. They have now driven them about thirty miles further into the mountains; and, as they will not come to battle, the Colonel declares his intention to drive them to the summit, where they will be obliged to come to terms or starve. The Colonel is a man of his word, and in possession of a sufficient degree of courage and patriotism to execute his laudable determinations. His health still continues good, and, through his kind attention to his soldiers, they are all in excellent health; and, so firmly are they attached to their noble commander, they would wade through rivers of Indian blood to follow him. The statement in the Eldorado News, since in the Placer Times, and in The News of the Week, in reference to Parker's declining to run for Senator, *is not true;* but it is probable that he will yet decline. In a letter to his esteemed friend, Squire McNab, he says, 'Yours of the 17th inst. was duly received, and I should have replied ere this, but my duties in the camp, together with the inconveniences of expressing my own sentiments when obliged to write upon my knee, have caused me to defer it thus long; and even now I am unable to answer your many questions in reference to the Pacific railway, and to the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. Let these difficult questions suffice for the present, for the only promises that I can now make, that is, should I consent to run for that very honorable office, are, that the interests of California would be my particular study and heartfelt desire; but, further than that, I cannot make any promises which might cause me hereafter to commit myself before the public. But as I have a great anxiety to return to the Atlantic States, it would be my pleasure not to harass my mind further with the affairs of State, believing, as I do, that there are many more competent men than myself who would be anxious to get the office. Yours, etc.' From this it seems that he has not yet declined, and that there is still a probability of him coming before the public, where, doubtless his availability would

award him the honor he so justly merits. It is to be hoped that he will not decline."

Harriet dropped the paper and waited for Mrs. Case to reply.

"Didn't I tell you there was some good news about Mr. Parker."

"Do you call that good news, Mrs. Case?"

"Why, law me! did I ever hear such a question! Good news! How do you think I should feel if my John should be talked of for Senator? I do believe I shouldn't sleep a wink for a month!"

"But did you observe what the remarks were about the Indians 'killing squaws, and little children, and sick ones, who were too weak to run into the mountains?'"

"But they are going to murder the miners. He's obliged to do it for safety, you know.'"

"I don't know, Mrs. Case," and Harriet again took up her sewing, and watched her stitching.

"Only think of it—Senator!" and Mrs. Case burst into a fit of laughter.

"Mrs. Case," said Harriet, and her feelings beamed in her fair face, "forbear, for my sake, do not speak to me of Parker in this manner. If there were no others living, still I could not marry that man. I have promised another, and, if he is not living, I shall die single."

"Why, law me! just as if the girls had all been taught in one school; every one talks and thinks their love must always go according to promise. Why, law! when I was twelve years old I was engaged to nearly all the boys in our school; but you wouldn't think, for all that I 'm a pretty good old woman, for you know mothers never can be considered young women; but what I was going to say was, that I broke all my engagements, every one, and finally got married to my John, whom I never knew a few months before in my life. But, to tell the truth, I was getting old; twenty-six, you know, is next thing to being an old maid; well, I couldn't bear the idea, so I just made up my mind that I would try the first man that offered to marry me, for I was always persuaded that a man must love a woman some

for to have the face to ask her to marry him. Well, I don't believe if I 'd a hunted all the world over that I could have got another such a man as John is; and all I 'm sorry for is, that I didn't find him five or six years sooner."

"You have been more fortunate than some others; Mrs. Ellis, for instance, says she would never marry if she had her life to live over."

"But I expect Mrs. Ellis don't try to love, so she doesn't know the satisfaction of having a loving husband, like I do."

"Perhaps she *can't* love her husband."

"Why, laws! how strange you talk. Why I could make up my mind to love anything, if I 'd try. Folks don't allow themselves to love as much as their own inclinations want to; that's the reason they don't love one another as much as they ought. No, I 'm sure if a woman will try, she can love almost anybody."

"Ah! Mrs. Case, these are the great differences in the happiness of people in this world. Persons who are fortunate in marrying, and who meet with a partner whom they can really love, and who really loves them, are apt to consider that this is a world of love. They seem to become blind to the troubles and griefs, the darkness and despondency with which unfortunate people are overburdened. But, on the contrary, those who fail to make good matches become blind and unsusceptible to the joys and happiness of life. The whole world seems darkened and sad, and even the happiness of others is envied and hated; and the unfortunate person loses ambition to storm the difficulties that befall her struggles, and ceases to wish for happiness; permits sorrow and dejection to rise, and even indulges pleasure in contemplating an early death."

"Why, law me! do you believe anybody ever has so much trouble as all that?" and she fixed her eyes in astonishment upon Harriet, who seemed closely bent over her work.

"That can only be known to those who have experienced it. The organization of every person is nearly the same; and what now seems impossible for you to wish for, might easily become the most powerful of your mental anxieties. The persons who look upon the different manifestations of the mind as being the

result of organization alone, have had but little experience, or witnessed but few of the great changes that can be wrought upon themselves by being placed in different circumstances. There is some one calling you at the door, I think; I thought I heard a voice."

Mrs. Case arose, but in a moment she was met by "her John," who had just returned from an express tour through the upper country. No meeting was more familiar and happy than that of this husband and wife; the latter, however, had a very womanish fashion of sticking her little baby up into his face, and telling him a great many trifling things about how the little thing grew, etc., etc., which, of course, a young man of our experience cannot be expected to relate half so correctly as some of our sweet readers could; therefore, while we have Mrs. Case and "her John" pulling at the baby's little feet, and trying a thousand maneuvers to produce a few smiles with its wide-open mouth and fat cheeks; while all this is going on, imagine Harriet, who had shaken hands heartily with John, and again seated herself, asking him as many questions as though he was also her husband; and while she pressed her questions after that fashion, and received broken answers, imagine her to startle a little; as though she heard a faint whisper from John's lips into his wife's ear. So it was. Harriet heard that whisper, and it caused her whole person to tremble as an aspen, but she tried to conceal her agitation and continue with her sewing. She had long thought that Simons was no longer living, but she now heard an indistinct whisper that nearly palsied her faint hope. Then Harriet felt a death-like paleness stealing over her face, but her heart commenced to flutter as in former days. She listened! Mr. Case and his wife walked into another room, but as they left, Harriet looked after them; her hands fell into her lap, her sewing rolled heedlessly to the floor, and she solemnly exclaimed: "O! heavens, have my ears deceived me! Did he not whisper that Nathan Simons yet lives—lives in Sacramento? I have a right to know, and I will know," and she started after Mr. Case.

Now, when Mr. Case and his lady entered another room he

had taken a paper from his pocket, and was directing his wife's attention to an article in reference to Hamlin and Simons' ejectment from their property in Sacramento. He had discovered that Simons was still living; but he feared to make the communication direct to Harriet, and he chose his wife as the instrument to do it. But, just as he had his wife's attention directed to the name in the newspaper, in came Harriet, exclaiming:

"O! for heaven's sake, tell me, tell me, does he live? Did I not hear the whisper in which you pronounced his name and life? O! say, say, keep me in suspense no longer!" and her eyes caught a glimpse of the article in the newspaper, just as Mr. Case said, "Yes, my dear girl, Nathan Simons is yet living!" Harriet seized the paper, pressed it to her heart, and exclaimed: "Thank heavens, he is yet living! he is living! he is living! and I am happy!"

Harriet now resolved to proceed direct to Sacramento to meet Simons; but after a little consideration, she concluded that she had better send him word that she was coming, for she yet supposed Simons was not aware of her being in the country. Here, again, we must return to Simons, promising to give Harriet a call as soon as she makes a move.

CHAPTER XXX.

Much time had now elapsed, and Hamlin and Simons were somewhat put to their wits to know what to attempt next. They were in possession of a few hundred dollars only, and the idea of making any further exertion to acquire a fortune, seemed quite as ridiculous as to think of returning to the Atlantic States without one. This was late in the dry season, and to make an attempt at the mines, seemed not to be a very wise undertaking; and yet they had not sufficient capital to enter into any business of importance in the city. Simons was heartily tired of the country, and began to think of returning to his old trade in

Cincinnati, and through his influence, Hamlin and wife were convinced that there were as good opportunities for a fortune in the other States, as in California. Accordingly, after a few days' deliberation, they all concluded to leave the country. Hamlin settled up his small accounts; his wife visited her only lady-friend, for at that time there were very few ladies in Sacramento, and separated, to meet the next time in some of the other States. This was in the evening, for on the following morning, this lady friend was going into the country, to spend a few weeks with some connections, and could not return soon enough to see Hamlin start, which was to take place on the following afternoon.

While sitting about Hamlin's hotel late in the evening, conversing upon their departure, a rough-looking middle-aged man was observed to walk into the sitting-room, take a chair, and seat himself close to the window. He was quite fleshy, and seemed to experience the burden of warm weather upon his system. His beard covered his face and rested upon his still more beardy bosom, but its darkness gave an excellent color to his deep-red face. His eyes were dark and small, and seemed to be watching every person in the house, turning stealthily from one to another; and, as Mrs. Hamlin arose to enter the kitchen, his eyes bent upon her as if trying to call the past to memory, then immediately relaxed, as if disappointed. His dress pronounced him at once to be one of the oddest geniuses that ever lived. A light summer hat, old, and none the better for its cleanliness, was wrapped by a deep-pink, but faded sash, the tassels of which were partially stuffed beneath the thick folds and hidden from view. He wore a single blue-flannel shirt, the collar of which rolled far back on his broad, full breast; a pair of good black pantaloons, held in their place by another sash, but one of a deep-green color. After resting himself in the chair, which kept up a continual squeaking, in consequence of his weighty proportions, he removed his hat and used it to fan away the large drops of perspiration which oozed out all over his broad face.

There were some half-dozen persons in the house, beside those mentioned, and upon each of these, this stranger seemed to have his attention firmly riveted, eyeing them from head to foot, and

noticing every voice that escaped any of their busy tongues. He spoke to nobody, seemed bold, yet bashful; seemed to be looking earnestly for somebody, yet afraid to ask any questions, and, altogether, his timidity and mildness contrasted so strangely with his rough-looking features, as to render him one of the most strange yet pleasing men one could wish for.

For convenience sake, we have said rough-looking features, for so they seemed at first glance, but a little closer inspection would discover finely-marked lines and points, indicative of as nice a sense of human feeling, as were ever wrought on the face of man. Lines and points indicative of a heart that had once loved and experienced the sad separations of mortal existence—it was a peculiar sensitive expression, shrouding the face of an almost uneducated fellow-creature, but one who was considerate of others. After looking closely over the different persons, he arose and departed; but in a few minutes after, he returned to the same seat again, and seemed to mutter something to himself, as if sadly disappointed.

It was growing late, and Simons arose to make preparations for retiring to bed; but, the instant he was on his feet, the keen eye of the stranger darted upon him. And when Simons started to the door, the stranger arose and followed, and timidly asked:

"Den you don't know me?" It was the first he had spoken since entering the house, and many eyes turned upon him, which occasioned a bashful smile, a sense of doubt, to steal over his face. Simons turned familiarly, and looking at him, replied:

"I dont know that I do, I don't remember you."

The stranger seemed to let all his hopes fall, grew sad with disappointment, and felt embarrassed at his bold manner; and, raising his hand to his breast, seemed nearly bursting into tears, when he said:

O! Got, my, my d—d wicked heart will die before I find my frien', my frien'!" Simons' face colored in a moment, and he asked:

"Are you not the butcher, Bullock, who took care of me in the mountains?" The stranger startled, and exclaimed:

"O! my great Got! den dis is my frien', my frien'! My poor, sick frien'!" and, throwing his arms around Simons, his words became indistinct with joy. He had scarcely released his Spanish embrace, when in came Mrs. Hamlin, whom he clasped in his arms, exclaiming:

"O! Got, hab I come once more to meet my frien's! O! my goot frien's, I thought neber, neber I shall see you no more. O! my Got, bless my frien's, my frien's!"

Many of the spectators were laughing, and as soon as Mrs. Hamlin, who was half frightened, was released, every one, even the butcher, commenced to laugh, and in fact such a general laughing time is seldom witnessed.

"Den I am so glad," the butcher commenced, after the house quieted a little, "I am so glad to come to you. I hab been all the city through and through, and I could not find you where you lib. Den I neber know your name, nor your house, nor your nothing, so I thought I shall neber more see you, and den I come in here; I t'ink Got has come to my d—d wicked heart and brought me to see you, I t'ink so. O! my Got, I am so glad I come to my frien's!"

This strange man had only been recognized a few minutes when the good woman had him seated at a wholesome supper, where he found some difficulty in eating, in consequence of his desire to express his happiness to meet his friends. When they left the sitting-room the other persons departed, or retired, so that, while the butcher ate his supper, Hamlin and wife and Simons were his only companions. In friendly style they helped him to all the different dishes, and encouraged him to eat until he finally declared that he had eaten plenty. Pushing his chair back from the table, wiping the perspiration from his face, and, placing his fleshy hand upon Simons' shoulder, he said:

"Den, my good frien', I hab come to bring to you some good news. O! I am so glad I hab found you where you lib. All through and through de wild woods I hab been, always thinking from you, neber forgetting may be you might die—dead before I come no more to you; and den I t'ink I see you in de dark night when de coyote is crying for his supper, and den I not

know whether you lib, or whether you die—dead. Den I hear de city is yet drowned, and den I t'ink my poor frien' he too is got drowned. But den somet'ing come to me in de mountains in de dark night; I t'ink it was Got come to my d—d wicked heart, I t'ink so; and den he say to me, 'you shall yet see your frien's sometime,' and my d—d wicked heart not hardly beliebe I neber shall see you no more, neber, neber! But den I am now come to you, and I am so glad I shall not know how I shall lib when I go once more into de wild woods! I t'ink I will die—dead, and go to see my poor wife in heaven, I t'ink so. And my poor little boy she is in heaven by his poor modder, I t'ink so, O! I t'ink so;" and while he continued to speak of his wife and child, tears flowed as freely as ever moistened a Christian cheek. "Den you remember when we used to sit togedder in de wild mountains, and den I t'ought may be you will die—dead; and I not know how I shall lib alone widout you. And den some d—d wicked men come and burn all up my house, you remember?"

"O! very well, I remember all about it, but did you know that one of those wicked men has since been killed by the Indians?"

"O, no, I not know dis, neber."

"Yes, one of them has been killed by the Indians."

"O! my Got! Possible!"

"Well, I'm not well acquainted with the facts, but I know one of them has been killed."

"O! my Got, I am sorry!"

"Why, you needn't be sorry; they were bad men, gamblers and swindlers."

"Den their wife and children?"

"O! they were young men, they had no wives."

"Den they hab fadders and modders."

"But they were bad men."

"Den, may be their hearts were wicked, and they could not help it—I t'ink so. But den I am come to bring to you good news, and I nearly forget it, 'cause I am so glad to see you, my frien's. Den you remember you had lose your mules when you had de cholera?"

"Yes, I lost four mules."

"Den, well, I hab found to you your mules; so dis is why I now come to you. I remember all your brands, so I went, and went all t'rough and t'rough de wild mountains, and I say to myself, if I die—dead—I will find de mules for my poor sick frien'. And den I went to dis ranch, and to dat ranch, and to ebery ranch, and I thought neber, neber I will find de mules; and in de last, Got came to my d—d wicked heart, and he said to me, 'you shall go yet to one more ranch,' and den my d—d wicked heart nearly believe I shall go for not'ing; but den I went and went away t'rough de wild woods, and I come to one ranch, and dere I found to you your mules; and den I come away t'rough de wild woods, so I shall bring to you de news where is your mules."

No news could have been more unexpected, or much more pleasing to Simons; neither would it have been possible for him to have the same feelings toward any other as he now had for the butcher, whose conduct showed not the slightest degree of selfishness, but seemed to be controlled by as pure feelings of friendship as a mortal ever possessed. But this unexpected news gave an entire new resolution to their intentions, and, as we shall hereafter see, proved to be one of the most fortunate incidents that ever came across Simons' difficult pathway.

It is scarcely possible for us to relate the details of their evening's conversation, therefore, suffice it, that, after some little counsel, Simons concluded to accompany the butcher on the following morning to the ranch in search of his long lost mules. At that time, good mules were worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars each, which made a consideration of rather pleasing anticipation.

The next morning was cool and fair. The butcher, Simons, and Hamlin, started for the said ranch. Their course was along the open valley of the Sacramento and the Feather rivers, but finally bore off to a small creek, called Mitchell's Run, where they found a ranch, about one hundred and thirty or forty miles from Sacramento, and which they reached after a tiresome journey of five days' hard walking.

This ranch comprised several miles of the country, and really had no boundary, but extending up and down the little creek as far as the mules and horses saw proper to graze, and as far on either side of the creek as the distant bald hills saw proper not to interdict the growth of wild grass. Near the middle of this ranch, that is, considering it had had a boundary, stood a small clap-board house, surrounded by a few deer-skin and beef-hide sheds, or, fashionably speaking, modern porches. About this uninteresting house, were three or four dogs, two calves, a pet coyote, some greasy pork barrels, some flour sacks, beef bones and horns, some axes, saws, guns, blankets hanging in the sun, and enough perfumery to have scented all the silks and satins in Cincinnati, but it happened to be of a very different odor from that in general use, and not quite so pleasant as one could desire.

At a little distance from this one story cabin, stood, or laid, rather, the corral, it was a little field, about two acres, fenced in with a high wall of brush, where the mules were housed during the night.

When Simons' party approached this wild settlement, no person was to be seen; and, had not the hungry-looking dogs set up an impolite conversation at the top of their voices, one might have thought that they, themselves, were foreign to such a foreign-looking habitation.

It was nearly sunset, and our little party were aware that the herdsmen would soon be driving the mules into their nightly habitation; and, accordingly, they seated themselves about the cabin, fanning away the musquitoes and perspiration, determined to ease their wearied limbs until the inhabitants should return.

"How in the world did you ever find this out-of-the-way place?" Hamlin asked the butcher.

"Den I not know; I t'ink Got bring me here, I t'ink so, I don't know."

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Well, den you see, about one-half year ago, I hear some people whisper to me, dat somebody must be stealing all de mules,

and all de horses, and all de beef, and all cberyt'ing; so, I says to myself, dis is somebody what must lib far in de woods, to be doing all dis t'ing; and den I commence to t'ink of all de place from where I hab neber been to; and I know dis is all, so I comes right straight to dis place and found de mules."

"And is that what makes you think that God brought you here?"

"O! yes, for sure, it couldn't be de devil; I t'ink so, I don't know."

"Then," said Simons, laughing, "you think that whatever God doesn't do, is done by the devil?"

"O! yes, I t'ink so, for sure, yes—yes."

"But, perhaps, it was your own curiosity that brought you here?"

"Curiosity—no, no; what for you come?"

"O! I come to get my mules."

"So I come to get de mules for you:" and, as though he considered the argument at an end, he lighted a cigar and commenced smoking. Simons was too well acquainted with his good disposition and uneducated nature to wish to harass his philosophical powers, and turned upon the subject, and said:

"Then you have heard about the people, who keep this ranch, stealing mules?"

"Hush!" said the butcher, cautiously; "Yes, I t'ink so, but den we must not tell de people, or may be dey come and hurt de man what keeps de ranch."

"But then they ought to be punished if they steal mules and horses."

"What you do to him?"

"Why, the law of the State punishes the crime by hanging horse thieves."

"O! you not say dis!"

"Yes, that is the law of this State."

"O! I not t'ink dis."

"Yes, it's so."

"Why make dey dis law? de man has no harm de mule nor de horse by stealing him."

"But he has injured the owner of the mule."

"How much?"

"Well," said Simons, puzzled a little, "he has injured the owner to the value of the mule."

"Two hundred dollar?" and the butcher again puffed away at his cigar, as though he had closed the argument; but Simons replied:

"Yes two hundred dollars loss to the owner."

The butcher withdrew his cigar, looked at Simons a moment, smiled, and asked:

"Den suppose you hang dis man; de owner get his two hundred dollar back?"

Simons resorted to the common turn of this argument, and said:

"No, he will not get his money back, nor will anybody be benefited by hanging him, but, if he is hung, then he can never steal any more mules or horses."

"Den you no hang him for what he has done, but what he will do sometime?" and again he puffed away at his cigar.

Simons was staggered a little at this question, and finally replied:

"Why, partly for both; for what he has done, and for what he is likely to do."

Just as though the butcher had argued this important question for a lifetime, he coolly asked:

"Den you say nobody get some money, nor no good for hanging him, den why you hang him for what he has done?"

"Why, crime must be punished,"

"What for you punish crime?"

"Why we must set an example to others."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the butcher, "so my d—d wicked heart wish to do, too; but den, tell me dis, suppose you set some example for to forgive to him what all he has done, den is dat no good example?"

"Why, we should have the country overrun with criminals under such a law."

"Den you can't do not'ing with them, but for to hang him dead?"

"But prisoners always will get out of prison."

"Den you will hang him 'cause you can't make no strong prison?"

"Well, it's the easiest way to dispatch them at once, then there are no tales told."

The butcher laid down his cigar, and calmly replied:

"O! I am sorry to hear you say dis, my frien'. May be de man what keeps dis ranch has one d—d wicked heart, and can't help dis; I t'ink so, O! I t'ink so. Den, may be, after while he will be good; I t'ink so; and den I no want to tell nobody about what I hear from dis ranch—stealing, 'cause I'm so 'fraid some d—d wicked men may come to him and hang him, and den neber more he can see his wife and leetle children, neber when he is hanged, neber, neber!" and hanging down his head, he again commenced to smoke; but instantly he started to his feet and exclaimed:

"I hear 'em! I hear 'em! De mules will soon come now, very soon."

They all looked up the valley of the little creek, and a cloud of dust seemed to envelop about a thousand head of mules and horses, all galloping furiously toward the corral. Immediately behind these were two Spaniards, or rather, Mexicans, and the proprietor of the ranch, all mounted on good mules, swinging their lariats, and yelling at the top of their voices—these were the herdsmen, and such was the manner in which they commanded obedience from such a vast collection of almost wild horses and mules. They soon reached the corral, and were nicely tricked into it by two immense wings of brush fence which joined with the little creek. As soon as they were in, the herdsmen dismounted and closed up the doorway, which left the mules and horses scarcely room enough to walk among each other, so crowded they were. Simons and his party now marched down to have a look at the mules; but when he reached the bars, or doorway, he was met by the proprietor of the ranch, a moderate-

sized, black-beardy, unclean-looking man, who held out his hand and said:

"Halloo! Simons, is this you—I heard you were dead?" Simons looked steadily at him a moment, and replied:

"That is my name, but I can't recollect you. Your voice seems familiar, but I can't recognize your face."

"You don't know me?"

"No, I do not. I think if you were to mention where I saw you I might then know you."

"You do?"

"I think I would."

"Well, then, have you any enemies?"

"Not that I know of; I never have had but one, and he has been lately killed by the Indians."

"Was that Warner?"

"It was, but will you tell me who you are?"

"Upon one condition, I will."

"Name it, sir?"

"That you will not treat me as an enemy."

"Then most assuredly, I will not; I never have, have I?" The stranger eyed him sharply and replied:

"No, but I'm afraid you will."

"I promise you that I will not treat you as an enemy for any former grudge whatever; and if you are acquainted with me you know I will not break my promise. Now then, tell me who you are?"

"I'm glad you are not dead, as I heard you were, for I always felt that you were entirely ignorant of my real feelings toward you. Then you don't know me?"

"I do not, nor can I imagine."

"Well, Simons, my name is Mitchell, whom you traveled with on the Plains!"

"Possible!" exclaimed Simons, eyeing him from head to foot, "but your hair and your beard was not so black as this on the Plains."

"'Sh! 'sh!" whispered Mitchell, "another time will answer. But tell me now, will you forgive my conduct toward you on the Plains—it's all I ask?"

"Certainly, I forgive you; for I always believed that Warner was the principal cause of it all."

"And who are these?" asked Mitchell, pointing to Hamlin and the butcher who were now busily looking at the mules.

"One of these is Mr. Hamlin, my brother-in-law."

"Your brother-in-law! Why, I thought you always said that you had no connections?"

"So I thought, but, the second day after we were separated on the Plains, I found this man, and his wife, my sister. But do you remember the boy who helped me across the Platte river—he was my own brother!"

"Possible! He was lost! I have always felt that I was to blame for that boy's death. We ought to have helped you out of the water, instead of standing on the bank and see such a delicate fellow as he was doing it. But it's all past now. That's what I was induced to do by being with a bad mate; but I wish that was all I had ever done. Who is the other man?"

"The other man usually goes by the name of Bullock, or the butcher. He is a man who took me into his charge nearly a year ago, when I was about dying with the cholera. He nursed me during the winter season up in his mountain-home, where he used to butcher cattle, and jerk the beef for the miners."

"On Brown Mountain?"

"That was the place, exactly."

"Ah! then my herdsmen ought to know him—they used to drive beeves to him."

"Perhaps so, but, as I was going to tell you, when I was taken with the cholera I lost some mules, branded N. S. on the left shoulder; and this man, the butcher, says he has found my mules in your ranch, and it is for them that I have come to this place."

"Well, I don't know, perhaps there are such mules here. I am not acquainted with half the mules in my care; but if they are here you shall have them. What color were your mules?"

"Two mates, cream color; one black, with a light saddle-spot, and one iron-gray, with a dark stripe along his back."

"Ah, there are such colors here, plenty of them; and we must see if we can find those brands you spoke of, upon such colored mules," and they both moved down toward the mules.

"Well," said Mitchell, "how have you been making out in this country—nearly made a fortune?" It was never regarded as too great an intimacy in California to ask another how much money he had made: and even for strangers to do so was not at all uncommon; but, whenever two acquaintances met, they usually asked that question before all others, and where it was neglected, it looked as if the person so neglecting to ask, felt himself to be of too much importance for his fellow-neighbor.

"Very bad, Mitchell, very bad. I have been beaten in every attempt I have made, and now I only stand a few hundred dollars ahead. I am going home as soon as I can."

"What! going home—to Cincinnati?"

"Yes, I 'm heartily tired of the country."

"And only made a few hundred dollars?"

"Yes, about five hundred dollars only."

"Well, now, see here, Simons," and Mitchell halted short, "here 's an opportunity for a great fortune. This ranch. I 'm going to leave it. I've made enough for to keep me comfortable the balance of my days, and I 'm going to quit. Here 's one of the best opportunities I know of."

"But I cannot purchase such a ranch as this."

"No," said Mitchell, and he seemed to be trying to look into Simons' very heart. Simons mistrusted that all was not exactly right; for, for a man to say his business was very good and yet be talking of leaving, seemed to be inconsistent with the actions of most men; and he immediately remembered what the butcher had been telling him about the ranch keeper being suspected of stealing mules. Now there had been a great number of mules and horses stolen for a few months past, and some of the people in the country thereabout had lost three or four of a night; and it was generally supposed that these stolen mules were herded somewhere among the mountains, in order to fatten up, and be

driven off to some of the distant settlements for sale. All these things coming into Simons' mind at the very instant Mitchell looked him so earnestly in the face, brought to his recollection that, on the Plains, this same Mitchell, was suspected of stealing a horse and running away from Andrew; and the whole of this perhaps made some mysterious movement in the muscles of his phiz while Mitchell was eyeing him, whereupon Mitchell continued:

"Never mind what you have heard; all I ask is justice. God knows, these reports are all false, every one of 'em. But I must leave here; I 'm in danger of losing all I 've made, and perhaps my life itself."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Simons.

"Ah! you know it all," replied Mitchell, "I perceive that you are acquainted with all the facts; and would that I had such men as you to investigate the whole matter—I could then have a hearing. But I don't know what moment a gang of Lynchers might come upon me; and the people all know that I am a foreigner, so I can't expect any mercy at their hands."

Mitchell was an Englishman by birth, and having been brought up, as many young Englishmen are, unfit for any kind of business, and with no money to help him along, had been furnished with sufficient means to enable him to go to Australia, where he lived about seven or eight years: and, true to his countrymen, getting homesick to see "Old England" once more, he worked his passage on board a ship, and landed on his native isle, penniless.

He was welcomed to his father's home, and was again clothed in comfort and decency. After spending a year at home, he became anxious to "try again;" and again his kind old father furnished him with money sufficient to come to America. In this country he fell among that class of people who frequent the Ohio Canal—persons who are known as horse-jockeys, politicians, and fighting men, and as men of honor. Here he became the proprietor of a boat; and, after two years' active business, sold out, and with something over a thousand dollars he proceeded to St. Louis, where he commenced a commission business; but not

being exactly skilled in trading as well as some of his neighbors, he made a few "unlucky hits," and finally resolved to go to California. Now, at this period, there was a great enmity toward the people from Australia; for, from that country, came a great number of wicked, thieving persons, who doubtless had been runaways from Van Dieman's Land, and who were so numerous as to injure the character of all the people who sailed from Sydney. These runaways, we mean, had been committing theft and robbery, and even murders, in different parts of California; but particularly for stealing horses and mules they seemed to have a highly educated nature, which they put into practice at every favorable opportunity, and from the number of these privileged characters, Americans came to the too hasty conclusion that any person from Australia was a thief, robber, and, perhaps, murderer. As we have since lived in Australia, we shall never forget the mortified feelings of the good people of that country upon hearing that they themselves had lost character among the natives of America, for whom they had always cherished the most cordial feelings; but when hearing that Americans were condemning everything from Australia, without considering that only a small portion of the people were convicts, they seemed to lose their entire confidence in the citizens of our country; and so honestly did they express their sorrow and grief, to think that Americans would not investigate the common history of their distant land before deciding against them, that we really felt ashamed to think that we belonged to the great Republic.

So great was this suspicion in California, that any person in the country, who had come from Australia, was under the necessity of denying his land to avoid being Lynched; but how this suspicion may affect the native of Australia, who is just as like the native of this country as is one brother like another, can only be known in after years.

Under such a consideration, Mitchell's condition could not be considered a very desirable one; hence his anxiety to close up his business and change his residence.

Reader, suppose you were in some foreign country, and

heard a man say to you: "In your country I was a foreigner, and in danger of losing my life," would you not feel ashamed of your country, especially if you knew his words to be true? Suppose an American citizen were to return from some foreign country, and say: "I had my property taken away from me, and I was obliged to fly to save my life, because I was a foreigner," would not all the newspapers of the country condemn our Congress for not declaring war against the said country? Though we must not speak too much upon this subject, or else we shall injure the sale of our book! But again to our story.

"I'm not so sure that I know it all," said Simons, "but I have lately heard that many mules and horses have been stolen, and that some of the ranch-keepers are suspected."

"Well, sir, that's it, exactly, and that's all of it. But the people have only to learn that I have once lived in Sydney, and my time is all over; and as many people already know that I was once in that country, the matter could be very easily traced up. That's why I'm anxious to quit as soon as possible. Now, see here, can't you take charge of the ranch, and I'll set a price upon it, and when you have made the money you can pay me?"

"Well, I don't know, but I will consider the matter over, and in the meantime let us look at the mules—the butcher is calling me," and away they went, searching for the brands N. S.

Mitchell called the two Spaniards, and described the said mules, and they soon pointed out the very identical property of Simons; and, afterward, stated that, when driving beef to the butcher last summer, they saw these mules on Brown Mountain, and had driven them in, to prevent them from starving. The butcher patted Simons upon the shoulder, and congratulated him very much upon his success in obtaining his property. This business all arranged, they marched up to the little clap-board house, and the two Spaniards set themselves about preparing supper, which they did in such haste as even to forget the premonitory delicacy of washing their hands.

Simons, Hamlin and Mitchell were conversing upon the various ups and downs they had experienced in the country; and

sitting close by, was the butcher, who spoke alternately to the Spainards, to the others, or to his cigar, which seemed not to smoke so well as he wished.

In a few minutes the supper was ready, and it consisted of whet-stone bread, six parts, hard, raw beefsteak, three parts, and fat, greasy pork, one part all smoking hot, setting on the ground, in tin dishes, accompanied by a kettle of strong green tea, well boiled, which was to be drunk out of tin cups, none the better for woman's absence. Around this humble fare, they seated themselves with right good-will, upon buckets bottom-side up, upon stools, or billets of wood, or in fact, anything that seemed convenient; and the way they commenced to eat, would have been rather discouraging to the medical profession, if any of that class of people had been present. The business of this ranch was, to take mules, horses, and cattle from different persons, and graze them for so much a month, which was at that time, four dollars for horses and mules, and two dollars for cattle, that is, each, per month. And when any person brought a horse to the ranch, to be grazed and taken care of, for a few months, the proprietor always gave a receipt for the animal received; so that when the owner wanted his beast, he presented said receipt, which contained a description of the beast.

While this little party were seated in the aforesaid manner, enjoying their gustable repast, Mitchell commenced and said:

"There was a man here this morning to get a mule, which he said he put into my ranch about two months ago; but, as he had no receipt, I couldn't let him have the mule without he would bring some evidence of it being his. He flew into a dreadful passion and said he would have it; but I was not aware who he was, and of course I wouldn't allow him to do so, which I had no difficulty in preventing, because he couldn't throw the lasso, and I would not allow the herdsmen to lasso it for him. But he went off in a dreadful rage, and swore he'd have satisfaction some way; and I expect likely he may make an attack on the corral to-night," and while he was yet speaking, a party of thirty or forty men were seen coming up the valley. Some were on horseback and some were on foot; and, at the head of their party

Mitchell recognized the man who had been after his mule in the morning—he was on foot, swinging his hands and talking loudly to all his companions. Mitchell sprang to his feet, and said:

"I'll bet he's told them that I have stolen his mule and won't give it up; and these men are coming to play the d—l with my corral, or perhaps me!"

Simons and Hamlin assured him that they would use their influence to prevent any harm being done. Their suspense was only a moment, for the army were upon them; and their leader, a red-headed, 'lean and hungry looking man,' with a red shirt, the sleeves of which were rolled above his elbows, and skirt of which was stuffed into a pair of moleskin pantaloons, whose bottoms were stuffed into a pair of red-topped boots—yes, this man with a freckle-face, sunken eyes and prodigiously humped nose—smacked his fists, and said to Mitchell:

"You d—d Sydney horse-thief, we've got you now, we've got you now, we've got you now, you scoundrel. We'll fix you, by—" and finishing with a furious oath, he stamped upon the ground and seemed desperate with rage. The crowd were mostly around our little party, and every eye was turned upon Mitchell, who, guilty or not guilty, could not refrain from evincing signs of fear, which some of the spectators declared were signs of guilt; and, in a moment, through the crowd was to be heard:

"Hang him, hang him, hang the d—d Sydney thief, hang the d—d foreigner," but Simons and Hamlin endeavored to stay their wrath, which had been encouraged to a great pitch by spirited liquors, until a fair investigation could be had upon the accusation. But, above their voices, the said red-headed man declared:

"I do swear by all that's black and white that he's the man that stole my mule. And I do swear by all that's black and white that I know he's a Sydney man, he's a Sydney man!"

Mitchell made a few attempts to speak, but failing to be heard, and seeming to think his condition was precarious, slipped out at one side of the crowd and took to his heels. He was followed a short distance, and fired at with some pistols, but escaped without receiving any injury.

As almost everybody has heard of this man, we will here state that, being afraid to return to his ranch, he struck across the Plains and reached Sacramento and finally San Francisco, where, having but little money, and falling in with bad society, he took to stealing and robbing, and was finally hung in the streets by the much noted Vigilance Committee; but as that part of his history is known to every end of the earth, we will not comment upon it, but leave everybody to form their own opinions in regard to the cause of his crime

The infuriated debauchees remained about the ranch during the night, thinking that Mitchell would return; here they amused themselves by drinking what liquor they had, and what they could find about the cabin, and by singing and dancing merrily; and, sorry we are to add, that our good friend, the butcher, partook of their fluid and soon became shockingly inebriated.

After a long, noisy night, a fair morning finally arrived; and as no Mitchell had yet returned, many of the people grew weary, and would not remain any longer, but struck off for Feather river, where they either gambled or mined, according to their various inclinations.

Before turning the mules out, the Spaniards lassoed the one that the red-headed man claimed, and also Simons' four mules, which were, in jockey language, "as fat as fools, and wild as wolves."

Simons sold them immediately, and he and Hamlin, in company with the butcher, who was nearly sober again, took their leave of this strange, wild habitation. Whatever became of the ranch, and the Spaniards, and Mitchell's books, on which there was a credit of several thousand dollars, we are not able to inform our readers; but it would not be at all presumptuous to conclude that some ruffian drove the Spaniards away, and then, for his "patriotism and availability," got a seat in the Legislature.

Simons tried hard to induce the butcher to accept a reward for his very valuable services; but, with all he could say or do, he could not persuade this strangest of all strange men, who, doubtless, was very short of money, and who lived a miserable life, to accept a single dollar.

"Den, I don't want de money. De money is your money. De mules was your mules, so I don't want de money," he would say, patting Simons' shoulder, and laughing in the most friendly manner. After walking awhile he became sober, and again complained of the heat.

About five miles brought them to where a half-blind trail crossed the one they were traveling. It was in the woods, and quite comfortable beneath the tall pines, the shade of which completely covered the ground. As soon as they reached this trail, the butcher halted, and said:

"Dere, stop my frien';" they all halted, and the butcher seemed almost unable to speak further, but finally added, "here I must leave you, my frien's! Dis is my road, dis," pointing to the dim trail. "Far out dis road, away in de wild woods, I lib. Den here I must leave you, my frien's, and neber see you no more, neber, neber!" and shaking his head, burst into tears.

"Why can't you go with me to the city," Simons asked, astonished at so sudden a communication.

"Den I can't neber come to de city no more, neber, neber!" and holding down his head, seemed to be solving some difficulty. "No, I can't go to de city no more."

"Do you live far from here?"

"Yes, far in de wild woods!" and he pointed into the dark forest, then sat down on the ground, and said not a word.

"I would like to have you accompany us to the city—I thought that was your intention?"

"No, my frien'. Got does come to my wicked heart, and he does say to me, 'you shall neber, neber, go no more to de city, but you shall go into the wild woods, where the coyote lib, and den you shall hear de words from your poor wife, and your leetle boy,' and so I must go away t'rough de mountains."

Simons had made previous inquiry in reference to the butcher's habitation, which was of similar construction to the brush-house that Miller and Parker burned because he would not pay his tax. And the idea of having so valuable a friend live in such a miserable way was really a burdensome thought; for there was not the slightest doubt but that his attachment to his wife

and child, who had died in the "wild woods" somewhere, was the principal cause of his melancholy disposition, which gave the solitude of these lonely regions so many charms to his poor, uneducated mind. As Simons never expected to see him any more, he nor Hamlin could leave him sitting by this trail, weeping, without being sensibly moved by his seemingly sacred feelings.

"Den you shall go, my frien's, and leave me to sit here, and I shall long t'ink of you, my frien's; and den, when I am done t'inking of you, I will go far into de wild woods, dere where my poor wife will come to speak to me in de leaves and in de wild noise ober my head; dere where my poor child she does seem to me in de barking of de wolves, and in de young coyote who is wid his modder, and wid his fadder, and dey does love one another. No, my frien's, I can neber, neber, no more, come to de city, neber, neber! I t'ink Got will soon come and take me to heaven to my poor wife, I t'ink so, O! I t'ink so; and to my poor, leetle boy, too, I t'ink so. I wish soon Got will come to me—I wish to go!" and, pressing his hands upon his face, sobbed pitifully. Simons and Hamlin endeavored to comfort him; but the same feelings and inclinations were too deeply imbedded in his nature to be affected by any ideas they could advance.

After spending about an hour with him, Simons and Hamlin took their leave, leaving him in the same sitting position, gazing upon them as they wandered upon the lonesome trail; but never were the same impressions entertained by man as those of Simons toward this poor, despondent butcher, who possessed more of the real soul of man than the majority of the human family do, and who was more the pattern for pure religion than half the priests in Christendom. Certainly, we cannot approve of his extraordinary desire for solitude; but all who have ever investigated the cause for that desire are well aware that it arises from not meeting among their fellow-creatures the sympathy and love, the purity of principles, the refinement of natural religion, which the minds of all good people need to enable them to battle their way among their fellows, who are wasting their existence over certain creeds and ceremonies, which in themselves cause society to be

divided, and cherish a hatred from one church to another, entirely neglecting the great principles of benevolence and love. Yes, this was Simons' impression when leaving the poor butcher sitting in the "wild woods"—the last he ever saw of him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Now I have been successful—I shall move from my solitary abode and camp on the banks of the Yuba, where I will settle for a few weeks to regain my health, and to recruit from my long toils, to forget the various fortunes and misfortunes that have so long and so often variegated my melancholy pathway. I shall erect my tent in the cool shade of those spready oaks, where I can hear the sweet murmur of the golden stream—where I can see the great throng of people traveling toward the mountains, and toward the cities of the valleys—where I can read the papers—where I can work a few hours, or follow whatever my pleasure seeks after. And when I have once more regained the buoyancy and spirit of former days, I will arise and fly to my native home, and live in quiet and peace," and Uncle Thomas arose and climbed over the mountains, bearing his tent and his tools upon his back; he came to an even country, where a large road passed close to the banks of the Yuba, which seemed to wind among the open forests of evergreen oaks even more beautifully than ever before flowed a clear, sparkling river.

Many birds were singing; the water was enlivened with ducks and fish; the road was filled with travelers, and the dust was borne over the glimmering Plains in broken clouds.

"Ah! here," said he, "I will spread my tent. Unknown charms and dreamy revelations seem to point me to this spot, as the most sacred and fortunate on earth," and he prepared his habitation; but while he was doing it, he said:

"Why is it that I came? Why is it that I am taking more pains in the neatness of my humble residence than ever before? Am I becoming superstitious? Possible! But why did not

these presentiments ever before steal over me? Why do I look after every traveler to see if I can recognize an old acquaintance? Ay, why did I come so near this road at all? Strange, this, indeed! but I 'm not superstitious, it can not be."

Nevertheless, he continued to fit up his tent, to sweep, and to ornament his homestead finer than he had ever before. When the night came, he laid down to sleep; but strange dreams, happy dreams, continued to crowd upon his mind. When day came he arose early—the sun seemed fairer and more beautiful than ever before.

"Surely," said he, "I am getting superstitious! or can it be because I have been living so high in the mountains that this exceeding purity strikes me so forcibly?"

After finishing his breakfast, he again said: "I will now take my dish and amuse myself a few minutes on the bank of the river," and he marched slowly down to the water's edge, caring but little whether he discovered any gold or not; though, scarcely had he moved the loose stones, when he perceived a richer bed than he had ever witnessed.

"Surely, some supernatural power brought me here!" he exclaimed, and sat down to contemplate upon his great fortune. "But I 'm not superstitious, I know I 'm not. It was by mere chance that this fortune has smiled upon me. It is to balance the many mishaps that have so long imbittered my existence. It is a kind of wisdom that Providence has manifested in the rude elements, to make man thankful. But I 'm not superstitious." Though instead of amusing himself, he wrought hard until late in the day, and then he returned to his tent to take his dinner and to rest. The night followed as dreamy as before.

"Surely," said he, "I am getting superstitious! These strange feelings steal over me by night and by day, and some still greater revelation will come to me. My anticipations are beginning to give me trouble." On the following day he repaired to his labor, and the same success attended him; and often, when at work, he would exclaim:

"Why does success so often smile upon me? and even it seems to warn me of some unexpected news! I wish I could rid my-

self of these superstitious notions." The following night he was still more wakeful, and in the morning he further soliloquized:

"If these superstitious visions don't cease to haunt me, I fear my health may be affected; I can scarcely rest."

After another day's successful labor, he sat at his tent, pondering over his strange feelings. He was sitting on a small log, with his face toward the setting sun, enjoying the gentle breeze that played so softly among his hoary locks. Such was Uncle Thomas, and while in this melancholy mood, a little boy, apparently about eight years of age, came along the road, singing out:

"Newspapers, the latest English newspapers for sale!" and the tone of his voice had already acquired such an auctioneer's twang, that, for one of his size, it sounded so odd, as to be really interesting.

LONDON BOOT-BLACK SELLING NEWSPAPERS.

Along this road, he traveled toward the "upper mines," to make his fortune by the very creditable business of distributing knowledge among the rest of his race; but whether he was aware of the importance of his occupation, is extremely doubtful. However, he had newspapers—English newspapers—and, forthwith the old man determined to have one.

"Halloo, my little man; bring me some papers," and, anxious for trade, the boy skipped through the dust, and soon stood by the old man.

"What is your name, my little man?"

"Geordie Dowell; do you want to buy some papers?" and he eyed the old man sharply.

"Yes, Geordie, but what papers have you?"

The boy took a full breath, and repeated the following in a single sentence:

"The very best newspapers in the world; I have all sorts of English newspapers, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, the Times—the queen of newspapers and guide to the whole literary world; Punch, the masterpiece of wit and common sense; North British Mail, the most ably written political advocate in favor of British oppression that has been published since the dark ages; the Witness, published and edited by the self-educated, Scotch stone-quarrier, the wisest and most remarkable man of modern times, and too religious to eat on Sunday—all these papers, sir, contain the very latest European news, and all about the great Mr. Kossuth, one of the most thorough advocates of radical Republicanism since the days of liberty began," and, halting a little to obtain breath, he added:

"Want to buy some papers, sir, only half a dollar, and reading matter enough to last you a month, and digest all the political and religious topics which are confounding the nations, and endangering the liberty of man—only half a dollar, buy some papers, sir?"

Uncle Thomas could withstand such a battery no longer, but took a heartier laugh than he had taken for years. Geordie's pronunciation was excellent, which added to his good language a peculiarity highly interesting; but the rapidity with which he spoke, together with his pretty face, rendered him an object remarkable among ten thousand; and he so completely captivated Uncle Thomas, that he determined to learn a little more of his occupation, etc.

"Have you no American papers?"

"No, sir, I don't sell them."

"Only English papers, then?"

"Yes, sir, that's all; can't I sell you some—you are an Englishman, I think!"

"Why do you think I'm an Englishman, Geordie?"

"I don't know, but I thought so; you look like one—won't you buy some papers?"

"O! yes, I'll buy some papers; but you need be in no hurry, you can't go much further to-night. But why don't you keep the Delta, and the Tribune, the Boston Journal, and the Herald—they are as good as English papers!"

"'Cause I'm not acquainted with 'em."

"Not acquainted with them! why how did you get acquainted with English newspapers?"

"'Cause I'm an Englishman," and the little fellow stretched up his head, so characteristic of the English self-esteem, that the old man became electrified with his boldness.

"You are from England, Geordie, what part?"

"London, sir."

"Give me your hand, my boy—I'm from London also," and the old man took the boy's hands into his, and was about pronouncing a blessing upon him, when Geordie partially withdrew them and said:

"But if you are an Englishman, you would have told me when I asked you before!"

"Why, my boy, what makes you think so?"

"'Cause an Englishman always likes to tell that he's English."

"Then you don't believe I am English?"

"I don't know—but won't you buy some papers? Do, now; these are all I have left!"

"O! yes, I'll buy some; but tell me where you will stop to-night, Geordie?"

"I don't know; but I always stop with some of the miners, 'cause they don't charge me anything."

"Well, can't you stop with me? I want to talk with you about London."

"Then you are an Englishman?"

"Yes, Geordie, I am from London."

"Then why didn't you tell me before?"

"I only wished to see how you judged me to be English?—that's all, Geordie."

"Will you buy some papers?"

"O! yes; if you will stay all night with me, I will buy all the papers you have."

"Buy 'em all?"

"Yes, I 'll buy them all; six, are there?"

"Yes, six; but why can't you buy them now?"

"O! yes, I 'll give you your money now; but tell me, if you are English and I am English, can't you trust me?"

The little boy eyed him steadily in the face, and replied:

"If you was a Yankee, I 'd trust you."

So unexpected an answer rather staggered Uncle Thomas' calculations, for he had asked the question merely for mischief, and had expected an affirmative answer.

"Then, Geordie, you think Yankees are nearer honest than English people are?"

"I don't know, but they 're better to sell papers to—I know that."

"How long since you left England, Geordie?"

"Six weeks—no, I mean, I 've been six weeks in California, but we was three months and fifty days coming on the ocean."

"And where are your parents now?"

"They have been dead a great many years, but—ain't you going to buy some papers?"

"O! yes, certainly, Geordie, here is your money," and he handed the boy some coin, "but are you not going to stop all night with me? I want you to, you look tired."

"Yes, I 'll stop if you like!" said the boy, smiling, and counting the money over.

"Certainly, I want you to stop; I 've not seen any one from England for a long time. But tell me how you came to this country?"

"I come on the ship 'Bald Eagle,' commanded by Captain Barker."

"With your brother, I suppose?"

"No, sir, I have no brother; I come as a passenger," and the little fellow seated himself on the log beside Uncle Thomas, evidently very tired with his day's work.

"But how did you pay your passage?"

"The captain brought me to black his boots."

"But how came you to get such an opportunity, did somebody help you?"

"No, sir; I heard of the gold in California, and I wanted to come; so I went down to the East India docks one day, and asked Captain Barker if he 'd take me if I 'd black his boots, and he said he would; so that's the way I arranged business."

"Why, you astonish me! but, pray, what did you follow in London?"

"Black boots, sir."

"Don't you wish you were back in London?"

"No, sir, I wouldn't go there again; would you?" and tears immediately flowed into his large, brown eyes as he waited for the old man to answer.

"O! yes, my boy, I shall be glad to get back."

"Was you poor in England?" and his tears increased.

"No, Geordie, I was rich there; but why do you cry, Geordie? were you poor in England?"

"Yes, sir," and his sobs burst forth, "I was very poor in London, and my mates are there yet—very poor! When I get some money, I am going to send for them. I promised them I would; but I am afraid they will think I 'm dead!" The little boy could control his feelings no longer, but cried most sorrowfully.

"Then you should write to your little friends, and let them know you are living."

"But I can't write," sobbed the boy.

"Then you should get somebody to write for you."

"But my little mates can't read."

"They could get their parents to read it."

"They haven't any."

"Then they are orphans?"

"Yes, sir, we was all orphans, blacking boots together."

"But how can you expect to send your money to them if nobody can read for them?"

"I 'll send it by express."

"But the express will not know who to deliver it to; they are not acquainted with your mates."

"O! no, but they say they can find 'em."

"Then you have been making inquiry?"

"O! yes, sir, I have been to see Mr. Adams about it, and he told me he would 'tend to it as soon as I got the money. Mr. Adams is a rich American."

"But, perhaps they will cheat you out of your money?"

"No, no; rich Americans won't cheat poor people, they only cheat rich ones."

"And is there any difference between a rich American and a rich Englishman?"

"O! yes, there is a great difference."

"In what way?"

"I don't know, but when I used to go down along the Thames the rich folks and the police used to kick me and strike me; but here I can ride on the boats in company with other people, and I am only charged half fare 'cause I 'm little. No, I 'm sure Mr. Adams will be glad to 'tend to my business—he said he wouldn't charge me so much as common."

"Then you don't like Englishmen as well as you do Americans?"

"Some I don't, and some I do. Some Americans likes to see me make money; but some is always making fun of me 'cause I 'm English. They call me a foreigner, and ignorant, and everything because I can't read. They think it 's 'cause I 'm lazy; but they 've never had to work like I have, or they could not read, neither; and when I tell the folks 'bout bringing my little mates, they say they don't want any more ignorant foreign boys here; but I don't care, I 'm going to fetch 'em out anyhow, 'cause there is room enough here."

"But do you hate to be called foreigner?"

"But I ain't a foreigner, I 'm an Englishman."

"But do you know the meaning of the word *foreigner*?"

"I don't know, but I 'spect it means something about whigs and democrats."

"O! no, my boy, it only means that you belong to some different country."

"Don't it mean nothing bad?"

"No, nothing whatever."

"Then, when they say they don't like me 'cause I 'm a foreigner, they mean it 's cause I 's born in England."

"Yes, that 's the reason."

"But, I couldn't help it."

"O! they don't blame you for that;—it is because you came away from there to live here."

"But I was nearly starving!"

"Then I suppose you do not like England?"

"No, I don't, I only like my mates, that 's all—do you like England?"

"O! very much, indeed; I love England."

The little boy eyed the old man with a very strange mixture of feelings, evidently he was trying hard to solve the cause of such an attachment to England; but brightening up a little, he asked:

"Do you love England, or do you love your mates?"

"I love both," replied the old man, a little puzzled at a question that never before came into his mind.

"But you can't make money in England?"

"No, my boy, but it is a good place to live."

"It wasn't very good for me, 'cause I 's poor."

"Then ycu would rather live in California?"

"Yes, when my mates come; wouldn't you rather live here if your mates were here?"

The old man, supposing that the little fellow meant his particular friends, scarcely knew whether he should answer in the negative or affirmative, for, as we have before mentioned, he had been making money extremely fast for some time past; but after a moment's hesitation, he said:

"Though, I suppose, Americans won't allow me to bring my mates out?"

"They can't hinder you; 'cause you can take some police along."

"But suppose the police will not go?"

"They must go, if the Crown says so, though."

"Ah! my dear boy, the Crown has nothing to do with American police."

"But the Queen will help you if you want to get your mates out, won't she?"

"But she can not do it; she has no control over the affairs of America."

The little boy looked very sad, when he learned this new fact, and already began to doubt whether he should ever be able to get his little mates to California; but when again overcome with tears, a remarkable fact seemed to flow instantly to his uneducated mind. Ah! perhaps it was a theory taught him by his own mother before her soul departed, or perhaps the God of nature guided his young intellect, and looking up into the old man's face, while tears rolled down his cheeks, he said:

"But if it is better for our mates to come here, God will help us to fetch 'em out, won't he?"

The old man, considering the boy was tired, merely gave him to hope that it would all be right soon, and that, in all probability, he could yet get his little mates to California; and then, as the sun was setting, provided something to eat, soon after which, the little fellow went to bed, and in a few minutes soft, sweet sleep stole over his fatigued system, leaving not a spark of trouble marked about his soul-confiding features.

At first sight, an observing man would pronounce this boy one of superior qualities. Compared with American boys, he was rather small of his age, but not inferior in strength and activity. His complexion was very fair, his hair nearly white, with very light-brown eyes, standing out almost as far as his silver-tinged brows, which formed most beautiful arches on his bold forehead. Like most boys of his age, he was straight as an arrow, but, characteristic of his countrymen, his head, so upright, was expressive of an abundance of self-esteem, which, in a boy, controlled by pleasing manners and an apt tongue, is sure to win the favor

of nearly all good men. It gives them a manliness which contrasts so strangely with their size, that everybody breathes forth prayers for their success and prosperity. It was under such feelings that the old man had devoted a portion of the evening to him, instead of reading the papers; but as soon as the boy was asleep he stirred up the coals and commenced feasting upon English news.

"Well, my little man, how did you sleep last night?" asked Uncle Thomas, as they met at breakfast next morning.

"O, very well, I thank you," he replied, pulling up the collar of his flowered shirt, and endeavoring to make the most of himself. By-the-by, we have neglected to mention the fact that he had adopted the habits of Young America in dress; which, in California, was, a calico shirt beneath a blue flannel one, both stuffed into the top end of a good pair of black pantaloons, which were retained in their place by a deep-red sash wrapped several times round the body, with its tasseled ends dangling carelessly down on each side. The collar of his blue flannel shirt was turned back, leaving his clean calico shirt, with its bosom and collar, exposed to view. In such a dress, he looked very little like the boot-blacks of London, of which the old man had seen some thousands, and with all his good qualities, had scarcely ever before stopped to think whether these poor creatures had souls or not; but now, to see such a change effected in only a few weeks, brought up a series of reasoning which had ever before escaped his notice. Like the slave owners in our "free land," he had formerly looked upon these little boys as *useful things;* but further than that he had never given them any attention. From his own misfortunes, he had ever delighted to cherish a hatred to republicanism; and his only prayers had been for a little money to carry him back to England; but now, with all his bitterness to "American Institutions," here was a system of elevation to the unfortunate beggars of other countries, which overthrew all his former prejudices, and made him look upon the strenuous efforts of Americans, to suppress monopoly, with inexpressible delight. There sat before him, a boy who, had he been giving him shelter in England, would have almost ruined his

character; but now, a fine-looking youth he was, made from the very lowest of his own land, and promising to stand among the first ranks of his race. Had he remained in England, in all probability, he would have stood in the cold rains in London, begging to black boots, until he became grown, when he would have swept the streets until old age faded away, living and dying but little superior to the brute. But there he sat, not clothed in the old filthy rags picked up where old beggars have died, but dressed like a little man, acting like a man, talking like a man, feeling as a man.

As we have before stated, the old man was given to reason, and true to the whole Anglo-Saxon race, disposed and willing to acknowledge good qualities belonging even to enemies; and in perceiving the wonderful effect that such an emigration would have upon the human family, he was perfectly willing to acknowledge the incomparable standing of Young America in her laudable endeavors to furnish those poor with happy homes; and this concession was only brought about by the presence of this little boy; but now, new motives were beginning to dawn, and the old man began to consider in what way he could forward the little fellow's wishes.

"I think you told me you had been selling newspapers about six weeks?"

"O, no;" said the boy, "I tried the boot-blacking for three weeks in San Francisco, 'cause I thought I couldn't do nothing else; but then I commenced to sell papers."

Here was another fact of ignorance which struck the old man very forcibly; but to an American, such a state of ignorance as to be unconscious of one's own natural capacities, can scarcely be conceived; and yet, three-fourths of the laboring people in Europe are in that unfortunate condition, not knowing that they can follow more than one occupation.

"And how did you find out that you could peddle newspapers?"

"I didn't find it out; a man told me that he wanted me to help him; but I told him I couldn't, and then he said he would learn me how to do it, so I went with him."

Here, as on former occasions, his feelings accompanied his pleasing voice, and, as if in gratitude to that man, he was nearly ready to burst into tears.

"He was a good man to you, I am sure."

"Yes, sir, him and the Captain are the first good people I ever saw—I don't know how I'd a lived if it hadn't been for them. I intend to pay them well when I get to be a man."

"Are you doing business for that man now, or are you for yourself?"

"No, sir, when I staid one week, he said I had money enough to start on, so he sold the papers to me, and I sold them again to other folks. But after that he quit business, and then he gave me a recommendation to Mr. Adams' Express, so I get the papers sent to me now very cheap, and Mr. Adams keeps my money for me."

"I suppose you could sell papers much better if you could read?"

"O, yes, sir, but I get a lesson from George Davis every time I go to the Express office, once in every three days. Are you acquainted at the Express office?"

"No, I am not; but they must be good fellows to be so kind to you."

"Ha! I thought you didn't know much about Americans when you asked me if I didn't want to go back to England.'

The old man felt the truth of the remark too well to look upon it as impudent, for the boy seemed honestly impressed with the idea, that his liberty allowed him the use of the same language that he heard others using.

"Then, I suppose, your business is profitable?"

"Yes, sir, I make about fifteen dollars a week, now, since I get the papers so cheap."

"And don't you think that you might make more money at something else?"

"O, no, sir. I don't know how to do nothing else but black boots and sell newspapers."

"Well. look here, my boy, I am in need of some one to help me, for you see I am very old and weakly, and I can not get men

to help me; but you can dip water nearly as well as a man; now, my business is very profitable, and if you wish you can come and help me."

"But I don't know how to be a miner."

"O, I will soon teach you how."

"But will you pay me anything?"

"Certainly I will pay you, though why do you ask me that?"

"If you was an American I wouldn't."

"Why, do you think all the English people will cheat?"

"Yes, sir, all except the poor people. They never pay the poor people nothing."

The boy had been treated, so far, very kindly by Americans, and his attachment to them was as immovable as the hills; but, on the contrary, his life in England had been a hard one, and not anything could induce him to say that he loved any of his own country people, unless they were of the very poorest class. With such he had associated, and been accustomed to sympathize; and, in consequence, whenever he thought of England, scenes of wretchedness were the first in his mind.

"I am sorry you have such a poor opinion of the rich people in England, but I would like you to come and live with me."

"How much will you give me?"

"O, I should rather give you a share of what we dig, and if we get much gold, you will have a great deal to your share; and if we do not get much you must be satisfied with less."

"How much can you make by yourself?"

"I generally make from fifteen to twenty dollars per day, but it is very unhandy for one to work alone."

"How much do you think I could make after you learn me to be a miner?"

"O, it is very uncertain, but I suppose, you and I together could make twenty-five dollars, and if we could, I would give you one-third of it, that would be about eight dollars."

"And when would you give me my share?"

"O, every evening, that is the way we miners always do—divide the same day."

"But I must go and tell Mr. Adams first, or else he will not know where I am."

"How long will it take you to go there?"

"Two days and a half to go and come; but if I come to help you I can't learn my lessons from George Davis."

"O, I will learn you to read and write if you will come with me."

Soon after breakfast the little boy started, but still brighter hopes now lay before him; the very road grew pleasing, and his manly heart nearly leaped from his bosom with joy; knocking the dust with his little feet he was soon out of sight. The old man doubted very much whether the little fellow would ever come back, but his presence had been an invaluable lesson to him, and should he see him no more, he was not likely to be forgotten soon.

True to the little boy's word, "two days and a half" found him by the old man's camp with an armful of newspapers, ready to commence mining. We shall not give the news of which he said the papers contained the latest; but, obedient to the old man's wishes, he brought some of the California papers, and also, two of not unimportant ones from the Atlantic States; and in one of these there was an article which we will give a passing notice; for it is a right guaranteed by our 'free press' for a man to advocate the cause of oppressed humanity. This is an article which interests our two associates in a very different manner.

As old as was Uncle Thomas, it wounded his pride to hear the little boy relate the hardships of a life in England, or the character of rich gentlemen. Although the old man was really benevolent, yet he could have almost wished that Geordie had remained a beggar in London, rather than to be where he was, injuring the fair fame of England. Many people will perhaps consider this a great weakness on the part of Uncle Thomas, but if they do, let them halt a moment, weigh well their own national pride, and consider what evils that accursed love (pride it is) has entailed upon nearly every nation, even to induce them to conceal their evils and crimes from public scrutiny! See the slave owner from our own 'free land' when in Australia, listen-

ing to some escaped slave relating the truth of his life in America, and oh! how the said slave-owner wishes he had a cat-o'-nine-tails, wouldn't he warp him though! So it was with Uncle Thomas, only on a very minor scale. If Geordie had been telling no other it would all have been right enough, but, not far away were a few neighbors, and this very communicative child told them some very hard stories about living in London. But we have seen also that, from the ill fortune which had attended the old man's struggles in California, he had but little reason to be attached to our Republicanism; but with Geordie a fortunate life had given him an entirely different impression of American people. Under such a view, it is easily imagined what kind of national conversation both parties resorted to, to prove that each nation of people was the better. It was several days after the boy's return, when the old man first noticed the article in the newspaper alluded to; but as it was in the evening, it opened quite a conversation, of which we shall give a small portion.

"See here, Geordie," said the old man, "you think the Americans are so fine, just look at this—it is not like old England. A new bill before the house to prevent foreigners from coming to America at all. What do you think of that, Geordie? you will never get to see your mates now."

"But may be that ain't true, it doesn't say anything about Englishmen," said Geordie.

"O! yes, Geordie, Englishmen are foreigners in this country as well as anybody from any different country. But it has not yet become a law; they are only trying to make it into a law."

"What does the paper say about it?"

"Well, here, I'll read it—'We notice that the latest papers from California are filled with the names of *foreigners* coming to that land for the purpose of working the gold mines. We have often wondered how Americans could stand still and see these half civilized creatures coming among them to enjoy the benefits of our 'free country'—which were obtained by our blood and by our money—without paying more than twenty dollars per month extra; but such is the sluggishness of Americans that they are even neglecting the glorious means which the All-wise Ruler has

placed into their hands. Many of these foreigners make considerable fortunes, and forthwith pack off to some other country, carrying away our own wealth! But happily, at last, their eyes are opened, and they are about introducing a new feature, to prevent their coming at all unless they will declare themselves as adopted citizens. This is a wise and wholesome law, for the richness of our gold mines will be such an inducement to them, that they will readily consent to become citizens rather than return as beggars to their own countries, thereby increasing the size of our nation, as well as securing protection under our Republican government for themselves. Had this been the law when the mines were first opened in California, many foreigners might have been *forced to become citizens*, who are now living in luxury in some other country; but so heedless are our Pacific brethren of their *rights* that they are neglecting to extend the cause of *freedom!* But this is not all. We are told that some are actually advocating that foreigners should have an opportunity to mine the same as Americans! Pretty American citizens, these! We have heard of the *Inquisition*, we have heard of *Lynch-law*, but we have heard of nothing sufficient to punish such treasonable citizens as these. What! won't stand up for American *Liberty!* Taking sides with uneducated foreigners! A pretty state of affairs indeed! If we had our way we would show these friends to foreigners the one end of the bayonet, and give them the quick choice of yielding to *freedom*, or of tasting the steel! But enough of this. ☞ The right is beginning to rule, and, as foreigners have no vote, they can pass the bill to their own liking. ☞ The substance of the bill is this—'that, in consideration of the influx of people from foreign countries, we deem it our right, as *free men*, to prevent the wealth of our country being carried away, by declaring that, henceforth, no foreigner shall be admitted into our land—the only *free land*—unless he will become naturalized and remain in the country.' 'We congratulate our Pacific brethren on their determination to maintain our national honor, by showing foreigners that if they want freedom they must expect to pay for it; and it gives the citizen something to be proud of—to enjoy blessings that

foreigners cannot. This will give us character as a nation; and we wish them a hearty success.' There, Geordie, that's the piece. That is what the American paper says about our coming here."

"But doesn't it say if we agree to stop here, that we can come if we like?"

"Yes, Geordie, but consider how tyrannical to say that we *must!*"

"Ah! but I don't care, I'm going to stop anyhow; and, when I get so I can read and write, I'll tell the Americans how bad off the poor people is in London, and then they'll try to help them to come here."

"Don't you believe that, Geordie; they can tell you more hard stories about London than any man in the place; and although they wish to extend their freedom over other countries and Islands, they are unwilling to give shelter to the poor people of London! No, Geordie, selfishness is at the bottom of their boasted *freedom*, and pure liberty and equal rights are the least of their concern."

"But may be they are the Irish and Dutch Americans that makes this law?"

"O! surely not, my boy; they would have a disposition like you, they would be wishing to get their relations or their friends out. O! no, they must be Americans, Geordie, it is just like them; they haven't got one spark of the noble feeling of English people."

"Yes they have, too, 'cause they learn all their little boys to read, and they don't kick poor people."

"But if they would have taught you to read, they would also have taught you to look upon yourself as above every other nation. Suppose you had been taught to hate everybody who were born in a different country, would it not have been better that you had not been taught at all?"

"Ah! but American boys don't hate me.

"But when they get to be men perhaps they will; and then, I think, you already told me that some boys said you had no business in this country."

"O! but them was Irish and Dutch; but the Yankee boys took my part. We gave a couple of 'em a pounding last week for their sauce."

"O! you have already been trying to suppress the freedom of speech, by rioting in the streets! Why you are a real Young America!"

"But they had no business to *interfere with our rights.*"

"Your *rights!* Why, you astonish me. Have you not been told that when another person meddles with your rights that you must *sue* for *justice*, and not fight in the streets. Why, you are not fit to be called an Englishman."

"But that was the quickest way for us to fix 'em."

"The quickest! Well, you will do for a Yankee, sacrifice everything to time and money. But do you remember my words, Geordie, that that law may prevent you from ever seeing your little mates in this country."

"I don't believe it, though, 'cause, if they know how poor they are, I 'm sure they 'll not make such a law. Then I don't think God would let 'em make such a wicked law, 'cause he knows some way to prevent it, when he sees how hard they have to work, and get so little for it."

"But how can he prevent it, Geordie? See, they are disregarding both the opinions of other nations and the will of God. These Republicans grow up destitute of reverence; you can not persuade them that the government based upon moral law is the surest to stand. They have been used to acting as *free men* until they begin to think they are above divine reach. Only a few years more and they will begin to dispute with the Creator which has the best right to America. O! Geordie, you can not compare these wicked people to Englishmen." But on turning his face, he was surprised to see Geordie in tears. He had appreciated the old man's remarks, and felt himself unable to defend the American character.

"If George Davis was here, you wouldn't talk so, I 'll bet," said Geordie, passionately.

"O! Geordie, my dear boy, I did not intend to hurt your feelings."

"But you knew some of the Americans were good, and you talk like as if they were all bad. They are better than English people," and the boy gave a finale to the argument by a decided pronunciation of the last sentence, and walking with a dignified air along the log before-mentioned. They had many national arguments similar to the above, but Uncle Thomas always came off triumphant, for which Geordie blamed his own ignorance of reading and writing, accomplishments he was now receiving.

Mining suited Geordie exactly, and scarcely a crooked specimen of gold was discovered but what he could see in it a resemblance of some curious work of art or nature—he found pieces that looked like monkeys, like elephants, cabbages, leaves, men's faces, children's fingers, etc., etc., and in fact, there was not a speck of gold which he did not search in order to ascertain what order of animal or vegetable kingdom it seemed most nearly to resemble. But scarcely an hour of the day passed that he did not speak of his little mates in London, and of his prospects of getting them to California. This attachment may be accounted for by the fact of him having no connections; and although they were boot-blacks, they were to him the dearest people on earth.

Uncle Thomas had nearly recovered from the rheumatism, and often thought of bringing his California expedition to a close, and of returning to England. But with Geordie, such a separation was anything but pleasing; for he was entirely too small to work alone, and he could see no favorable opportunity of making money enough to assist his mates to California, consequently he looked upon such a separation as a serious obstacle to his noble intentions. When conversing upon this subject one evening just before retiring to bed, the old man remembered his dreamy visions, which had so puzzled his wits previous to little Geordie's appearance, and at once he wondered why these curious presentiments had all left him so suddenly. And, as trifling as it may seem, he immediately commenced to relate these visions to little Geordie; but he had not proceeded far when two men came up, one of whom asked:

"Can we remain all night with you? We have been lost, and we are very hungry and tired."

"Certainly, gentlemen," said the old man, you are heartily welcome to anything I have. I have scarcely bedding enough, but, I think, by building a good fire, and huddling close together, we can sleep comfortably. And if you will sit down on my log I will make you some tea. Geordie, will you bring a kettle of water, please?"

"Yes, Uncle," said Geordie, skipping after a kettle, and darting toward the river.

"I think I have seen you before?" said one of the strangers, as they seated themselves on the said log.

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Thomas, and instantly the said superstitious vision flitted through his mind. "Plague the thing," he thought, "am I going crazy?" But in a second after something went ka-chug into the river.

"Geordie 's fell in the river!" the old man screamed, and flew down the bank, followed by the strangers.

"O! it's nothing, uncle," said Geordie. "I just wet myself a little, so I 'd sleep good," and the boy climbed up the steep bank, laughing at the cold bath he had been taking.

"Now, you have muddied the river, Geordie," said Uncle Thomas, playfully, "so it won't do to make tea of!"

"It 'll still make better tea than I ever got in London," said Geordie, laughing.

"Then you are from London?" said one of the strangers, laughing at Geordie's wit.

"Yes, sir," said Geordie, "and I should think folks might be glad to drink tea made out of the water where a Cockney bathed, it would give 'em some new ideas of purity. But seeing that you are strangers, gentlemen, I 'll go a little higher up the river and get some that 's not been graced yet by a London boot-black; it may suit your notions of democracy a little better," and away he ran, and brought some water from above where he had taken his plunge. But his aptness excited the curiosity of the strangers, who made a few remarks upon his promising appearance.

Again they were seated by the camp-fire, and listened to little Geordie telling how his foot slipped and threw him into the river. The boy pressed some of the water out of his clothes, hung them

[illegible] in a few minutes he [illegible] some tea and [illegible] at their meal with no idiotic [illegible]

[illegible] the old man.

[illegible] complexion and general [illegible] and [illegible] we say last, we have [illegible] what we were thinking."

[illegible] mining in the [illegible] I suppose, it is some of the [illegible]

[illegible] and we have been [illegible] after a [illegible] miles. But to make my [illegible] engaged in packing [illegible] the mines. [illegible] on my way to the mines [illegible] and mined a long time in [illegible] while I was there my mules strayed off and [illegible] the Sioux Indian took me [illegible] Well not long since [illegible] found my mules at Mitchell's ranch, and [illegible] me of it. We immediately [illegible] Mitchell's ranch, and sure enough we found the mules. [illegible] there, and some part of the way with [illegible] that we finally lost it altogether, and where we all have been I don't know, though we are all right at last."

"[illegible] this [illegible] put me in mind of an incident that occurred last summer a year ago. I had a claim jumped by a party of ruffians, and among the mob I came nigh getting my head broke, but only for a young man who was packing provisions. I don't know how in the world I should have ever escaped. And whenever I hear of a *packer*, I always think of that young fellow; he was a very large young man, so well as I recollect. He was a noble fellow, and if it wasn't for him, I should have long since condemned every American I saw. But you were very fortunate to find your mules after being lost so [illegible]!"

"Very fortunate indeed; but tell me about that young man you speak of. Have you never seen nor heard of him since?"

"No, never. I even neglected to inquire his name and business, and I never was so sorry for neglecting anything in my life. But I was in too much trouble to think of anything at that time. That penurious tax so disgusted me with Republicanism, that I studied nothing but opposition to it, it was all I thought of."

"You are an Englishman, I suppose?"

"Yes, I am descended from the ancient Britons, I suppose," and a vain pride stole over his aged face, which kindled an unobserved smile in the face of the two strangers.

"You don't like America as well as England?"

"I don't like some of the things so well. The opportunities for making money are much better, but when that's said it's all said."

"But do you not think that the government is better than the English government?"

"Why it's a good government for Americans, but not for foreigners."

"Then why is it, do you think, that foreigners flock so much to this country?"

"To make money, I think, is the principal reason."

"And what is the reason, would you suppose, that there are better opportunities for making money in America than in other countries?"

"So much territory, such fine lands."

"But there are plenty of countries—especially some of the English colonies—which have as fine lands as America. Don't it look as though the government gave more privilege to settle and to cultivate their lands?"

"Well, really, I never thought of that before. But it *does* strike me very forcibly that the principal inducement for foreigners to come to this country, must have its origin in the nature of the general government. I don't know why I never thought of that before. But I thought the grand delusion under which people labored was, that the *right of voting* was some-

thing so great, something wonderful! Ay, this is a new theory. Well, but you do have some outrageous laws in this country."

"That is very true, but the general principles of 'equal rights and the greatest good to the greatest number' are at the bottom of all our legislation. And although little boys, and gamblers, and other trifling people, often disgrace our offices, yet our country is thrown open, and any man can settle down on our lands and establish a home. But we've wandered off our subject a little. I was going to ask you if you met any difficulties under that foreign tax, after that young man rescued you from the mob?"

"Trouble! I 'guess I did;' I came near starving. But I was not the only one who suffered. The tax collectors came along, and pulled down tents, and broke tools enough to build a mile of railroad. But the worst case that came under my observation, was that of two Spaniards. It seems as though they were butchers, and living above here in the mountains. Well, sir, their tent was burned over their heads, and it is reported that they were left tied to a tree, at least I was told that a doctor down on the river said so. O! it was outrageous. If an officer was to do that in England, he'd be transported for life."

"Did you ever see those Spaniards?"

"Well, I was going to tell you, the next night after it occurred I was lying in my bed, and I heard somebody, for a long time, singing and talking, and all at once I heard a dreadful splash and a cry for help. I rushed out, but before I got there a great number of miners were around a deep water-hole in the creek, some pulling one way and some pulling another; but what do you think it was, but one of those Spaniards as drunk as he could be! He had backed his mule into the hole, and if he had been drowned I could not have helped laughing at his struggle to catch the mule's ears, which, every time he made a grab, jammed its head under the water. But don't you think the other Spaniard sat on his mule crying for help, and wouldn't stir an inch. Really I could have boxed his ears, for I don't believe he would have cared whether the other drowned or not."

"Perhaps he was laboring under some indisposition."

"If he was, it was whisky or brandy. No; it's the nature of the Spaniards. I have often been among them. They have none of the tender feelings which we English people cultivate. In fact, I was going to say that one nowhere meets the same sympathy and kindness as in England."

"I 'm sure that man you were telling about, who rescued you from the riot, must have had some sympathy for your condition?"

"O! of course, so far as Americans have copied after the English character they do well enough. O! yes, I am willing to give credit to those who deserve it."

"But don't you think it is very wrong to judge people, that is, a nation, by the actions or conduct of one or two, or even a dozen?" Remember this question, reader.

"O! certainly I do, but there are certain characteristics which render every nation peculiar. For instance, in the case of that Spaniard, you couldn't find an Englishman or an American that would sit so coolly and see his friend drowning; nor I don't believe he would even sit and see his enemy drown. No, it's a lower sense of feeling altogether."

"You make very good tea, my old friend; I have not had such tea for many months. I've always heard that the English people understood how to make good tea."

"Well, I don't know, I 'm sure, but, if I judged by the way you drink it, I certainly would not believe you a flatterer."

"Thank you, my old friend, but what's the use of one's hospitality if another can't enjoy it? Perhaps I shall have the honor of some day treating you to a good supper. But I think you had better prepare the bed; my friend here will eat all night if you don't give him a hint that it is ill-manners."

On the following morning, the youngest of the two strangers, when about to leave, said:

"Now, see here, I am going to the States in a few days, and I shall probably never see you any more; but for your kindness in keeping us over night you have our warmest and best thanks. But I must tell you one thing, which I should have told you last night but it was too late to go any further, and I was anxious to remain with you. But, sir, for all you are an old man, permit

me to say you are a very vain Englishman. Your impressions of nations and character of English people are a fac simile of your nation. Remember how you spoke of that Spaniard sitting on his horse, looking at his friend drowning. I couldn't persuade you to think any other way of him; for your prejudice so blinded your judgment that you did not even investigate the cause of that Spaniard sitting there. Now, sir, *I* am that very person you called a Spaniard. I was so weak with the cholera as to be scarcely able to move."

Poor Uncle Thomas seemed thunderstruck, but the young man continued:

"You spoke very favorably of the young man who rescued you from the mob, but you were mistaken somewhat in his size. *I* am that man also," and the young man proudly bowed his head, and, in company with his friend, turned upon his heel to walk away.

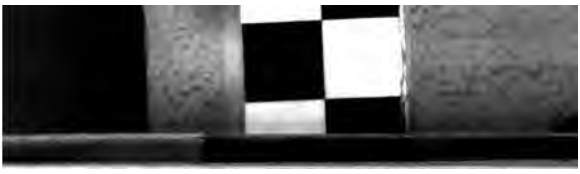
"Stay!" exclaimed the old man, "I cannot bear this. Tell me, if you are the man who rescued me from the mob, will you not remain to receive my thanks? How do I know you to be the man?"

"By my helping to carry you away from the crowd; by my patching up your face; by my standing between you and the Irishmen when the jury were hearing the case. And you may know I am the Spaniard you spoke of by Jimie and Charley being with you; by your running out of your beds —"

"Hold, for my sake; I know you must be the man, but do not be so fast. You are not aware of my obligations to you. If I have erred, it is not my heart that has done it. Give me your hand, and let me see you leave with a heart that sympathizes with the sorrows and griefs of a poor old man who has been stripped of every earthly blessing! May God forgive me if I have ever injured the feelings of a single mortal, at least such a friend," and he seized his hands and shook them warmly.

"Come, now, sit down and give me some consolation before you go; tell me who you are, and where you are going."

"We have scarcely time to sit down—we have staid longer already than we should—we are right on our way to the States."



"But why didn't you tell me this last night, I should have been so happy!"

"Just as I told you before, I discovered in your conversation that ever indomitable prejudice against other nations, which is so characteristic of English people, that I chose not to tell you till morning."

"O! my friend, do not tell me this! If I have that prejudice I am not aware of it. If I have said aught to injure your feelings I am very sorry for it. Then why can you not look it all over, and forgive me?" But the stranger laughed a little, and started to walk away.

"O! do not leave me thus, my friend! I cannot live if I think you have left me without removing these reproaches. Let us part as friends."

"O! I forgive you, my old friend; I did not think I would hurt your feelings so much, or I shouldn't have said what I did," and he shook hands with Uncle Thomas.

"Now tell me, my young friend, before you leave me, where I shall find you if I should ever come to the other States."

"O! very well, I will give you my address, and if I had time I would most certainly stop awhile longer," and he drew a slip of paper from his pocket and wrote his name upon it.

"Here, sir, you will find me in Cincinnati; and if I can be of any comfort to you, that is, should you ever come there, I will most gladly do it. I know your life has been rather an unpleasant one in California."

The old man turned the paper hastily, read and re-read the paper and trembled violently, then looked upon the young man and exclaimed:

"Nathan Simons! Nathan Simons!" and he eyed Simons from head to foot.

"Yes, sir, that's my name; are you acquainted with that name, sir?"

"I ought to be," replied Uncle Thomas; "but, sir, tell me more concerning yourself."

Simons noticed his agitation, and he began to apprehend some new discovery; but the vain dreams of his orphan-like life had

often induced him to believe he was to meet some of his English ancestors; and though he had often met persons of the same name, he had as often been disappointed. Accordingly, he endeavored to suppress the vain hope that seemed about to rise, and replied:

"I hardly know who I am; I am a sort of orphan-like customer, who has had quite an up and down life."

"Did you have any connections by that name living in England?" and the old man remembered his superstitious vision, and nearly quailed beneath hidden feelings, which seemed to shake his entire system.

Simons noticed the paleness in the old man's face, and he felt quick pulsations about his heart, but replied:

"Yes, sir, my own connections, and myself also, once lived in London. My father's name was Thomas Simons." The old man shook a little, then said:

"There was once a Thomas Simons who lived near the London bridge. He brought a son, Nathan Simons, to New York, where he was obliged to leave him on account of his ill health. The father went to South America, but was wrecked upon a barren part of the coast, but finally rescued by a whaler, and again wrecked on a small island near Japan, where he lived many years. Fourteen years after his wreck, he was rescued, and, in company with many of his fellow sufferers, returned to London. But when he arrived there, he ascertained that his family were gone to America, but he could not learn to what part. His friends made him up some money, and he came to this country, where he traveled and advertised for upward of a year; but, failing to obtain any information of his family, he finally despaired of ever seeing them again on earth! O! what awful desolation lay before him then! This earth had lost all its joys. But he had a faithful companion, a nephew. He went back to England, then to South America, then back to England, where he remained until about two years ago, when he came to America, to see that his nephew settled in comfort, after which he wished to mingle within his family's eternal home! But again he was unfortunate—his last earthly tie, his nephew, met a fatal stroke

that carried his spirit beyond the cares of earth! It left an awful blank, and the old man's pathway seemed to be shrouded in a perpetual gloom. O! what dreadful sorrow clouded his present and coming time! But amid all this scene of melancholy darkness, there shone a single ray of light, that kept his aged frame from sinking and moldering to earth. That ray has brightened! The future is forever illumined! Nathan Simons, can not your spirit speak?" and he burst into tears and cried: "O! my God! my God!"

Simons had no sooner heard the sketches of the old man's life, than the truth flashed upon him, and his gaze became riveted upon him, tracing every line and point of that aged face, every second discovering features that had been so many—many years absent; but just as the old man's voice ceased, they involuntarily moved forward, their arms raised, and clasped each other in fond embrace!

"O! father!"

"O! my son, my son!"

They sat down to convince themselves that their great bliss was real; but as often as they attempted to speak, their emotions sealed their expressions, and left them silently gazing upon each other with thanks and blessings so sacred, that any words would have failed their utterance. Then little Geordie came and stood beside them, he leaned upon Uncle Thomas, burst into tears, and said;

"I wish I, too, could meet my father or mother, but I never shall! I never shall know such happiness as this—never! The whole world can not give me back my father and mother, and little sister. They are gone forever!"

Hamlin hurried to Sacramento. It was early in the morning when he reached the city, and about the hotel it seemed more quiet than common. Mrs. Hamlin was sitting in the dining-room when her husband came in, but her acute observation at once detected a peculiarity in his countenance, which startled her senses, and riveted her in her seat. But when he approached her and seated himself by her side, she felt that the most

important revelation on earth was about to take place; and when he informed her that her own father still lived, and was now in the presence of her brother, she sat silent, and seemed to turn to marble. A snowy whiteness covered her face and neck, but her lips were as purple as if closed in death. So awful was the change wrought upon the poor woman, that even her husband, who had not yet shed a tear, felt that if the spell was not soon broken, a still sadder change would separate him from her mortal existence. But there was a great bustle outside the house. Carriages seemed to be halting near the door. Then came in some strange-looking men—and they talked strangely. Then the death-like woman and husband entered a carriage; and soon the carriage moved away toward the mountains. And as they journeyed onward, the little woman said to herself:

"Am I in heaven, or am I about to meet on earth the fond parent from whom I have been separated for more than eighteen years? So extraordinary are the impressions that rush upon my reason, I fear I may never arouse from the spell that has seized upon me."

But, when they were near the mountains, the driver told them they were near the tent where the old man lived. As soon as they received this information, the little woman, who still remained pale and helpless, turned her face toward the side where they expected to see her father. It was on the banks of the Yuba, and near an open grove of evergreen oaks, which, as the sun was nearly setting, cast a most beautiful shade over the gentle slope to the eastward. She had not looked long when she noticed the little tent, close by which, the father and son and the little boy were seated upon a small log, as if unaware of her coming. But when the old man heard the carriage, he rose to his feet, looked steadily toward the lady within it, but only for an instant, and then again took his seat. The carriage then moved close to where he and his son were sitting, and, as it came up, his eyes fell upon those of his daughter. Neither seemed able to change their earnest gaze, and the son himself could neither speak nor move. The husband and the driver then came round to her side, and asked her several questions, but her death-

like silence and fixed position gave them a new alarm. The little boy climbed upon the wheel, placed his hand upon hers, and said, "she 's dying! poor woman!" and he looked toward the old man and burst into tears. But the driver, a large, strong man, perceived that her husband was unable to give any assistance, and he took the poor woman in his arms and placed her beside the old man, when their arms insensibly clasped each other! And while they were thus locked in fond embrace the little boy stood beside her, placed his hand gently upon her reclining head, stroked down her jet-black curls, and said:

"My mother, too, looked pale before she died! She was a good woman."

But Mrs. Hamlin gradually awoke from her trance—first tears, then sobs, then the words, father! daughter! son! were exchanged, blessings and thanks followed; and they released their embrace to look upon each other; all, father, daughter, son, Hamlin and the little boy, all shed tears, ay, cried such a cry as a small party never before cried! But while Julia was yet weeping, she rose to her feet, placed her hand upon her heart, and said:

"Father, I can distinctly remember just how you looked nineteen years ago; but when I look upon you now, so old and feeble, so sadly does it impress my heart that I almost wish I had never met you! So sorrowfully does the rapidity of time and its ravages affect me, that I feel as if I could give my own life to have you look young once more—only for a single moment! But when I see that this awful change is a fixed reality, and that you are now near the end of your earthly life, I fear that, ay, I almost wish that I may never again be happy!" and again she threw her arms about his neck and wept pitifully.

"Julia, my daughter," and this was the first he attempted to speak to her, "your undying affection for me has already kindled within my mind a new series of sorrow, for so firmly do my affections blend with yours, that I, too, feel as if our meeting is only to experience a more dreadful separation; and when I am so conscious of this great fact, I, too, almost wish we had not met until we meet to part no more!" But little Geordie stood

beside the old man, with his hand upon uncle's silver white locks, looked into his face, and said:

"Why, uncle, I don't see why you are sorry. I should be very glad if she was some relation of mine. But I shall never meet any of mine on earth—never! They are all gone. And when I think about them I almost wish I could go too! But if I could see my mates, my poor mates in London, and only touch their hands, or stroke their soft hair once more—only once, I should be willing to die! Perhaps I shall never see them again, they are so far—far away!" Poor Geordie! could some spirit have been whispering to thee of what was so soon to follow!

CHAPTER XXXII.

We must now glance at the public character of Mr. Parker, before introducing the gentleman himself.

From the Daily Times:—"There is, perhaps, no man, excepting Captain Sutter, within the Californian territory, so justly entitled to the admiration of the people, as is the Hon. Colonel Elias Parker. We understand that he has just returned from the Indian war, and is now stopping at the Evans House."

From the Transcript:—"The Governor paid a visit last night to the Hon. Col. Parker, at the Evans House, where, for his patriotism, and glorious achievements in the late war, he was presented with a beautiful gold cup, weighing fourteen ounces and seven grains. The Colonel has declined running for Senator. We are sorry to learn this, for such a valuable and 'available' candidate is not to be found every day."

The Daily News:—"Distinguished Arrivals. At the Evans House last evening, the Hon. Colonel Elias Parker, direct from the Indian war. The Colonel was met by a host of the 'upper ten,' of both sexes, who were not at all backward in trying to get the first shake of his patriotic hand. The Colonel looks well, and says if the State requires his services again, 'his

heart and hands are ready;' but we hope the lives of our lamented statesmen, Warner and Miller, have been fully avenged."

The Weekly Democrat:—"Colonel Parker, surely, must have some of the General Jackson blood in *his* veins. The Indians killed during the late war on the South Fork, were about twenty-five in number; but we understand that most of them were such as were unable to flee into the mountains.

Soldiers' fee, in total,	$26,000
Provisions,	9,860
Munitions, etc.,	3,290
Total expense of the war,	$39,150

"The Indians have quieted down, and no more disturbance is likely to follow. They have had just such a drubbing as they deserved long ago. Colonel Parker is to be a candidate for Senator."

Christian Advocate:—"Our invaluable friend has returned at last, and we wish him a hearty welcome. Although we are opposed to war, yet the cause of Christ instils every good man with courage to crush the heathen foe. It is said that Colonel Elias Parker was born a Protestant, but saw the error of his way when quite a boy, and immediately embraced the true church. He is descended from a very high family in the State of Maryland."

The Pictorial:—"It is said that when the Hon. Colonel Parker was a boy, he was asked one day, by a very old man, what he considered was the highest end of man? 'The head end,' replied the youth, amazed to think that the old man had not yet discovered that plainest of all facts."

Ladies' Repository:—"Colonel Elias Parker stands full six feet in his pumps; wears a beautiful breastpin and moustache; Grecian lips and a most beautifully carved chin, anti-Roman nose, dark-hazel eyes—very expressive—round, bold forehead, arched brows—very beautiful; is as straight and elegant as ever an artist carved a marble figure; has a pleasing, mild, sweet voice; is very communicative, and said to be admired by

all the ladies. The Colonel thinks it is exceedingly vulgar for a lady to appear in public without a vail over her face. It is said that he does not place so high an estimate upon Jenny Lind's selections of music as in her voice; but this evil saying is ungrounded, and must have been originated by some of his enemies; for the Colonel is too prudent to make use of any such expression, especially as he has never heard Jenny Lind at all. *Vive l'amour, et la bagatelle* are the sole principles which control his public actions, and *un penchant a l'adorable moitié de genre humain* is the deepest and most powerful of all the impulses of his noble heart."

Now, reader, we will go to a livery stable, where some men are examining horses.

"Bill, notice the coupling of that horse. Ain't he the very picture that Colonel Parker chooses for a saddle horse? I like to see a horse short coupled. See what a shoulder, hey?"

"Why I heard that Colonel Parker said a horse might be long coupled, and have thin shoulders."

"O no, no, no, Bill. He spoke particularly about it, and I watched every word he said, 'cause if he doesn't know, there's not a man in this country that does know."

"O! I know he's a good judge, but I didn't hear exactly what he did say. Though I mind he spoke very favorable of my old Bally's short fore-legs; and there never was a truer word spoken; for two years ago old Bally could trot his mile in two-thirty like a flirt—he could that. Parker is a judge of horse-flesh, and no mistake."

Now, reader, we will enter the legislature in Benicia. Here we have a house-ful of well-dressed twenty-year old boys, excepting a half-dozen middle-aged men, who are mostly spectators. Observe one of these boys rise to his feet, set them well apart at the heels, then stuff his hands into his nicely greased hair, stroke down his beardless face, and say:

"Mr. Speaker, I move that this house resolve itself into a committee of the whole to decide upon moving this legislature to Sacramento city," and with a dignified air see him again take his seat. Now, observe another boy, one with fiery-red eyes,

with a bowie-knife in his boot, a pistol in his bosom, rise and say:

"Mr. Speaker, before that motion is put, I wish the gentleman from Trinity may give his reasons for making such a motion," and as the last gentleman resumed his seat, you observe seven or eight boys rise at one time, crying out;

"Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, call him to order; no, let him go on, he's in the right, Mr. Speaker." Then you will observe Mr. Speaker, also a thrifty-looking youth, rise and call the house to order; after which the first orator again takes the floor, and proceeds to give his reasons for moving the legislature, which are these:

"Mr. Speaker, my principal reasons are, that the Hon. Col. Parker has returned to that city, and that I consider his judgment in the matters of our glorious State is wholly indispensable to the welfare of our country. He is said to be about opening a faro bank at the New Orleans gambling saloon," and immediately see a dozen of the said boys jump up and ask:

"Why, when did he return?" "Why didn't you tell it sooner?" and every one, speaker and all, commence moving to have the legislature removed to Sacramento. Then followed the words "Carried unanimously," and immediately there is a rush for hats, walking sticks, examining the priming of the pistols, and then they all move off for Sacramento city.*

Now, reader, we will call and see the said Hon. Col. Parker himself; for no doubt you are beginning to envy his reputation. Here we have him, in company with five or six other young men, all of whom are exceedingly well dressed, not omitting to have some large, gaudy gold rings upon their fingers, and even their

* Certainly, this is satirical in the extreme; but there is so little exertion on the part of the people of all of our States to change the law respecting the age of officers, that the ambitious, gambling *boys* of the California Legislature are too well favored when we even condescend to give them a passing notice—ay, contemptible satire is too good for them; and should their conduct—to say nothing about condemning ships—involve the nation in serious trouble, we are inclined to believe that others will admit that national flatterers are our most dangerous enemies.

hats tip a little forward or to one side, all standing in front of the New Orleans gambling saloon, looking toward the Snowy Mountains, upon where the setting sun seemed to blaze with untiring perseverance. Here they were standing on a pleasant afternoon.

"Well, Mr. Parker," said one, "when do you think of leaving for the Atlantic States?"

"Why," said another, "the Colonel is not going to leave us, is he—that can not be?"

"No, it 's not possible," said another.

"No, no!" they all said, laughing.

"Well, gentlemen," said Parker, "I have not yet decided what time I shall leave, but I think I shall go before long."

"O, no, Colonel, you must remain and accept the Senatorship before you go. It 's no use to be in a pucker about leaving such a glorious country as this. See these mighty Snowy Mountains rearing their heavenly domes and glossy peaks, their almighty wall of monumental glory over the brave deeds that ornament your unparalleled career. Behold this glorious valley that stretches in prodigious prodigality, from the stillest of rivers to the foamingest cataracts, and circles round within the great Sierra Nevadas an even plain, 'further than the eye can see, or tongue can tell,' this alone can award the daring patriotism that you have so bountifully displayed in the settlement of our golden coast. No, Colonel, you can not, must not leave us until we have placed the laurel wreaths upon the manly head which so justly merits our praise, our esteem, our hearts."

"Indeed, gentlemen," said Parker, "I think you show me more esteem for my services in the Indian war than I deserve, for I—"

"O, no, no," cried many voices, "the rights of our country must be protected, and the man who risks his life to save ours, is deserving of more than we are able to give."

"But, gentlemen," said Parker, and a cool manliness seemed to sparkle in his face, "allow me to tell you that, of all I have ever done in my life, nothing do I so regret as having been one of the number who were engaged in that bloody war. The honor

you are heaping upon me for my action in that affair makes me sick and weary of my own existence!"

"Why! Colonel, how 's that?" asked several voices, and the young men looked with astonishment upon Mr. Parker.

"Well, gentlemen, I 'll tell you. When I was called upon by the Governor to act as Colonel of the forces, I was told that Warner and Miller had been cruelly murdered by the Indians—that they were murdered without having given the Indians any provocation whatever—that they were found, in the road from Hang Town to the South Fork, literally filled with arrows, and that they soon after died a most horrible death. Well, gentlemen, I headed the little army under that impression, and, as you all know, we routed the Indians from their homes, killing all that we could find; and, after two months' privation, where I thought I had been doing a righteous act, the war finally came to a close, not because we made any treaty, but because most of the soldiers were tired. Since my return from the war, I have found out that Warner and Miller only met the death they deserved! They were guilty of one of the worst crimes that men can commit."

"Why, this is news, really!"

"Yes, gentlemen, it is news that makes me loathe my own existence. I am anxious to get where I can forget my crimes."

"O, Colonel! surely you are magnifying the true state of this affair; why, the Governor himself told me that—"

"I care not," interrupted Parker, "I care not what the Governor or anybody else says; for I am saying what every good citizen in the neighborhood of the disturbance says. I am saying what I know to be true."

"But, Colonel, the Indians, what are they? They are better off dead than alive; it serves—"

"I ask no man to be my counselor," said Parker, firmly, "I know what the Indians are. They are human beings, men and women."

"Stuff! Colonel," and the young men laughed, "I wouldn't give two chews of tobacco to save the necks of the whole Indian race."

"Then, gentlemen, though I have done the foul deed, yet you are not humane enough in your natures to be my associates," and the dignified Colonel Parker turned upon his heel, and walked insultingly away from his young associates.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"O, THAT I had started when I first heard he was living in Sacramento. How weak, how unthoughtful to depend upon writing, after having received such poor encouragement through other people's assistance. Ah! had I, on my arrival in this country, forfeited my woman's pride, and rambled through the mountains and valleys as I could have done, how long ago might my troubles have ceased. But such is woman—too modest to approach even whom she loves—by whom she is loved. She battle with the cold world and search after a partner as men do! She loves too much. A single failure where she had placed her heart, would overwhelm her spirit too severely to permit her to try again. Not as man—who, after having trifled with heart after heart, and even then feels not the shock, but turns to follow the next fair hand that dimples before his less constant heart—she feels a bond uniting her very soul and body to that manly touch that first receives her love, that penetrates her whole existence by a power that seems to steal away all other considerations, and makes her feel as if no longer herself. But the way before me is clear. I have no further annoyances to molest my advances, for every prospect blooms brighter and brighter as I peer through the long future. Then why should I wait here, and depend upon him, for whom I am nearly dying with the purest affection that woman's heart can know—waiting upon him to come to me, when I know his open arms are ready to press me to as noble and good a heart as lives in the bosom of man! 'Tis cruel of me to have waited thus long, for I know his imagination

and most sacred thoughts are dwelling upon her, for whose absence every moment fetters a dire sting upon his noble mind. Then I cannot, will not wait longer. I will fly to his arms, and laugh the heartless world to scorn," and Harriet laid down her sewing, walked to where Mrs. Case was playing with her baby, and said:

"Mrs. Case, I have resolved to go to Sacramento. I presume that Simons has never yet heard that I am in the country, and never thinks of looking for letters."

"Why law me, when did you take that strange notion? Why, you don't know a single person in Sacramento, and what in the world will you do among strangers again? O! I wouldn't go, will you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Case, I shall go. I am sure I can find him. All I am sorry for is, that I didn't go as soon as I first heard he was living there; but I was so sure he would receive my letters."

Why, laws, it sounds so funny for you to take the notion so quick. But you have waited so long may be Simons has moved to some other place."

"Well, I don't care, I 'll go anyhow. And if he has moved I 'll follow him; I 'll follow him all over the country, but what I 'll find him. I *will* go."

"Why, law me! right away?"

"Yes, right now, the first boat," and away went Harriet among her band-boxes, tumbling things over in real woman-style, and preparing for a hasty departure.

It was early in the morning when Harriet arrived in Sacramento, but the particulars of her separation from Mrs. Case and the baby must be left to the imagination of the reader, for these little kissing affairs cannot be described accurately until we, ourselves, have received such instruction. Before leaving the boat, Harriet inquired for the location of Hamlin's Hotel.

"Right up this street four squares, turn to the left," replied a coarse-looking, red-faced man who was tumbling those everlasting greasy pork barrels. Harriet, with a small package in hand and little Sporty beside her, set out for said hotel, making inquiry at every corner she passed; for, by some strange impulse,

her heart beat so violently, her eyes looked so crookedly, her ears heard so strangely, her head whirled so curiously, her feet walked so heedlessly, that even her memory and common sense seemed to '*gae tapsalteerie o*', and every man she saw, every voice she heard, and even the gentle wind startled her soul from its very foundations. Harriet wondered if this was the way a young man generally feels when about to call upon his lady-love. But she went on nervously.

"Can you tell me which is Hamlin's hotel?"

"Up this street, turn to the left at the second corner, you 'll see it—wooden building," and the speaker dodged his head and hurried on. Again Harriet continued her march, but muttering to herself:

"I didn't hear one word he was saying; if I did I have forgotten it. Something about two streets to the right in a wooden or brick building! Up this street, I think!" and again she traveled on for a while.

"Please, sir, where is Hamlin's Hotel?"

"You are out of your way, Miss; go down to the next corner, and turn to the left, and you 'll see the sign." Again Harriet went onward, saying to herself:

"Why don't the people tell plainer? I think he said turn to the right, two squares. No, that was what the other man told me."

"Sir, if you please, where is Hamlin's Hotel?"

"This way, Miss, cross the corner; four squares above—wooden building." Again the poor girl went through the streets for some time, saying to herself:

"I think he said turn to the left four times round the corner of a wooden building. I am getting very tired."

"Where is Hamlin's Hotel, please sir?"

"Up this street, opposite the Magnolia." Harriet still continued to walk, saying to herself, "Magnolia street, Magnolia street."

"Please, sir, which is Hamlin's Hotel?"

"There, madam, do you see that large sign?" and away went the speaker.

"Yes," and Harriet looked sharply up the street, but to save her life she could see nothing like a sign. Then she muttered to herself, "This, that is troubling me, must be what people call 'absent minded.'" But, on she went, looking at everything, but seeing nothing.

"Please, sir, where is Hamlin's Hotel?"

"You are out of your way, madam; go back to that corner, and keep down Fourth street," and the man dodged his head and started on. Harriet turned and walked toward the corner, saying to herself:

"What in the world did he say? Turn to the left? Why don't the people tell plainer? I shall not find that hotel to-day." But again she moved on, and again she asked:

"Which is Hamlin's Hotel, please?"

"That large sign, yonder." Harriet could see no sign—only a heavy mist. But she went a piece further and again asked, and was answered, "Three doors above, Miss." Harriet felt a great weakness—she had supposed she was perfectly capable of self-control when about to meet her intended; but she now experienced a weakness and agitation that she had never dreamed of—it was a fluttering sensibility that made her wish she was in some other part of the world. Only a few steps more and she was to be in his presence! She moved toward the door, she rapped upon it, she trembled, she heard footfalls within, she knew that some one was coming! O! who might it be! But the door opened, and a woolly-headed colored lady stood before the fainting girl.

"Ha, Miss, is you sick, you look so white?" and the colored lady reached out her fleshy hand to support Harriet.

"No, I am not sick," and Harriet leaned upon the colored woman, and walked into the sitting-room, looking closely about the room.

"Does Mr. Simons live here?"

"What Mr. Simons, Miss? I don't know no man by that 'ar name."

"Is Mrs. or Mr. Hamlin about?"

"O! I remember! Was it him what was in cahoot with Mr. Hamlin the man what you first axed fur?"

"Yes, I think he was a partner."

"Ho, why he's done gone long—long ago, that Mr. Simons has. Was he some 'lation of yourn, Miss?"

"Then, where are Hamlin and his wife?"

"Ho, them is done gone too, I 'spect dey is fur 'nough 'fore now—dey is. You is some 'quaintance, Miss?"

"Yes, but where are they gone to?" and Harriet experienced a sad feeling of disappointment.

"Where is dey gone to, Miss, you ax? Why I thought everybody know'd dey is done gone to de States long—long ago."

"Gone to the States!" exclaimed Harriet.

"Yes, Miss, so de people says, dey is all done gone togedder—dey is."

"Mr. Simons, too?"

"Yes, Miss, dey leave here I 'spect 'bout four months ago—dey did."

"O! *I* have heard from them since that time."

"Well, I dun no, Miss, 'zactly, but seem to me mighty long."

"Are you sure they went to the States?"

"Well, I 's not *sure*, but I is *right certain*, kase Mr. Simons, that is him you first axed me 'bout, didn't come here when Mr. Hamlin come to take Mrs. Hamlin away. So, I don't 'zactly know, but I 'spect dey is all done gone home."

"Well, who can tell me all about them?"

"I dun no, Miss, but I 'spect thar isn't nobody 'bout kin tell you no more 'bout 'em than I kin. Is dey some 'ticular friend of yourn?"

"Yes, they are; but do you not know of anybody who saw them start?"

"Why, Miss, didn't I see 'em myself? The very day dey had the law-suit I come here to work—I did."

"But you don't know for certain whether they went to the States, or went to some other part of the country?"

"No, I don't 'zactly know for *certain*, but I 's *right sure*."

"Then you can't tell me to whom I had better go, to find out?"

"No, I dun no, Miss. But round the corner thar, on Fourth street, is Mrs. Joicet who ought to know, kase her and Mrs. Hamlin use to be as thick as three in a bed—dey did."

"Who is that?"

"Mrs. Joicet, on Fourth street."

"Mrs. Joicet?"

"Yes, Mrs. Joicet."

"That 's a curious name."

"She is a curious woman too—she is."

"Mrs. Joicet, on Fourth street?"

"Yes, Mrs. Joicet, on Fourth street; go round the corner, and the first yaller door you come to is hers—Mrs. Joicet."

"Can I leave my little package here?" said Harriet, rising.

"Ho, yes, Miss, very happy to 'commodate you. You is not well, Miss?"

"O, yes! I am very well, but do I not look as though I was well?"

"Yes, 'cept you is looking so curious, 'bout like sick folks when dey is out of their head, that 's all. That ar little dog of yourn is the handsomest dog in California I 'spect."

"Come, Sporty," said Harriet, as she took leave of her colored companion.

"Yes, Miss, the first yaller door round the corner; Missis Joicet"

"I think I can find it; thank you," said Harriet, and again she reached the noisy street, and made her course for Mrs. Joicet's. Her disappointment entirely removed the agitation under which she had been laboring, and she found no difficulty in finding Mrs. Joicet's "yaller" door; but a far different sense of her unfortunate condition now seemed to govern her feelings. Should Simons be gone to the States, what could she do? She had but little money! She had no credit, except with Mrs. Case, and she could not accept of her money. No, nothing but to work for money. But there was still a hope. When reaching the said "yaller" door, she found a robust, middle-aged woman in a scrubbing position, driving the suds in broken channels over the floor, and sweating beautifully at her work.

"Does Mrs. Joicet live here?" The scrubbing woman arose to her feet, smiled a little, let down her skirts, and replied:

"Yes, Miss, that 's my name," and her particularly mild voice won Harriet's affections quicker than the twinkling of an eye.

"Walk in," said Mrs. Joicet, and she threw back a loose sun-bonnet, and discovered a noble head, covered with a beautiful crop of heavy brown curls. Ah! how strangely would this scrubbing woman compare with the servant or the lady of Europe. Did not those long lashes shade as clear brown eyes as ever beamed forth love and virtue, as ever adorned the heavenly innocence of the mildest dove—so like an angel she seemed! A scrubbing woman! Could she sing? Was she accomplished? Could she love like a lady, or were her susceptibilities blunted and hardened like a European servant? Could these strange qualities in the American woman be the principal cause of the American man bestowing more esteem upon her sex than any other man does? But Harriet did not think of all these mysteries then. No, a more important subject was weighing upon her heart, and she saw in an instant that she had met a warm, sympathizing friend.

"I have come to make inquiry after Hamlin and his wife, and Mr. Simons." Mrs. Joicet looked at Harriet as if to discover a likeness to some of the persons mentioned, and even then seemed as if some strange thought flitted through her brain. Harriet noticed it, and thought, "perhaps Simons has been describing my large gray eyes to her."

"Take a seat, please," said the scrubbing woman. "They have returned to the States."

"Have they all returned?"

"Yes, Miss, they are all gone," and a dim paleness stole over her face as she eyed Harriet, and she thought, "this surely looks like the girl they told me was drowned in the Yuba!"

"Were you much acquainted with them?"

"Yes, Miss, I was very well acquainted with Mrs. Hamlin and her brother." Harriet remembered that Parker had once told her that Simons had found a sister, and the curious ideas that came so rapidly into her mind almost stopped her speech. At length she asked:

"Was Simons her brother?"

"Yes, he was; but, if you will pardon me, I would like to ask if your name is not Mary Sparks, from Cincinnati." Harriet turned many colors, but quickly replied:

"I am Mary Sparks, from Cincinnati."

The scrubbing woman shook like an aspen, and seemed ready to burst into tears, but she faintly said:

"My dear girl, your intended thinks you are no longer living! He has long since mourned your death, with more real sorrow than a man ever before mourned!" Harriet felt that she could press her face upon Mrs. Joicet's neck, and weep with trouble—so like a heavenly resting-place seemed that sympathizing face and graceful neck. After a long pause, Harriet faintly said:

"Then he has not heard that I came to California?"

"O! yes; he received a letter from you when you were just leaving San Francisco to go to Marysville, with one Mrs. Ellis."

"He received that letter?"

"Yes, but I think it had been written nearly three months before he received it."

"Can this be?" and a hundred wild ideas flitted through Harriet's mind more rapidly than time itself can travel. Mrs. Joicet saw it, and, lest a dark suspicion should seize upon the girl's mind, she hastened to tell all she knew.

"As soon as he received your letter, or at least in a few days after, he set out to find you. But when he reached Marysville, he heard of a lady of the same name having committed suicide, by drowning herself in the Yuba—she had left a slip of paper pinned to the willows."

"O! Heaven! forgive me!" Harriet cried, "I remember that slip of paper!" but the spell was broken, and her tears relieved her sorrow. "I am that miserable girl you speak of; I pinned that paper to the willows!" Mrs. Joicet remembered the hard words that the clergyman's wife and the old maid had said, to induce the unfortunate girl to despair in her undertaking; and she wondered very much what kind of sentiment it was that gave cloak and comfort to such suspicious persons; but she finally

concluded that the said women must be unhappy, and consequently, take delight in making others so.

"Do not weep, Miss Sparks; a brighter day lies before you. Cheer up, you can yet meet your intended." These words seemed to Harriet even milder and more soothing than the angelic voice that accompanied them; and she looked upon those dove-like eyes, from which sympathy, love, and happiness, continued to utter volumes of comfort at every silent turn.

"How long since have they left?"

"O! it is several weeks, but I don't know exactly; I was in the country at the time." Harriet tried hard to think of some plan that would enable her to return to the States; but it would require two hundred dollars, and she had not the tenth of that amount, at least she would not have, after paying Parker back what she already owed him. Then she thought how long it would take her to make two hundred dollars, if she continued to live with Mrs. Case and take in sewing; but that would require too long a period. Then she thought of going to work in a hotel or boarding-house, where, by "roughing it," she might earn the money by two months' employment. This was the most favorable, and she fancied herself quite capable and willing to enter upon the said duties. But could she get into a house where there were no gamblers and politicians? Could she venture into an establishment where the gentlemen carry bowie-knives and revolvers? Old Dr. Sparks had always told her, that such persons were dangerous and wicked, ah! were very probably guilty of some atrocious crime, and carried these weapons to shield their iniquity; and that teaching of the old doctor's still so impressed her that it contained a feasible truth. But were there no good, orderly, civilized houses, where she could get employment? These are great cities, and surely one or the other must, *ought* to contain one house where a woman could be employed without being continually shocked by the appearance of these dreadful weapons? Harriet thought of all this in a moment of time, and a strange chill shook her system—it was a bad sensation, like a similar one when she sat upon the banks of the Yuba! but not accompanied by the same despondent feeling, for a ray

of hope now shone in the distant, dark future; and though its distance seemed to be accompanied by a hundred vicissitudes, she feared not but that she could surmount them all.

Upon her various troubles and anxieties, she and Mrs. Joicet conversed as familiarly as two sisters. Mrs. Joicet assured Harriet, that she knew of a very good house where employment and good wages could be had. Then she again plied herself to her scrubbing, all the time talking, telling what a good little woman was Mrs. Hamlin, and what a likeness and sacred attachment existed between her and her brother, Simons. So she continued to entertain Harriet, until she had her door and door-sill as white as wood could be. After she had finished this humble duty, she threw off her servant-like dress, and came out a neatly-dressed lady, and just in time to meet her sociable-looking, sandy-headed, sort of farmer-like, happy husband, whom she made acquainted with Harriet in quite a lady-like fashion; and, while these two entertained each other with conversation, Mrs. Joicet emptied the pots which had been so long boiling, stewing and frying, and in a remarkably short time they were all seated at a rich, smoking hot dinner.

"Come, now," said Mrs. Joicet, after the dinner was past, "if you wish, I will accompany you to that house where they want a woman to assist at their housework." Harriet knew how to appreciate such services, and very gladly accepted the proposal. After crossing a few dusty streets, they reached a quiet, comfortable-looking, half-private, half-public boarding-house. Here they were met by a very old, pale woman, who said:

"O, is it you, Mrs. Joicet, I am so glad you have come to see me," and she shook her hands warmly; when Mrs. Joicet said:

"Mrs. Lawson, Miss Mary Sparks," and the old woman showered a great many blessings upon both the others. After they had sat, conversing upon common matters for awhile, Mrs. Joicet said:

"Mrs. Lawson, this young lady is anxious to get employment somewhere, and as I am partially acquainted with you both, I concluded that I should be doing you a favor by getting such good persons to meet."

"Thank you," said Harriet, and in spite of her serious troubles, a smile spread over her face.

"Can you do housework?" the old lady asked, looking at Harriet's general appearance.

"O! yes, I am used to it."

"How much wages would you want? mind now, I am not able to give much!" Harriet studied a little, and said:

"I don't know, I 'm sure; how much can you afford to give?"

"Well, if you are a good girl, I 'll give you a hundred dollars a month."

"Perhaps, I 'm not good?"

"Well, you look good enough, but, to make no hard feelings hereafter, you can come one month, and if we don't like each other, you need stay no longer."

Upon that condition a bargain was struck, and Harriet was to commence her duties on the following morning. A brighter day had not been hers for many months, than the present now seemed; for, although when at San Francisco, she expected daily to hear, or meet Simons, yet doubts and troubles always harassed her hopes. But now, she saw her way clear—that she could earn the means, and soon return to the States. In the meantime, she resolved that she would write to Cincinnati, and explain all her conduct, and that she should soon meet the man for whom she had endured so much. These wild ideas somewhat interrupted her conversational powers with Mrs. Joicet and Mrs. Lawson. After a good afternoon's visit, she and Mrs. Joicet returned, and again crossed over that white door-sill, and seated themselves in the room which had received such a scrubbing in the morning. Harriet now remembered her package which she had left at Hamlin's Hotel, and straight away she proceeded for it, for she had promised to remain all night with Mrs. Joicet.

"You is lookin' much better, Miss," said the colored lady, as Harriet entered. "Did you find out whar Missis Joicet lives?"

"O! yes, thank you, and I have returned for my little package."

"Yes, Miss; is you gwyne to live with Missis Joicet, is you?"

"Yes, for a short time."

"Missis Joicet am a mighty nice woman—she is; kin do more work 'an any nigger kin," and the colored lady opened a chest, where she had very carefully placed Harriet's parcel. "Here am your par*sil*, Miss."

"Thank you; very much obliged," and Harriet took the package.

"You is welcome, Miss—'fectly welcome any time," and she bowed sociably to Harriet, who answered it, and again entered the street. This was near sunset, and many people were enjoying an evening promenade along the sidewalks. Harriet had not proceeded but a few paces from the hotel, when some one called:

"Miss Lindsey, Miss Lindsey!" It was the voice of a man! She turned and looked among the vast crowd, but instantly a gentleman touched her shoulder, and said:

"Happy to meet you, Miss Lindsey."

"Mr. Parker!" exclaimed Harriet, shaking his hand.

"Ah! what can that affectionate grasp mean?" she thought, the very instant he touched her hand. Then those noble eyes never seemed so beautiful—never before so unnerved her resolution as now. And that proud brow and dignified face had never before blushed and quailed in her presence as they now did. "Should he be in love with me, and make proposals for my hand, when he so commands my heart, how can I, O! how can I deny him!" All this passed through Harriet's mind in a single moment, and the presence of this friend, one who had proved himself to be equal to a brother, gave her a species of pleasure and fear which almost confounded her speech.

"When did you leave San Francisco, Miss Lindsey?" said Parker, as they started on.

"Yesterday afternoon," said Harriet, and she placed her hand upon Parker's arm, and thought—"Why went my hand so quickly there? It seemed to go itself!"

"Do you enjoy good health now?" he asked.

"Very well, thank you, but I was afraid you would never return from the Indian war, it seemed so long," and again Harriet

thought: "Why did I so express my anxiety about his return?" But he said:

"Well, it's all over now, and I have returned 'safe and sound,' at last." Harriet replied:

"O! I was so unhappy. I could scarcely rest, I was so afraid something might befall you," and again Harriet thought: "O! why do I so express my regard for him?" and immediately she said: "But you will never go away so long again, will you? I can not live if you do," but she became so terrified at what she was saying that she heard not a word that Parker replied. "Here," said Harriet, "I stop here—Mrs. Joicet's. I am almost a stranger here, but I can venture to ask you in."

"Thank you," said Parker, "I shall be very happy to have some particular conversation with you, privately, if you please."

"With pleasure," said Harriet, as they entered, but how quickly she thought of his words, "privately," "particular"—and she told him "with pleasure!"

After a general introduction, they all sat in social conversation for awhile. Parker related the particulars of the war, which, as nearly everybody is acquainted with it, we shall omit, and he was not at all backward in expressing his conscientious feelings upon so outrageous a proceeding. It was not long, however, when Mrs. Joicet excused her absence until she could prepare them some supper; but scarcely had she left the room when Parker drew his chair beside Harriet, who remembered the words, "particular," "privately," and an involuntary impulse directed her eyes, filled with tears, toward the blushing face of her devoted, invaluable friend.

"Miss Lindsey," said he, and he took her pale, helpless hand into his, smiled beneath his tears, and continued—"My angelic friend! who have, by your own constancy and love for another, given me a higher appreciation of my fellow-creatures, instilled me with more regard for myself, and completely reformed my wicked life, permit me to acknowledge to you that whatever good there is, or may be after this, of my life, is entirely owing to your influence over me. Now then, I know you must be anxious to return to your parents, and as I am going direct to the States, I

shall be happy to conduct you to your old home." Harriet was unable to make any reply, and Parker continued:

"You can trust me, Miss Lindsey; if you ever had a true friend, you have one now. Think not I have any selfish end in view. Seeing you so pure has made me a better man, has driven me away from the gaming-table, and has thereby given me a fortune. There can be no further hope that the man to whom you have been so long attached is living."

"He is living!" and Harriet continued to look steadily into Parker's face.

"Possible, he lives?" said Parker, and Harriet noticed that he pressed her hand a little more.

"He lives, and has returned to the States."

"Can that be?" and Parker raised her hand—it seemed helpless—and pressed it to his lips, then restored it carefully to her lap, and sat silent, unconscious of his tears.

"They are supposed to be gone about two months."

"They?"

"Yes, he had a sister, as you once told me."

"So I thought."

"Yes; Mrs. Hamlin is her name."

"Hamlin!" repeated Parker, rising to his feet. "What Hamlin?"

"I don't know his given name," said Harriet, "but it was the same who kept the hotel on —"

"O! how can I bear it any longer!" Parker interrupted; "how can I bear it! how can I —" and he paced quickly toward the door. Harriet remembered that she had once before mentioned Hamlin's name in Parker's presence, and that it startled him then, and now she felt herself unable to ask for an explanation. But Parker collected himself again, and said:

"I beg pardon, Miss Lindsey, I may be able some day to explain all this, but now I can not. But tell me all you know about them." Unfortunately Harriet had but little to relate, for all she knew she had already told, but when she had finished repeating it, Parker replied:

"Then you now do need me to conduct you home. Even if you had the means you could not venture alone; but I am willing, more than willing, to give you all the assistance I can."

"But I have engaged to work for Mrs. Lawson for that very purpose, to get money to carry me back to the States."

"Noble girl!" said Parker, again taking a seat, and looking upon Harriet. "I am going, Miss Lindsey, and I can not leave you here working for the money to carry you home. I cannot hear of such a thing."

"But I can never repay you."

"Miss Lindsey!" and Harriet looked upon his noble form as he continued, "have I not been to you all that man could have been? Can you now impeach my promises, and doubt my benevolence? Have I not told you that my regard for your virtues has entirely reformed my character? Have I not long since told you that I first commenced a bad life because I thought nobody cared anything about me? I know of but one person now who confides in me as a friend should—that is you. And will *you* even deny me your friendship?"

Harriet's attention was so riveted upon him she could not find words to reply, but Parker smiled, took her hand again, pressed it to his lips, and said: "No, Miss Lindsey, I know you will not refuse to be my friend, I know you cannot. Then do not say anything about *repaying me*. Say nothing to me that you would not to a father or a brother. Resolve to accompany me, and you shall soon see your father, mother, and your intended! Hesitate no longer, for I cannot, will not live, if you cannot accept my proffered favor."

Harriet remembered that Parker had once told her about his sister, who finally proved to be a "Sally," and she had never had this matter explained to her mind, and though she would have given a world to know, yet she would have a world to fall upon her before she would even suffer herself to believe he was deserving of suspicion. Then she thought of the dangers of going home without some one to accompany her—the difficulties of a sea voyage, the crossing of the Isthmus, and, above all, of being

among entire strangers. But the greatest difficulty was, she was indebted to Parker for her life; he had been as faithful to her, during her illness, as could have been a brother, and it seemed very curious to her if that strange power which he had over her was not occasioned by the affection of her own heart toward him; it seemed as though she loved him, and yet she had heard that folks cannot love but one—strange thing this. Then she thought perhaps Parker would gain such an intimacy with her during her voyage at sea as to insist upon her hand, and, if he should, she feared that she could not command power to deny him.

"I perceive your trouble, Miss Lindsey," Parker continued, "you are afraid to trust yourself in my company!" Harriet remained silent, but Parker soon continued: "I will tell you an incident that may give you a notion of what kind of a man I am. Do you remember that I once told you that I had a sister coming to this country? I know you remember all about it. She was not my sister, and you now know it also. I introduced you to a woman of ill-fame! Yes, *I* did it. Why? I will tell you. I had resolved to make you my mistress, not my wife. I didn't want a wife. I have once been badly, cruelly, foully deceived by a woman; she submitted to the counsel of her guardians, and, during my absence, married her cousin, and they all ran off together. I lost all my confidence in woman; I didn't think there would be any harm in making a mistress of you, and that was the plan I chose, to get you to visit that house until I could establish an intimacy. But you were too harmless and unsuspecting; my own remorse and wounded conscientious feelings saved you. Yes, though I am ashamed to acknowledge my guilty plan, it has caused me many an unhappy thought. I felt so bad that I endeavored to break up that den; and by so doing, that same woman, 'Sally,' has sworn to have my life; but I avoid her. Now, believe me, I have told you the truth; your own innocence and constancy have saved you, have given me a higher opinion of woman, and have made me an honest and upright man. Say, will you accompany me to your father's home?"

Parker had undoubtedly reformed (as afterward proved); but Harriet did not know it, and as she sat in trouble, she thought:

"O, Heaven! I invoke thy almighty power to dispel the clouds that hover over my unknown future—to illume the fearful pathway through which I am seeking to travel to thy eternal glory—to brighten and efface the sore afflictions which my timid anticipations are heaping upon a heart that feels its olden pledge as sacred as thy unchangeable laws—to give me power to decide upon that which is likely to affect my happiness and welfare on earth, and my peace in eternity. O, Heaven! help!" Her silence was soon broken. She looked into Parker's face, smiled, and replied to his proposal:

"Yes, I will accompany you to the States."

The next day seemed as the commencement of a new era. The streets and the houses seemed more natural. The sun shone more mildly, and the few gray clouds that streaked the heavens seemed to add a loveliness to the California brightness which it never had before received. In fact, Harriet was nearly happy, and she already began to think nearly everybody else so. Curious world this; seems to change according to one's prospects.

Harriet thought about leaving the city, but every street, stump, tree, house, everything she looked upon, made her reflect: "Ah! I shall see you no more!" and then she tried hard to fix them all in her imagination, so that, in after years, she could recollect them all—where they stood, how they lay, and what color the houses were. Silly things, these; but, reader, if you have ever traveled, and have any susceptible feelings at all, no matter how long your head is, or how philosophical your nature, you have experienced these same silly observations—when a mere trifle could have started a tear. Then came the sad separation from Mrs. Lawson and Mrs. Joicet, to whom she was surprised to find how much she was attached. She had only been with them a day, a single day, but she thought she had discovered a new series of adhesive philosophy—that human beings never know how much they love each other until circumstances separated them, that, even where there was only a moderate attachment, a forcible separation was the greatest outrage that circumstances could produce; then she remembered the deeds done in a certain Christian country, and her heart seemed about

to break, to think that the noblest work of God could commit such crimes, and even laugh at, and threaten destruction to, the sympathy that she possessed for her fellow-creatures. Harriet had never thought of this before. She had never before separated from living people whom she never expected to meet again. Then she thought, if everybody had to undergo these sad separations a few times, they would then love and regard their fellow-mortals with that sacred feeling which is natural to the human heart, but stripped of its purity by teaching little ones to hate those of a different sect. But the hour arrived. Harriet explained to Mrs. Lawson the whole nature of her case; the old woman pronounced many blessings upon the girl's head, they exchanged many affectionate words, then separated.

Then she returned to bid a farewell to Mrs. Joicet; but on her way to the house, she thought to herself, "If those dove-like eyes shall fill with tears, when I look upon her for the last time, I can not conceive that I have the power to leave her, for really it seems to me that Mrs. Joicet can not be a mortal being!" and as she thought of this, thick mists came before her, and she felt a weakness stealing over her system. Nevertheless, she reached the house, said a few words, and, in company with Parker, she prepared to leave. And for the last time she turned to look upon the scrubbing woman. Those dark-brown curls seemed like crape suspended about a marble tomb—contrasting sadly with the paleness that extended over her fair features; those long lashes and dove-like eyes too, seemed sad and heavy; but in her trembling hands she held a slip of paper, which she turned heedlessly back and forth, betraying the unconsciousness of her actions, and the mysterious workings of silent affection. And as Harriet looked upon this heaven-like figure, she thought to herself: "O! heavens! must I leave her? and am I no more to meet the soul which is now so congenial with mine, without either language or motion, but mingles so perfectly in dead silence that even my own imagination can not keep pace with the reciprocal pledges that each one is disclosing and sealing down, ultimately to be again unfolded in the eternal world, where we shall meet to part no more! O! how *can* I leave

her?" But their hands were united, then shook, and as the words adieu! farewell! were spoken, they experienced the last touch! separated, and saw each other no more.

"I think the boat will be crowded," said Parker, as they reached the levee, where a vast collection of people were hurrying to and fro, or waiting to see the boat off.

"I think so," said Harriet, "and we had better quicken our speed a little, in order to get good places," and on board they went; but scarcely were they on board, when some one called out:

"Miss Sparks, Miss Sparks!" and presently up came a very good-natured looking fat man, holding out his hand: "you don't know me, Miss Sparks, eh? Well, I shouldn't have known you either, if I hadn't seed the little dog I gave to you last Spring!"

"Is it possible?" said Harriet. "I am very happy to meet you, indeed."

"How have you been, Miss?"

"Not very well, all the time, but I am now."

"And did you find your friend?"

"No, I did not—he has returned to the States."

"To the States!"

"Yes, and I am now on my way there."

"But is this man not your husband, if I may be so bold?" and the fat man pointed toward Parker, who had politely withdrawn to purchase some tickets.

"O! no," said Harriet, "he is only going to accompany me home. Colonel Parker is his name."

"Yes, I know him; he was with you when I seed you last Spring. But it seems so very strange to me that you should be so much with this young fellow, and finally agree to go home with him, that I almost think he is your husband, or very shortly going to be!"

"No, indeed, sir, that can never be. I am so situated that I could never look upon him in that light—never!"

"Well, really, you are a faithful, good girl, and I wish you all the happiness that earth can give. Did Mr. Simons make his fortune, do you know?"

"I don't know, but I judge not. He and a Mr. Hamlin were interested in some property here, and I believe their title was not good, so they lost it."

"Then you will stick to him if he is poor?"

"What difference will his poverty make to me? It is *he* that I am going to marry, and marry him I *will!*" and a dignified firmness accompanied the girl's voice.

"Well, you are a good girl, and I 'll come and see you when I return to the States. But tell me, how has the little dog been? Come here, Sporty, Sporty," and he patted the little fellow's head, and he seemed to recognize his old master. "Poor little fellow, he doesn't remember when I received him from his master on the Plains."

"He is very interesting."

"You have a beautiful season to go home in. There! the bell is ringing; I must go, good-by, Miss Sparks, may God bless you," and as the fat man leaped on shore, the boat moved out into the river and floated away.

As soon as Parker and Harriet reached San Francisco, they proceeded direct to Mrs. Case's residence. Parker stopped a few minutes, and started out to purchase their tickets for New York, promising to call in the morning. While he was absent, Harriet related to Mrs. Case her experience in Sacramento, and her determination to return to the States in company with Colonel Parker. Mrs. Case was somewhat surprised at Harriet's hasty return, and hasty conclusion to return to the States; but, finally, she concluded it was a very wise plan. Her esteem for Parker, who was now hailed as a "statesman, philosopher, patriot, with other euphonious titles," by all the well-dressed people, and by nearly all the newspapers, was more than for any other person living—her John excepted. Consequently, she still hoped that Harriet and he might "make a match," which she now considered as highly probable, since they would be thrown into such close contact.

It was a late hour at night when Parker returned, and Mrs. Case had just been speaking about shutting up her house for the night, and of retiring. But Parker's return broke their sleepy mood, for he came in with a more lively spirit than was at all usual to his character.

"Here, Miss Lindsey," said he, holding up a large bundle, "I have brought you some presents. Bring your lamp and examine them; you too, Mrs. Case. Women always know the value of such things. I have brought you some of the nicest things in the Chinese store. Real 'upper ten' sort of things," and he commenced to unroll the package.

"O!" exclaimed Harriet and Mrs. Case, as their eyes fell upon the dress pattern.

"Why, Mr. Parker!" exclaimed Harriet, "can you ever expect to have me accept *such* a present? Impossible!"

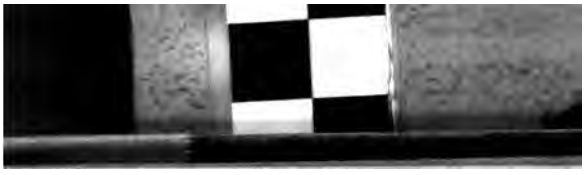
"Certainly, you must accept them; I bought them on purpose for you." The instant he spoke, a feeling of despair forced itself upon Harriet's mind; for she now feared more than ever that he would insist upon her hand, and, if so, she could see no possible escape from his wishes.

"O! Mr. Parker!" said she, "if I should accept this dress I shall never be where I shall dare to wear it. There is not so fine a dress worn by any lady in Cincinnati." Parker laughed, and replied:

"You don't know yet but you may have an offer from a gentleman who can afford to keep you clothed in such a material all the time. Strange marriages take place sometimes. You will look well in that dress, Miss Lindsey, capital," and he tossed it into her lap.

"O! I cannot accept this," said Harriet, as she endeavored to read Parker's mind, "it is impossible! it is too rich for me."

"But, I don't ask you whether you wish or not to accept them—they are bought expressly for you, and, if you will pardon me for the word, I say you *must* accept them." Harriet was unable to make any reply; that powerful eye, that noble brow of his, were cast upon her, and she lost her command; and turning the gaudy silk over, as if examining it, she felt as though it was



almost impossible to refrain from sobbing aloud. But another article came forth—a rich shawl. It was such a shawl as entirely baffles *our* knowledge of woman's wear. A sort of heavy, white flowers and vines, trees, and, in fact, every sort of vegetable curiosity, all raised work, each tree or vine made into little cushions, which, for color and general appearance, looked so near like nature herself, that one would feel very much inclined to take a snuff at the flowers, or to pull the berries or fruit. A capital shawl it was.

"O! did I ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Case, and she carried her baby and laid it on the bed, and hastened to examine the shawl.

"Why law me!" said she, "I never saw such fine work! But you mustn't handle it, Mr. Parker. Gentlemen's hands are always so rough. You 'll spile it, Mr. Parker," and she took it to have a more close inspection.

"Always the way, Mrs. Case, women know how to examine things cautiously, to hear them flatter themselves. But how do *you* like that, Miss Lindsey. You thought the dress was fine, but how do you like *that*, hey?" Harriet was too terrified to make an answer.

"Miss Lindsey, have I offended you? if I have, you must know that it is the deepest regret that I could possibly have, to say or to do anything to interfere in the slightest degree with your every wish. But, why are you so silent? why do you look so doubtingly upon me? I do not deserve your silent reproaches."

"Mr. Parker," but poor Harriet was unable to say anything further, and only continued to look upon him, who was so completely master of her wishes.

"Take the shawl, Miss Lindsey, I trust that I know your sentiments. But here are a few more things, accept these also, and I am forever happy; here," and he placed them in her lap—they were fine jewels, a brooch, a bracelet, and several beautiful finger-rings.

"Mr. Parker, I cannot accept these, and I am very sorry to have you insist upon me doing so."

"Have I not been kind to you, that you should thus refuse my presents—presents made to you on account of my sincere regard

for your virtues? Is it because I was once a gambler, that you are not disposed to show any respect to my regard for you? But never mind; I know your feelings. Take and keep these presents, Miss Lindsey. It is my wish, ay, it is my *will*!" Harriet examined the jewels, but with anything but happy feelings. True, they were exceedingly beautiful; but Harriet was not a lover of such materials. The dress and the shawl suited her wishes to a nicety, that is, had they come from any other but Parker. But the jewels were what old Dr. Sparks never approved of, and, by some strange fancy, Harriet had been inclined to think that the old Doctor's notions were very good. She remembered that "Sally" wore jewelry; and she thought that if she wore them, other people might perhaps judge her, as she had good reason to judge "Sally." Therefore, under such considerations, Harriet was so absorbed in thought as to be unable to converse with either Parker or Mrs. Case, who were busying themselves by discoursing upon the cost of such fine materials. Harriet now regretted that she had not remained in Sacramento, instead of accompanying Parker to the States; but her regrets were useless. Parker turned toward her, after giving Mrs. Case entire satisfaction about the prices, and said:

"Well, Miss Lindsey, I have purchased our tickets for New York. We must be on board at nine to-morrow morning. It's getting very late," and looking at his watch, "five minutes past eleven. I must go. Have your things ready. I'll be here at eight to-morrow morning." And after a few friendly remarks he took his departure, leaving Harriet to pass a night in anything but sleep.

Exactly as he promised, at eight next morning, Parker returned, to conduct Harriet to the steamer. Mrs. Case, with her baby in her arms, accompanied them down to the wharf, where, after a few farewell blessings, she and Harriet separated. Harriet and Parker then went on board, but Mrs. Case continued to stand on the wharf, looking toward them till the steamer moved outward.

Thus the fair lady left her western home for her native city.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SIMONS' good fortune in meeting his father opened an entirely new set of resolutions in regard to returning to the States, for, as before mentioned, the old man had made invaluable discoveries in the river, and a good fortune seemed close at hand. This success in his discoveries gave Uncle Thomas the enviable name of the "Lucky Englishman;" and among most of the miners on the lower part of the river he was known by no other. Among some of the superstitious, there was quite a desire to be close to this "lucky Englishman," as though the angels that smiled upon his reverend head might give them a call if they remained within a reasonable distance. Indeed, some of these personages were so particularly friendly as to go in a dead hour of the night, and move their boundary pegs several feet upon the old man's territory, just as though they were also willing to make a fortune! But after Simons and Hamlin joined the old man in occupation, these aforesaid superstitious personages kept an eye to the one end of Hamlin's arm, which would, on extraordinary occasions, get certain convulsive motions rather interdictive to other people's upright positions. Uncle Thomas had been for a long time very much afraid of not receiving justice, and, accordingly, he continued to pay the foreign tax for having pleased God to be born in England, a fact that showed a great weakness in his mind, since God shows no favor to his children; whereas, had he been born in America, as every sensible person ought to be, he might have had a fortune long ago. In other respects, the old man enjoyed his life quite as well as did most of his neighbors; and in a few days after his son and his daughter came, when he and they were entirely reconciled to the natural sense which generally belongs to human creatures; he seemed to decrease in age, to increase in health and freshness, and, in fact, to feel himself a far more contented being than he had for a long time before. Neither was he at all backward in telling the neighbors, who finally became a little too numerous, what pride

and esteem he took in his children: but, even in this, we must confess that he claimed most of their good qualities as being the result of their English blood. Never was a Catholic so blinded by the secrets of priesthood, or a New Englander so bigoted to his religion; never was a Southerner so regardless of human feelings; never was a Know Nothing so opposed to the natural rights between God and man; nor scarcely ever were Catholic and Protestant Christians more devotedly inclined to enforce each one's creed upon the other, than was Uncle Thomas blind to American good qualities, or prejudiced toward traits in the English character. Certainly, reader, you will say this man had a great weakness; but we ask, in what originated this prejudice? Uncle Thomas had learning and experience. But, perhaps you will say, it is peculiar to the English people? But we ask, to what people is it not peculiar? rather *particular*—a particular particular, belonging to no particular people, but particularly particular to all particular people; and a particular particular, which may make us feel particularly particular, on a particularly particular judgment day!

But we must not be too hard upon the old man; he had very good reasons for considering himself an injured man; he had experienced a distinction in legislation for different people, which no other civilized nation makes to collect money. He had heard of equal rights and freedom, and he loved their name. But when he entered the free States he went into churches; he noticed certain colored fringes round the galleries. Then he went into cities and villages, and heard a word foreign to his foreign nature—for if there ever was a man on the face of the earth that really loved his fellow-man, Uncle Thomas did—and that word so foreign to his nature was—foreigner. Then he was a harmless sort of man, and when his property was taken away from him, he began to hate the country; and like a young man beginning to be disgusted with his lady-love, the very air of the heavens seemed to be contaminated with the ugly tracks of the unfeeling monster, leaving stains in the air, which always after show the silly grimaces and idiotic smiles that once looked so like a comforting angel.

But a better day was now beginning to dawn upon Uncle Thomas. The gold promised to yet place him in a condition more happy than he had dreamed of since Downie's death—to give him a home beside his own children, who were happy to participate in his joys. Julia had always loved her husband, but she now had an additional tie. She did not think of this at first, but before she was aware of it, the word *father* had a peculiar charm that revived her infant love. Then she often thought it seemed strange that she could love her brother and her father without diminishing the love she had for her husband, nay, she even thought that *he* was more dear than before. Then she thought about them all returning soon to Indiana; and she fancied that their good fortune would enable them to purchase a good farm, and to build a good house; and in such a place she could look into the future and see just how happy she should be with her brother and her father, who were already beginning to take some interest in the Star Spangled Banner, at least when *she* sang it. Yes, Julia thought of all this; and the joyous appearance of the future caused her to remember that when she was a little girl she had earnestly wished to have a house of her own some day, so she could arrange all her own particulars, without being disturbed by the whims of anybody else—even her flower-beds she now intended to have just as close to the doors and windows as she chose. Then she could have the satisfaction of having her friends coming to see her in her own house. But she pitied her brother. He had not yet recovered from the sad loss of his intended, and she had tried all she knew to comfort him, but tried in vain. He was a very plain sort of young man, and, owing to the conduct of the clergyman and his wife, he was now getting "down on" everything of a religious nature. And when she attempted to cheer him, by telling him of a happier world, her own words seemed to heap sorrow and grief upon him, and he even hated the heaven she spoke of.

"Do Mr. Ellis and his wife go to heaven?" he would say, "then, God forbid that ever I should! Give me eternal darkness, and the abode of the damned; plunge me into everlasting torment in company with her whom they drove to ruin by their

dough-faced Christianity; but God forbid that I should ever be placed beside such human demons as are Mr. and Mrs. Ellis!" And when he uttered such expressions, which he did very frequently, Julia then perceived why it was that so much skepticism, in religious matters, was spreading over our Christian country; and she began to wonder in her own mind whether these skeptics were not as much entitled to God's sympathy and forgiveness as were the persons who drove them into such a state of hatred toward religious institutions?

But Simons' melancholy was not so broken up by his father or sister, as by little Geordie. This little, white-headed specimen of an eight-year-old boy, proved to be the most entertaining one of the party. After they all commenced working together, Geordie generally helped Mrs. Hamlin about the tent-hold duties—such as cooking, carrying water and wood, and talking about his little mates in London. But he frequently got some leisure moments to assist the "men folks" at mining; though in this occupation he did not do so well as previously to Simons and Hamlin's coming; for Hamlin was one of those laughing sort of fellows, who delight in playing tricks upon little boys; and, whenever Geordie came among them he would have a tussling match, or call him to see something very extraordinary, which, on examination, proved to be nothing at all. Such little matters soon caused a warm attachment to spring up between them; for, from some unknown cause, Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin had never been presented with any children of their own, a fact that caused a particular tenderness on their part toward little Geordie. This was the first respectable man with whom Geordie had ever been familiar, that is, so familiar as to consider himself privileged to climb upon his back, to pull him over when he was smoking, or to poke straws about his ears when he was taking his "nooning snooze," or such like diversions. The consequence of this was, Hamlin soon became Geordie's particular favorite. Geordie seemed to think well of Uncle Thomas, but he was very far from considering the old man an equal to Hamlin. Between Simons and himself there was no particular attachment on Geordie's part, though Simons' orphan-like life, turned his

feelings in favor of Geordie. But Hamlin was Geordie's greatest favorite, and by him he always walked when their party were going to, or coming from their work. Cramming one hand into Hamlin's pocket, he walked beside him with as much pride and importance as ever characterized an English newspaper's fidelity to the "Stamp act." This attachment caused Mrs. Hamlin to take a great interest in the boy's comfort and welfare, which was a kindness entirely new to his experience in the world.

Accordingly, this awakened new ideas in his head; and he frequently sat by her side, watching her smiles and coquettish lips, while he told her how he would, some day, come and buy a farm beside her, and get a wife, and have fine children, and in fact, everything else of which little boys so often dream, when thinking of the future. But at the bottom of all his affections, was his attachment to his mates in London. To get these to California, to make them happy and comfortable, seemed to be as earnest a wish as for that of his own. Neither was he devoid of his remarkable self-esteem, even in this holy wish. He could bring them out. He could put them into good business. He could make them comfortable. He *would do it, too.* Such were his feelings, and the manner of expressing himself, which, for so little a fellow, gave him a species of good-nature, that won the admiration of all who knew him. Indeed, quite a type of a man was little Geordie, so much so, that in a short time he had quite as many friends and acquaintances as had anybody who lived in that neighborhood.

Among these people he often talked of his little mates, and how hard they fared in London. But, as before stated, this wounded the old man's pride, and these very unequally matched individuals always got into a national dispute, whether England or America were the greater or better country. In these discussions, Geordie generally assumed very decided positions and important appearances, which universally brought down showers of cheering from the listeners; and from this encouragement, he not unfrequently made some very witty, lawyer-like remarks, or commanded such "large, long words," that he nearly convulsed the more intelligent ones with fits of laughter.

Though now a change was dawning. Through the glorious prosperity that smiled upon their party, these happy noons, these evenings of diversion, these Sunday enjoyments, were all likely to pass away—to pass away, and provide space for a more useful and exalted life. Gold came to them. Dollars were first counted, then ounces, then pounds; and then, "leaving the country with a fortune," and returning to the States, was beginning to be discussed in good earnest. They had several applications made to them to purchase their ground, and they were almost inclined to accept the offers that had been made. But here was a new feature. What was to be done with little Geordie? He was so firmly attached to Hamlin and his wife that his heart was nearly breaking. He could not return with them, for he wanted his mates in California. And would you believe it, Mrs. Hamlin was so attached to the little fellow that she feared she could not bear to be separated from him. She had already withstood so many trials upon her affections that she felt conscious only a few more would be needed to loosen her hold to earthly existence. Then, above all, to leave such a little harmless boy with strangers, seemed more cruel than she could think of doing. But she noticed how it affected his feelings. When they would be sitting about the camp, and any one start the subject of returning to the States, Geordie's large eyes would instantly sparkle with tears and turn upon those of Julia. And *such* a look soon clouded *her* vision. It gave her feelings a shock that even little Geordie would notice the very instant their eyes met. Then he would look toward Hamlin a moment, then press his hand to his forehead and walk away. Frequently he would fold his hands across his knees when sitting in the camp, and look toward Julia and Mr. Hamlin, alternately, but without saying a single word. Then sometimes he would come to Julia, take hold of her hand, and say, "You make me think of my mother! I wish I could die and go to see her!"

Simons looked upon a life in some of the Atlantic States as much better calculated to remove his dejection and trouble, than was anything within the California territory; and to reach them, he endeavored to persuade his companions to sell out; but

in this he could not exactly effect his wishes. When he was one day conversing with them upon this matter, he noticed some people passing along the road toward the "upper diggings," in company with whom he discovered his long lost dog, Sporty! Rising to his feet, he called:

"Sporty! Sporty! Sporty!" and the little dog came bounding toward him, while he told his sister of his discovery. They had often heard him speaking of this little favorite, and they immediately rose to their feet to look upon it. The dog only partially recognized his old master, and keeping at a respectful distance, he turned his head half sidewise, and seemed inclined to doubt whether Simons was exactly the person he took him to be. But Simons persisted:

"Sporty, Sporty," and, finally, Sporty concluded it was all right, and rushed up to greet him. The present master of Sporty perceived this recognition, and immediately approached Simons, saying:

"Do you know that dog, sir?"

"Yes, sir," said Simons, "he is my own dog."

"Your dog!" repeated the stranger, looking at Simons from head to foot.

"Yes, sir, he is my dog; I raised him."

"Then, sir, please tell me how I may know that you are the real owner?"

"Is he yours?" and Simons took a careful look at the dog again.

"No, he is not mine, but I have a very strong claim upon him; but—"

"Well, I can tell you," Simons interrupted, "I can tell you where you got him—you got him on the Plains."

"Where?"

"I don't know, but I lost him not far on this side of the Rocky Mountains."

"How came you to lose him?" and a smile spread over the stranger's face.

"I don't remember exactly how, but I know I first missed him when I was traveling alone; I was very ill at the time."

"Well," said the stranger, "tell me, is your name Nathan Simons?"

Simons knew it was not common for people to know his given name, for, by some curious neglect, even since he found his father, he was always called Simons, even his sister and his father called him by no other, while the old man was still called Uncle Thomas, except by Julia and Nathan. Accordingly, hearing this stranger, who smiled so familiarly on him, call him by his full name, startled him in an instant, and he almost thought he was going to meet another father, uncle, or something of the kind, and he took a good survey of the stranger.

"That is my name—Nathan Simons."

"Well, then, Mr. Simons, I am very happy to see you—I should never have known you," and he took Simons' hand and gave it a hearty shake.

"But, sir, I beg pardon, I don't know you."

"Neither would you if I should tell you; but, sir, the first place I seed you was on the Plains. You stopped at my wagon when you were very sick, and you left the dog with me when you started on."

"O, I remember."

"But, sir, I have a great deal to tell you—more than you are aware of," and he beckoned for Simons to step to one side; but Simons already apprehended something extraordinary.

"Tell me, sir," said the stranger, as soon as they were a little to one side, "are you not acquainted with a young lady by the name of Mary Sparks?"

"I was—but she is no longer living."

"Living! when did you hear that?" and the stranger seemed startled at such information.

"She has been dead for several months."

"O, then, if that 's what you know, I am happy to state that I seed her not many days ago, myself."

"You saw her!" exclaimed Simons.

"Certainly, I did. I got this dog of her; she was just going on board a boat for San Francisco, and, as I jumped ashore, the dog followed."

"This can not be, sir!" and turning pale with thought, he continued, "did you not tell me that you got the dog of me on the Plains?"

"But, sir, I met her last spring, and she would have the dog; so she had him, and kept him all summer in Marysville and in San Francisco. Sir, I know I am right." Simons made no reply, but eyed the stranger closely, as he proceeded. "She thinks you are gone to the States, and she is in company with Col. Parker, going there to meet you. I know I am right. She told me your whole story."

"Parker! *Col.* Parker?"

"Yes, sir, *Col.* Parker."

"But, see here, sir," and Simons took his pocket-book out and handed the stranger the slip of paper that Harriet had pinned to the willows. He looked hastily over it.

"I know nothing about this," said he, "nothing at all; but I know that Mary Sparks lives."

"*Now* lives?"

"Yes, I know she *now* lives."

"Is this possible?"

"Yes, sir, it 's a positive fact."

"When did you see her?"

"Well, let me see, this is Tuesday, well, it must be about two weeks ago, I think."

"What about this Col. Parker?"

"He 's going to accompany her home; he 's a particular friend of hers, I guess. He is said to be a mighty smart man."

"*Friend* of hers!"

"O, not that, I know what you mean; O, no, no, no, no! not at all. I joked her about marrying him, but there 's no danger of that, I 'm sure. No, sir, the very last words she said to me was, that she intended not to marry him."

"And, sir, you know this all to be true?"

"True as you 're born, sir. But my mates are getting a good ways on ahead, and I must go. Good-day, sir; but you have not thanked me for restoring your dog to you," said the stranger, laughing heartily.

"Can you not stay?"

"No, sir, I must go, good-day."

"But I have not expressed my gratitude toward you, nor—"

"Never mind, sir, I'll come and see you in Cincinnati, next hog-killing," and he shook hands and departed, laughing as he hurried away to overtake his mates. Simons then informed his sister of the news, and she informed the others. The effect that this information produced in their party was beyond description. Until this, Uncle Thomas had not been informed of Simons' former disappointment. But it settled their mining operations. Little Geordie was obliged to submit to their dissolution. They sold out without any delay. Their tent and mining tools were all sold, and their accounts all settled. And, as tired as they all were of mining, they could not leave the occupation without the saddest feelings. To throw down their tools, and say, "we have now got fortune enough to quit with," is a most happy thought; but, on leaving this chance occupation, the freedom of an out-door life, and the enjoyment of the moonlight nights in that heavenly summer-land, produce impressions which the California miner will continue to remember and cherish ever after; and, when about to leave, he feels so conscious of this fact that he is sorry the time has at last arrived. As they were standing about their camp late on the evening previous to their departure, none felt this sadness so intensely as did little Geordie. Taking Julia's hand and turning toward the full moon, he pointed upward.

"Julia," said he, "this is our last night in the mountains together, and it seems to me as if it is the last happy night I shall ever see in this world!"

"Why, dear Geordie, you shouldn't talk so."

"But I can't help it, Julia. Every now and then I see something in the skies that makes me think of my mother! I think it 's angels coming after me. They never came to see me before. There! there! do you not see them, Julia?"

"No, dear; you shouldn't think of such things. It 's because you are sad that you feel so." But Julia could scarcely control

her own imagination, and she thought there was a brilliancy in little Geordie that seemed more remarkable than common.

"Julia!" said he, with quite a clear voice, "I wish you to remember this evening, with me standing by your side. It may be because I 'm sad, I don't know, but it seems to me I 'm going very soon to see my mother after you go away! I never felt so curious before, nor never could I see my mother or my mates so clearly."

"O, dear! don't talk so, you cannot see your mother or your mates."

"I don't know, Julia, but it seems so! I never before wished I was back to London until to-night, and I don't know why it is."

"O, it 's because *we* are going to return to *our* homes; that 's what makes it."

"Do you think so, Julia? But I was going to ask you something, and I forgot it. O, I mind now—how do you think I shall live after you are gone?"

"O! I expect you will soon find some good people to live with; boys have plenty of chances."

"But that ain't what I mean; I mean, that whenever I see the stars and moon and skies, I 'll think so much about our good nights together that I can't live. But I don't think I 'll have long to mourn! I should like very much to see my mates once more, but I 'm afraid I never shall! Poor little boys! I never thought so before! I shall be glad to get to San Francisco, so I can send my money to them!"

"Do you not feel well, to-night, Geordie?"

"Yes, Julia, I never felt so well in my life; but it makes me feel bad to be by your side; and that 's the reason I keep pressing your hand, so I can keep from thinking I 'm in some other country. And that 's what makes me think, when you are gone, I 'll go away to another world!"

On the following morning they took their final farewell of the Yuba. But the little incidents, common scenes, traveling in an open wagon, then on a boat, beautiful weather, and melancholy impressions on taking a farewell view of the great Sierra Nevadas, must all be passed over, while we hastily follow them to San

Francisco, and find them safely housed in the Bush Hotel, not even stopping to say anything about the *voraciously* polite hotel-keepers who flocked the wharves, to solicit travelers to their "best accommodation, and cheapest house in town," no, we must not mention this; for the newspapers—the same that encouraged the Indian war—may say something unfavorable of the style of our writing; then, these newspapers can do such wonders, we had better begin to haul in a little, and see what good we can say of this gambling State, which is so completely master of the newspapers that they have not got the moral courage to try to suppress the legally recognized crimes of the country. Hard sentence that; but we have written it, and even so it shall go before the world.

The Bush Hotel was a good house, and usually accommodated forty or fifty persons. Of these persons, there were a greater number who were transient, being miners, and traders from the mining regions, who were in the city on business, for a few days only. Of the others, some were clerks, some were gamblers or politicians, and some were fine, respectable, good, honest people. There were five or six ladies also stopping there as boarders; and as our party were obliged to wait there several days, on account of the steamer's time, Mrs. Hamlin fancied that she could spend the time very agreeably.

Through the letter which Simons had received from Harriet, he remembered that she had been living with one Mrs. Case, on N— street. Accordingly, early on the next morning after his arrival in San Francisco, he repaired thither.

"Does Mrs. Case live here?"

"Yes, sir, that 's my name, come in," and Simons went in, and took a seat.

"Are you acquainted with Col. Parker?" said Simons, with a familiar address.

"O law! yes; I 'm very well acquainted with him. He 's often been to my house."

"I 'm told he has returned to the States?"

"Yes, he 's gone."

"Ah! I'm sorry for that; we have been anxious to have him run for Senator. That's why I came to see you, to learn if he had really started to the States."

"O yes! he's gone, sure enough; but I think he was very foolish for going so soon. He could have easily got elected, I think."

"Yes, very; but, I suppose, he's like most young men, got some attraction back in the other States?"

"I guess so," said Mrs. Case, laughing, "but I often told him so, and he always denied it."

"But I was told that his intended had started back from this country, and that he followed her?"

"O, I s'pose that's Harriet Lindsey you have heard 'em talking about?"

"I think that was her name."

"O, law me! I know her very well; she's from Cincinnati. But I don't think Parker is engaged to her, at least she always denied it; but, that's true, he did furnish her money to go home on."

"She was a very good girl, I'm told?"

"Yes, she is one of the most extraordinary girls I know of. Don't you think, she was engaged to a man in Cincinnati, and I believe, by what she said, he must be one of the best men in the world a'most. Well, he was poor, and her father wouldn't let her marry him. So he come to California, and she run away from home, and come all the way across the Plains here after him."

"Possible! she must have loved him?"

"O dear! I guess she did. I never saw any one in my life love another so much as she loved him. Even when any one would mention his name you could see it in her face."

"And did she not find him?"

"Why, law me! no. She has been all the way to Marysville and Sacramento, and every place, and couldn't find him. Then at last she heard of him in Sacramento, and she went up there after him, but when she got there, Mrs. Joicet told her he had gone to the States, and now she's gone after him again."

"Why, she is a remarkable girl; but it must have cost her something to travel so much?"

"Yes; but she worked awhile at Sacramento and made a good deal of money; though when she was taken sick in Marysville, Mr. Parker furnished her with money, and I believe he has given her some since, too."

"O, then, it's probable enough she may yet marry Parker?"

"Well, she says not, but it's my opinion she will. Mr. Simons, that's the man she was engaged to, has gone home as poor as he came; and I know for certain Col. Parker has made a great fortune. Then I'm sure he's anxious to get her, if he can. O, law me! you ought to saw the dress and shawl he gave her; the finest silk in the world, a'most; and lots of jewelry. O! she'll look like a real queen when she's got 'em on, I'm sure, for she's good-looking, anyhow."

"Ah! if he has given her such things, it's very likely he'll marry her, or else she would not have accepted them."

"Though she didn't want to take 'em. Yes, it's my opinion she'll marry him."

"It will be hard for the other young fellow, after having waited so long, too."

"Yes; but he heard she was dead, so he can't be expecting ever to meet her, anyhow, and that's what I told her, she ought to choose just the one that can keep her the most comfortable. And that's what makes me think she'll finally marry Mr. Parker." Simons arose to depart.

"Well," said he, "if the Colonel has left for the States, of course we can't run him for Senator."

"No, it's too late now."

"Well," said Simons, passing out of the door, "good morning."

"Good morning, sir, good morning."

Thus he left Harriet's best female friend, pleased with his ingenious quizzing; but a more unhappy man never walked the streets of San Francisco.

While Simons was gone to see Mrs. Case, Hamlin and little Geordie went to the Express office.

"Well, Mr. Holmes," said Geordie, thrusting one hand into his bosom, "I 've come to arrange my business, so my mates can get out to this country."

"Ah! Geordie," said Mr. Holmes—a good-looking young man, with a large forehead—smiling upon little Geordie's manlike pretensions, "you've got money enough at last to bring out your mates, eh?" and he took him by the hand, and conducted him and Mr. Hamlin round behind the counter.

"Certainly," said Geordie, stretching his proud neck to its utmost length, "I 've accomplished my purposes in spite of obstacles. It just takes me and Mr. Hamlin to dig gold."

"Ah! well, well, I am glad to hear it, Geordie. I was afraid you would never make money enough to help your mates out—really I am very glad to see you, Geordie, and to hear that you have done well."

"Well, let 's see," said Geordie, in a thinking attitude, "what is the best way to arrange our business, for Mr. Hamlin, my friend here, can't stop long, and we had better proceed at once, I s'pose."

"Well," said Mr. Holmes, laughing, "you seem to be in a hurry, Geordie—you are not like Englishmen generally. Why, well, I 'll tell you how we do such business, though, I must say, Geordie, we've never had the pleasure of bringing out boot-blacks before. But I 'll tell you how we do for other people; we have agents in every part of the world, and when we are paid the price of passage-money, we write to our agents to go and procure cabins and all other necessaries for the person who is to come out. In your case, I 'll write to one of our agents in London that you have paid me the money. Then he 'll go and hunt up your mates—for you must tell me where we 'll find them—and then he 'll take them down to the ship that 's coming to California, and he 'll see that they are properly cared for, and put on board and started on."

"And what security have I that your agents will do the business properly," said Geordie.

"None," said Mr. Holmes, "none, except our word; you know, Geordie, in this country we trust to each other's word."

"And that 's quite sufficient—I don't ask any more," said Geordie, throwing down his bag of gold-dust. "If a man's word isn't good, I wouldn't give much for the man. But here's another thing; I want all my mates to have a new suit of clothes before they start, or else they 'll be made fun of all the way out."

"Very well, Geordie," said Mr. Holmes, smiling, "whatever you require can be attended to; but you must specify exactly what that is, and I give you my word it shall be done." Then the little boy prescribed a suit after the fashion of his own—not even neglecting handkerchiefs—something that he looked upon as peculiarly attractive. In a short time the business was finished—the gold weighed out, and the receipt given into little Geordie's hand.

"Well, Mr. Holmes," said he, "tell me how much your charge is upon this business—and I 'll pay you in advance!"

"*My* charge, Geordie!" said Mr. Holmes, and he took little Geordie's hand and drew him to his arms. "*My* charge, my good boy! O! Geordie! why do you ask me that?"

"Mr. Holmes," said Geordie, and those large eyes sparkled, for he perceived that it was going to be done gratis! "Mr. Holmes! I can not bear this!" and the child's arms clasped around his neck. O! Earth! was there ever such another embrace upon thy great domain?

Geordie had a little money remaining, which he left in charge of the good Mr. Holmes; and again the little boy and Mr. Hamlin departed—but a happier and more thankful heart than Geordie's, never fluttered in mortal's bosom! Alas! poor Geordie! would that we could end your story here—but yet a little further—that noble spirit goes where our pen can never follow!

On their way back, they stopped at the Wenner House. This was a gambling saloon of moderate pretensions; but it kept a very good band of music, and it was to hear this that Hamlin and Geordie entered. There were a number of gaming-tables in the room, about some of which, a few persons were gambling.

But at one side of the room were some five or six persons, discussing upon the character of one Samuel Wilson. It seems as though there had been some money missing, which had passed through the hands of this Wilson; though the manner in which the money had disappeared, was altogether unaccountable. This money had been lost about five or six weeks previous to the time now referred to; and it had been lost in some trade between San Francisco and Sacramento. Samuel Wilson was a well-known man among most of the frequenters of gambling and official houses. But the money was gone, and no evidence existed against Samuel Wilson, and yet a great suspicion did.

These persons were discussing upon the character of Wilson—some saying that a man of such standing, would not be guilty of such a deed—some saying that the former character he bore, was of no value in judging him in this instance—some saying that he had too much money to care about the sum which was missing, and some were merely inquiring what kind of a character Wilson had previous to the time alluded to. Hamlin and Geordie walked up to where these men were talking, and the former asked:

"Do you know where this Samuel Wilson is from?" One of the persons turned toward Hamlin, and answered:

"He 's from H— County, Indiana." Hamlin laughed, and said:

"Ho! I know him very well, then."

"Indeed!"

"Perfectly; he 's been a near neighbor for several years—lived within two miles of me."

"Indeed; then you know something about his character in that neighborhood?" Hamlin was a very plain spoken man, and he answered the question thus:

"I know his character too well, decidedly too well for his own good if I can find him."

"Indeed! not good?"

"Good for stealing everything he could lay his hands on—decidedly good he was."

"Ah! indeed! This is news indeed!" But at this instant, one of the party, who had remained quiet, walked close up to Hamlin, and said:

"What do you say, sir, about Wilson?"

"Well, sir, I say he is one of the biggest thieves that ever trod shoe-leather. That 's the reason he came to California; he stole a horse and had to run away."

"Sir, do you know what you are saying?" and he clenched his teeth and eyed Hamlin. Hamlin was a very bold little man—"a little-big-sort-of a-man"—and he supposed the person who was addressing him, to be a gambler and friend to Mr. Wilson, and that he had felt himself insulted by what he had said about Wilson; but, as he hated gamblers, he went not a step out of his way in saying what he knew to be the truth regarding Wilson, and he answered:

"I 'm saying that Samuel Wilson, from H— County, Indiana, is one of the biggest thieves and liars that ever trod shoe-leather."

"Sir, do you know who you are talking to?

"No, neither do I care. If you know Wilson as well as I do, you know he lives by stealing."

"I know he 's a gentleman, sir."

"He 's not. He 's a thief, and one of the littlest, contemptiblest kind of thieves, too."

During this dispute, the others remained quiet, but listened to the two men speaking. At this time little Geordie occupied his favorite position, namely, by Hamlin's side, with one of his hands thrust into Hamlin's pockets.

"Sir, I call upon you to take back your words!" said the gambler to Hamlin.

"Sir, I will not. And what is more, sir, if you take Wilson's part, I shall consider that you are also a thief." The gambler's face reddened with rage. Little Geordie pulled at Hamlin's arm.

"O! come away," said he, "do, Mr. Hamlin."

"Sir, take back your words," said the gambler.

"Sir, I will not. Samuel Wilson is a contemptible thief and liar," said Hamlin, firmly.

"Sir, I again say, take back your words," and the gambler put one hand in his bosom.

"Sir, who are you? Some partner of Wilson's in stealing, hey? Don't tell me to take back my words, sir. You are mistaken in your man this time, I think." Geordie again pulled at Hamlin, and said:

"O! do come away, do." But the gambler then stepped forward, and said to Hamlin:

"You *shall* take back your words." But Hamlin looked him firmly in the face.

"I 'll not do it," said he, "not for you nor any other blackleg," and Hamlin kept his eye upon the gambler, for he knew that a pistol or a bowie-knife—both of which were justifiable by law—was likely to be forthcoming. The crowd seemed to be expecting a collison, for they were not only silent, but stepped a little back. Little Geordie was still pulling at Hamlin, and endeavoring to persuade him away; but, just as Hamlin pronounced the word *blackleg*, the gambler gave a quick turn to the hand in his bosom. Something went "tick," then out came his hand, holding a bright, silver-mounted revolver—it was cocked—it was darted toward Hamlin's breast!

"D—n your heart," the gambler fiercely cried. Geordie shrieked:

"Don't shoot," and made a desperate grab for the pistol—his little hand drew it downward toward his own breast—Hamlin struck at it—the gambler pushed forward, struggled, and drew the trigger—a deafening report followed! Geordie screamed:

"O, heavens! I 'm shot!" and his hand let go the pistol, the other hand was still in Hamlin's pocket, and seemed to cling to him for support, but soon released its hold; he staggered a little between the contending parties, then sank down at their feet!

The crowd scattered a little, then rushed upon the gambler and secured him. Hamlin stooped down, took the bleeding child into his arms and started for the Bush Hotel. Only three or four persons followed. On their way toward the hotel, Geordie struggled

hard for breath, for the blood seemed to be coming into his throat. He was very pale, but shed not a tear. He pressed his arms about Hamlin's neck:

THE ORPHAN HAS FALLEN.

"I expect this is the last time we shall ever be together in this world, Mr. Hamlin!" he said "This is our last *walk* in the streets of San Francisco!" Then he turned his face toward the blood that was flowing from his breast and running down upon Hamlin:

"Mr. Hamlin," said he, "that is Christian blood! It 's pure English! My mates have got such blood as that. But it will soon stop running, and my life, and my wish to see my mates must all stop! I shall never see them in this world—never! Each drop of blood makes me weaker!" Hamlin cautioned him to be quiet, and made all possible haste to the hotel. They soon reached it, but at this time they were both literally covered with blood.

"Geordie is shot!" were the words that flew through the hotel on 'lightning's wings.' The excitement at the hotel became the most intense ever witnessed; for Geordie's sprightliness and brilliant talents during the previous evening had already won him a host of admiring friends, who now crowded forward in breathless anxiety to see the blood gushing from his breast; and not a dry eye remained within the spacious hall. Then came up his devoted friend, Mrs. Hamlin, who seemed to turn to marble—

ay, whiter than snow was the face of that woman when her purple lips pressed upon little Geordie's bloody face! Then her dimply arms clasped the bleeding child to her bosom—long, long their fond embrace continued; but the poor woman's sobs forced tears from every eye.

"It's too close," said Geordie, "I can scarcely breathe, I 'm getting so weak!" Then he was removed to a window and placed upon a bed. Surgeons were sent for in all possible haste. Every one was running and hurrying about the house—some opening windows and doors, some bringing water. Then the surgeons came and examined his wound. The ball had entered near the collar bone, went downward and backward, but yet remained within his chest. The surgeons said that if the bleeding could be stopped there was yet a possibility of his recovering. And after a few minutes' application the blood was stopped. Hopes of his recovery now caused many of the spectators to leave. Geordie was cautioned not to move or to speak, lest the bleeding should again commence. And after awhile the surgeons left, promising to call soon again. Most of the people's tears were now dried up, and they were recovering from the shock. While the surgeons were there, Geordie's clothes had been changed, and he now lay dressed in white, and he too was white—a sad contrast to the child, that rosy, red-cheeked child that sold the newspapers.

Uncle Thomas thought of this, and he thought, too, this is a poor English orphan in a foreign land! Then he noticed Geordie's large eyes often turning toward Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin, and he thought they had a death-like appearance. But Geordie motioned for Mrs. Hamlin to come to him. She was there in a second. He whispered:

"I feel like sleeping! If I go to sleep you must waken me if you think I 'm going to die—I want to see you all before I go!" and he closed his eyes as if asleep. There were but few in the house now, and they were watching by his side. In a low voice Uncle Thomas said:

"Really the horrible crimes of this country make me sick of it. To see such heathenish villains committing such outrages,

disgusts me with the inefficiency of Republicanism. Why, in the great city of London, such a deed as this would enrage half the people of the city; but here it hardly excites the ones who saw it and know of it." Geordie turned his pale face toward the old man:

"If you was a boot-black," said he, "you wouldn't say so." Mrs. Hamlin at once sprang to his side.

"O, Geordie!" said she, "you mustn't speak; you know the Doctor said you mustn't say a single word."

"Well, I won't speak any more, Julia," and he closed his eyes as if at ease, and Julia took her seat. Uncle Thomas made no reply to Geordie, but, in a lower voice, said to Hamlin and Simons:

"I know it 's a very common notion that poor people can't get justice in England, but it 's altogether a mistake. The filthiest beggar in London can sue for justice, and obtain it." Again Geordie turned, but his face was paler than before. "If you had been a beggar," said he, "you wouldn't say so." Again Julia admonished him. and again he promised to remain silent, and closed his eyes as if asleep. But, for all his life was in danger, his hatred toward London, and his forwardness to check anything said in its favor, caused a slight smile to steal over the different persons present. It must be remembered that Geordie and Uncle Thomas often had disputes about the two great countries, and that the boy felt nothing so sensibly as to be beaten in a dispute. Now it is very probable that, while he was thus dozing, he thought the old man was using this incident to prove that England was the better country; and just as a smile rested upon most of their faces, he opened his eyes. The sight of those smiles cut him to the quick. Evidently he mistook them for a triumph of the old man's argument against America. His sleepy mood fled in an instant. That pale face brightened; those large eyes flashed fire and riveted upon the old man; he raised in his bed, and dashed down the sheets:

"Now's the time," said he, "to blow, when you know *I* mustn't speak. This shows your principles, to take advantage of me 'cause I 'm shot. But I *will* speak, I don't care if I do

die, I *will* speak." Mrs. Hamlin and several others endeavored to quiet him, and to induce him to lay down in his bed! though he would not, but continued, each word becoming louder and louder:

"I won't stop, I won't stop. Must I stop and hear him blowing about London and making fun of this country 'cause I got shot? If I'd got killed in London he wouldn't a come near me—I wouldn't a got into a house like I am now at all. Nobody would a knowed anything about it except my own mates."

"O! Geordie, Geordie!" interrupted several others, "do be quiet. He didn't mean to hurt your feelings." But Geordie continued:

"He didn't care about my feelings, or he would not a took the advantage of me. He had no business to be speaking about such things at this time at all. But it's his nature. He's been a rich man once, and been used to crushing poor people, and that's what makes him want to crush me. But he can't do it. *He's not the stuff.* I'm not a beggar now, and *I won't take an insult off no man!* I'm just as good as he is, if I was a boot-black. I'm no boot-black *now, nor I never shall be one again;* neither shall my mates. They are not going to stand in the streets much longer to black boots, and to have rich people making fun of them—*ay, they felt it, they know what it is!*" But the other interrupted:

"O! Geordie, Geordie, do be still, do." But he continued, still louder:

"I won't be still; I won't be still! Let my blood run if it likes! It's Christian blood! It's welcome to run now; I've saved my mates! *They're* not going to be beggars any longer!" and he tossed his hands upward and slapped them with delight. "*They're not to be beggars, and have other folks sticking their noses at 'em any more! They're* not going to wear other folks' stinking clothes! No, no! *thank God! I've saved 'em!*" and he again tossed up his little hands; his eyes turned upward! But he soon relaxed, and, turning his snow-white face upon Julia, he feebly said:

"I feel it here," and he placed his finger upon his breast, "there's something got broke in here, Julia! I think I feel the blood running within my breast," and he quietly laid down on his pillow. In his excitement he had removed the bandage from his wound, and the blood again gushed forth! The surgeons were again sent for in as much haste as possible; spectators again began to crowd into the room; and although every other was weeping, yet little Geordie shed not a tear. His breathing became soft and calm; his blood was flowing fast. The boy turned his face, O! that pale, death-like face! to see the ebbing stream of blood. In faint whispers, he said: "Flow away Christian blood; I 'm willing to die! Only a few minutes and I shall go to see my father and mother.!" Then he looked up to Hamlin and his wife: "You see," said he, smiling, "I 'm going to leave you! I wish I could have stayed longer with you—I love you very much, but I must go! Julia, you mind now what I told you the last night we stayed on the Yuba. I thought that would be the last happy night I 'd ever see in this world. I saw all this then. Those strange things I saw in the skies told me all about it! They came to tell me that I should soon go! And so I am soon going—three or four minutes more, Julia, and I must leave you forever! I want you to remember me when I 'm gone! I 'm getting very weak—I must go. Farewell, Julia! Farewell, Mr. Hamlin! Farewell, Mr. Simons! Farewell, Uncle Thomas! God forgive you, as I do! Farewell to you all! Mr. Hamlin," and Hamlin stooped closer, for his whispers were becoming very faint, "tell Mr. Adams to give the rest of my money to my mates, when they get here; I want you to be sure and tell him. Tell him to tell my mates that I loved them as long as I lived, will you? Tell them I will love them after I 'm gone to Heaven! You will see three rings in my carpet-bag, with their names on a piece of paper for them; Mr. Davis wrote their names for me. O! I remember Capt. Barker, who brought me from London. My God! I never can see him again!" and the poor child's heart seemed to die within him. He remained still a moment.

"I am now going!" he said. "Farewell, farewell!" and he looked round upon them all; his eyes settled upon Julia. "Julia!" he said, and she pressed her lips to his. Then they all stood looking upon him. "Farewell! farewell! farewell!" he said, and his whispers faded away. His eyes slowly clouded, then turned upward—his snow-white face relaxed a little, and—ceased to move! Thus ended as noble and good a child as ever moved among the Christian World.

A small procession moved toward the Mission. They were silent. No one looked upon another. They came to a graveyard. A small coffin was lifted from a carriage and set upon the ground—it contained the body that once bid so fair—it was the mortal remains of a good child, who was slaughtered by the indigence of a government constructed and maintained by political blackguards, who would "drink their own heart's blood" for national glory! who foam with demoniac madness about the ignorance of a different creed or birth! Yes, Geordie was murdered, and now carried to the tomb! Around his grave stood a few friends, to take their final adieu. Then the little coffin was lowered into the narrow, damp grave! Mrs. Hamlin—pale and helpless—stooped over it, to take the last view of the glossy-brown coffin! The clods! O! those hollow-sounding clods, commenced to fall upon it! It was soon hidden, and the weeping friends returned to the city of—murder and lawlessness!

But we can not dwell upon this awful tragedy. We must commence to look after the legally tolerated gentleman who dwelt in this den of political instruction—the gambling saloon. The gentleman who fired the pistol was conducted direct to prison. The story was all told, and he was held in bail for one hundred dollars!! to appear for trial on the day following. Of course, reader, you must know what followed—that the murderer forfeited his bail, and ran away; not exactly *ran away*, but continued to walk about the streets until a boat was ready to leave, then went deliberately on board, and *rode away*. Though we must not condemn the "bailing system" in criminal cases, or else the

newspapers will not speak favorably of our style of writing. Therefore, readers, we leave you to form your own notions upon the said "bailing system." The judge—a very nice little greasy-headed boy—said he thought it was a case of self-defense! and might as well be dismissed.

The bright suns of summer passed away. First, a few dim clouds streaked the clear-blue sky, then thicker they grew, until the whole heavens were darkened. But this was so gradual, that several weeks elapsed from the time that the feather-like clouds first appeared, and were followed by thicker ones. And during this interval, the dryness in the air passed away, and a moist, dense atmosphere set in. The creeks, rivers, springs, etc., swelled, and the dust along the roads disappeared. Beneath the spready oaks in the valleys, the grass sprang forth, and in many places vegetation became pleasing. Such was, and is, the fall of California. Then a light mist began to fall, and in a few days it was called the "wet season."

Standing in the light rain on the wharf, were many people—some hurrying one way, and some the other; some shouting and laughing, some shaking hands and crying; some kissing and separating. Our little party came down, went aboard the steamer, and stood upon its deck. They saw a cannon turned upon its wheels, and a flash of fire dart from it; they heard its deafening roar resounding over the city and wasting upon the distant hills. Then our friends left California; and, reader, so will we.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HARRIET AT SEA.

"WHAT shall I say to my parents? My father is a stern old man; my mother is a tender, affectionate woman. From these I ran away. No; I only acted according to my own wishes and rights. But I have never written—never. That is the most

cruel part of my life. To deprive them of even a knowledge of their only child being still alive! Ah! this is a stain I can never remove. I can justify my conduct for leaving them; but all human considerations condemn me for not having written to them. But, let me see, why did I not write? Alas! I always had a reason until now. O, I remember! It was because I feared they would disapprove of my adventure, and perhaps induce me to abandon my intended. But will this excuse satisfy my father? It is all I have, and it *ought* to satisfy him, and it *must* do it. Though, would it not be advisable for me to first address Simons, and to endeavor to meet him before going home? But his feelings may now be changed. That awful paper I pinned to the willows on the banks of the Yuba! Ah! those were days when heaven's hopeful joys were sunk in the "Slough of Despond," and I, wandering beneath a burden that was heaped upon my weak nature by persons less heedless of love than of the outward forms of piety. But, O! thank Heaven, that time is past, and I once more float upon the current of life. Yet, will not that suicidal attempt lessen my standing among rational beings? Yes, among a few, it will. Cold, brainless creatures, such as Mrs. Ellis and the old maid, will say I was possessed of a devil. Was I? Could I help it? Could any other, under the circumstances? Was it not because my nature was of too weakened and sensitive an organization to bear the unfeeling suspicions and abuses of my fellow-creatures? Then, who dares to cast a reproach upon the desponding spirit that made me willing to quit the world forever? Ah! where does the demon spirit live, when people are so regardless of the troubles that weigh upon the less brutal minds? though it is now all past, and I am once more a rational being. But will this satisfy Simons? He may not have experienced any severe trouble; and, if so, he will perhaps view things in a very different light from this. Why do I fear that Simons may not yet love me? Why does this impression come so often through my mind now? Is it possible my love for him is diminishing? Can it be that my confidence rests in another? Parker! Ah! has not Parker noticed me trembling and agitated when he jokes so freely upon

love matters? Ah! he knows his power over me. But, thank Heaven! a few days more and we shall be in New York. O! the sea, the sea, when will our ship reach the city? These heavy, squashy waves, how they roll and crash! This noisy, puffy steamer, how she jars my head, how her greasy-smoky filth sickens my life at sea! O! put me upon land again, and, who wish, can go upon the ocean for me!"

"New York at last!" said Harriet. "Ah! how strangely sound these rumbling carts and omnibuses after leaving the sea! As if my tedious hours on the briny deep had all been a tiresome dream. Hark! O! that church-bell! How strange it seems! As if each stroke and dying tone fell upon the despairing moan of some of the prattling children with whom I once played and loved! Ah! how shall I find those little ones now?—living? O! that I could be sure they live! and hope that in a few days I should rush upon them all to love them as we all loved in days of yore! O! fly, lingering moments, I can not live, waiting upon your movements. To-morrow I shall hear from home; but will my father and mother pardon my conduct, and receive me back?"

"Ah!" said Parker, in a hotel alone, "her affections are still bestowed upon Simons. But my services toward her have completely overcome her resolutions, and she must be mine if I but say it. Then, shall I? I know she has long feared I would insist upon it. But if she loves him, she might not be happy with me; and in course of time, her obligations to me would wear away; and then a man might as well be with the devil as to be with an unhappy woman. If she is robust and coarse in her feelings, an unhappy woman will devil the life out of any man; but if she is tender and delicate she 'll *wear* out her own life. Well, well, 'what 's to be done? what 's to be done?' I have a fortune, but it gives me little satisfaction by day, and none at night. I think I would rather have a wife. O, I have it; I 'll 'swop!' Hark! some one is stopping at the door. I 'll see," and he opened it, and was met by the post-boy, who said:

"Is your name Elias Parker?"

"It is."

"Here 's a letter for you, sir; five cents, if you please, sir—cold day, sir."

"Letter for me! Who the devil is writing to me? Here 's your five cents, sir."

"Thank 'ee sir," and away went the post-boy.

"What!" said Parker to himself, "do my eyes deceive me? It *is* her handwriting! But how did she know I now lived under the name of Elias Parker? I 'll see; her husband is dead, I expect," and he broke the seal and read:

"DEAR, DEAR ELIAS:—"You can not conceive what I have undergone to meet you. I have no doubt but you have long since believed me to be married; but I am happy to state I have yet warded off their endeavors, and yet remain single. Your feelings may have changed ere this; if so, my happiest thoughts are yet in asking heaven's blessings to smile upon you. Pray keep me not in suspense, for I shall not rest until I have learned your wishes.

"Ever the same,

"JOSEPHINE."

Good Heaven! can this be? For six long years have I been ignorant of her true history. 'Can not rest until she learns my wishes.' And she shall learn as quick as steam and horse-flesh can fly," and up and away went Mr. Parker.

"I can not conceive," said Harriet, "why Parker left me so suddenly? not even promising to accompany me to Cincinnati. I never knew Parker to act so mysteriously before. But why need I care? am I not really anxious to be away from him? Have I not been fearing for many weeks that he might claim my hand? Hark! some one is calling!" The door opened, and in came the post-boy.

"Is your name Mary Sparks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Letter for you; cold day, Miss," and out went the post-boy. Nervously indeed did Harriet break that seal, and read:

"DEAR DAUGHTER:

"Your long letter has been received, read, and re-read, until it is nearly worn out by reading. We had long ago mourned your death! And when your letter came, your dear mother could hardly withstand the joyous news. You ask us to pardon your conduct, and to, receive you back. Dear child, what a foolish sentence! Don't know the old Dr.'s heart, eh? Now come, dear child, come as quick as you can; for your father's heart is nearly breaking to receive you. Come, dear, dear child; I can't write more—I am too full! Lose not a moment; oh! come! my dear, dear child.

"Your heart-broken FATHER.

"P. S. I am sorry to add that your intended, Nathan Simons, has not yet returned, as you seemed to think."

"O! can that be?" said Harriet to herself; "that Simons has not yet returned? Did not Mrs. Joicet, who is pure as the angels in heaven, tell me that he had returned? Mystery of mysteries! thy eternal plots continue to baffle my endeavors wherever I move. What can it mean, what can it mean? 'Has not yet returned, as you seemed to think!' Ah! then I am back again worse than I started. Silly girl that I was, to have gone through all this! But why don't Parker return? It is now two days since he left. My father is already looking for me, and I can not yet leave New York. O! what shall I do, what shall I do? Must I not wait for Parker, who has treated me with so much kindness? For the sake of meeting my parents, must I be so cruel as to fly away from him, my best friend? Never, never! Whatever my grief is, I shall bear it, in order to comfort him. I shall wait."

Harriet did not wait long. Parker's mysterious disappearance began to give her some unhappy reflections. She had noticed during the voyage homeward, that Parker had evidently

experienced a due sense of the guilty life he had been living, and probably formed a resolution to lead a moral one hereafter. And when Harriet thought of this, she feared that his own remorse might make him feel too bad to venture into the presence of any of his acquaintances; therefore, she feared that he had been seized with a fit of despondency, and purposely deserted her. And when Harriet thought of this, she regretted very much that she did not give him more encouragement as to his future prospects; for she now felt that she must have had some attachment to him. His absence had never before given her the same sadness and depression as now. But she waited only a few days—she could remain away from her father's home no longer. She packed her trunk and started for her native city.

For some time previous to her departure from California, there had been a good deal of talk about the Australian gold diggings, and many people had left for that distant isle. As Harriet went on her way from New York to Cincinnati, this fact for the first time came into her mind, and she now thought Simons had gone to that country. She remembered that he had been unfortunate in gold getting, and she knew that he believed her to be no longer living; and, under such circumstances, she felt confident that he had gone to Australia, perhaps left America forever. The more she reasoned upon that supposition, the more reasonable it seemed, and she finally believed it was the true conjecture; one that seemed to darken the whole world before her. Then she remembered the glowing spirit with which she first set out to overtake him; then the many hardships she had passed through—the bleak, wild plains over which she had so long journeyed, and her hazardous life among the politicians and gamblers of California; and, while she remembered that all of this had only brought her into deeper disappointment and wretchedness than if she had remained dormant, she felt a renewed despondency that seemed to cause her heart to die within her. And as the rumbling cars rolled onward, she said to herself:

"Ah! unfortunate Mary, would that thou hadst been born devoid of love! Such feelings as thine can never meet their reciprocity on earth, never! That blank within thy silent

thoughts can never be filled by its desired companion—it must remain an eternal vacuum, vainly hoping! Ah! Mary, thy doom is forever sealed, and thy oft-cherished hopes must sink to rise no more! Then speed on, rumbling cars, let Mary's tears fall upon her father's cheek; let her arms once more encircle his neck; let the sobs so long concealed burst forth! Roll on, rumbling cars, and let Mary's last earthly tears fall within the home that once cast the dart of tyranny so cruelly at her most sacred wish; where she is willing to cry her last cry, and sink—not because of her own courage failing, but because fate has forever separated her from the only one she really loves—let her sink down and die despondent, because she has combated the world and been overburdened with the grief and sorrow that has resulted from her sad disappointments. Roll on, rumbling cars, each moment is severing the link of Mary's only tie to earth; let her hastily fall into her father's arms; lest the chord of life is broken, and her mortal joys forever sealed!"

The heavens were clouded over, the cold wintery winds were howling and whistling. The setting sun was hidden behind the freezing mist, the cars continued to roll over the icy track. Within their closed doors sat Miss Mary Sparks—returning to her native city, to her father's home, after one of the most extraordinary adventures that a young lady ever accomplished. Mary was not so fresh and healthy as when she left home—more pale and sad. She sat close to the window when the cars drew near Cincinnati; and while she sat thus looking out, she recognized houses and trees which she had forgotten during her absence, but which now seemed so familiar that a confusion of ideas caused her to quiver and dread the meeting of her friends and relatives. But these familiar sights soon caused a dimness to intercept her vision; and, while she kept her face turned away from the view of the other passengers, she endeavored to suppress her snuffling, and to dry up her tears; but the same cars that ran too slow before, were now running too fast, and Mary saw that she was going to be carried right up to the station before she could possibly get her face in a condition fit to be seen. But, on the cars went, not stopping to ring the bell or anything else; and Mary

found her face to be getting worse, for, as she peered through the window, heavy showers of tears continued to burst forth, and her snuffling, too, was becoming worse. She ardently hoped that nobody would be at the station except her father and mother; but she feared she might meet many of her old acquaintances, and she did not wish to manifest her feelings before a public crowd, as she feared she would be under the necessity of doing, if her people were present. On they went; but they soon decreased their speed—slower and slower they moved—they entered the station—a slight jar—the cars stopped!

Mary rose and walked to the door. There was a vast crowd—nobody noticed Mary's tears as she gazed over the people to see if she could discover her father among the crowd. Once or twice she thought she heard some one calling her name! She beheld some one pushing his way toward her! Then she felt an involuntary power drawing her toward him—but, further than that, poor Mary knew not the scene that followed! There was a pushing and talking—and then a rumbling of cabs—and strange hands resting upon her forehead—lips that pressed to hers! Mary could not notice all that was going on! Then they entered a house, and she was laid on a sofa. She looked about the room; there was an old clock, a portrait of her grandfather, and a piano, but they all seemed like a dream; and the poor girl tried hard to awaken from the burdensome sleep; and, while she was thus struggling, she felt lips often pressing to hers, and something seemed to be dropping upon her face! Poor Mary came near never awaking!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

We shall not endeavor to lengthen our story by detailing the common experience of Simons and his party from San Francisco to New York and Cincinnati, for every one is aware of the trifling incidents that are known on that journey, which, when the

passage is favorable, contains nothing remarkable. It was owing to this that we made no remarks about Harriet's voyage, for we are well aware that the sooner we bring the parties into the field of action, the sooner will the reader's anxiety be settled. Three days (in the evening it was) after Mary's arrival, Simons and his party reached Cincinnati and put up at the B—— hotel. What had been his feelings regarding Mary, after having an interview with Mrs. Case in San Francisco, where he learned about Parker having made her some valuable presents, beside having given her money, and then finally accompanying her home, can readily be imagined unfavorable to his having anything more to do with her. His sister often advised him to have a fair investigation of Mary's side of the story, before he did abandon her; but to this advice he entertained no very friendly feelings, and seemed anxious to banish even what favorable views his sister could suggest. But after reaching Cincinnati, he still felt some anxiety to learn the particulars of her life before pronouncing his sentence against her, although he expected to hear of her marriage to Parker, if not to hear of her living a still worse life, without having been married. Yes, Simons expected this: he was partially prepared to hear anything terrible, and he resolved to know all the particulars before another day passed. As soon as they reached the hotel and secured their luggage and rooms properly, Simons accompanied his sister into the ladies' parlor, determined to counsel upon the best manner of carrying out "to-morrow's investigation." Here they schemed and planned until late bedtime, when Simons left and took a stroll down into the reading-room. He drew his chair close to the stove and commenced to read a paper; but just as he commenced, he heard two young men, who were sitting close by his side, conversing with a low voice as follows:

"Yes," said one, "but it looks strange that she should come home dressed in such a style."

"Perhaps she's made a fortune," said the other. "Women get big wages in California."

"Pshaw! she hadn't money enough to get home with."

"Perhaps she laid her money out for clothes. Women are very foolish, you know, about dressing. But how did she get home without money?"

"Ah! there it *is*. That 's what I want to know—that 's what everybody wants to know; but that 's what nobody does know."

"Why, I thought, a little while ago, you were intending to bestow that big heart of yours upon her."

"No, sir; that big heart has a higher object in view—at least until more is known about her life in California. But I can tell you one thing—she told Wakefield's girls and Martha Davidson that a young man furnished her with money enough to come home on, and that she received all her fine things from him."

"And didn't he come home with her?"

"No, not a bit of it. I expect he 's some rich pup that 's been keeping her, and taking care of her until he got her to New York; and then, for fear his friends would find him out, he 's given her the slip."

"But where does *she* say he went? or does she give any plausible account of herself?"

"Certainly; she acknowledged to Wakefield's girls that he ran away from her in New York: she waited several days on him, and he didn't come at all."

"I think she 's very foolish for telling of it—very foolish indeed. Why, no other ladies will associate with her."

"Well, I don't know; but I know that Wakefield's girls and Miss Davidson won't have anything more to do with her."

"Ah! that 'll hurt the old Dr.—he 's an awful proud man But why the deuce didn't she hold her tongue about these things? I think she 's been very foolish."

"O! you see, I know how that came out. You see, on the day after she came back, Wakefield's girls paid her a visit. Well, you know Becky is very smart about finding out people's characters: well, among other things, she gave Mary Sparks a great deal of praise about her fine dresses and jewelry, and finally asked her the price; and, before she thought, she said they didn't cost her anything—that they were given to her."

"Hoh-ho-o-o-o! well she must be a silly thing—a disgrace to the old doctor. That 'll bring him down a little, I guess. But, hang it all, I don't see any use in a fellow being so very particular; it 's a real lottery, getting a wife is. One never knows until they have tried a woman, whether she 's going to be good for anything. If Mary is as pretty as she was before she went away she 'll soon pick up some greenhorn, I 'll warrant."

"A pretty character indeed for one of the first ladies of the city," Simons thought, as he retired to his room, where he should be prepared to contemplate upon the gloomy indications of his future days. On his bed, half-sitting, half-lying, he gazed at the little coal fire, the remaining pile gradually sinking beneath the grate, and said to himself:

"Consuming and sinking before the merciless element, like the highest aims of man before the continued series of ill-fortunes that surround his every bold attempt to rise and claim the mite of happiness to which all others are entitled, sinking him continually deeper in the sea of despair. Where now are my hopes? when every struggle I have made, or do make, is continually met by a still more wretched and hideous opponent. Where now remains a single atom to which hope can cling? when I can so plainly see that it is impossible and unwise for me to indulge any further whims about her virtues. Alas! no hope can, *does* remain. *Her* doom is sealed. *My* doom is—what? Sealed also? No, *no*, NO! *I* can banish these troubles. I *will* banish *her* from my mind. She has proved herself *unworthy* of me. She is unfit to be seen. *She!* Mary Sparks! Dr. Sparks' GIRL! Fool that I was to have troubled my head about such a girl *thing!* What is she? What was she, and what is she going to be? Ha, ha, ha, ha! what a fool I've been! O well, well, well! I don't feel much like sleep to-night. Strange, too; I have not slept any since I reached New York. Four nights this, and not slept a wink; I will lie down and compose myself to sleep." And after removing his clothes, he spread himself at full length on the bed, muttering to himself:

"This pillow seems very hard to my head. Ah! well, well,

I 'll go to sleep. If Mary had lived a virtuous life now, she might soon be sleeping by my side. Away! disgusting thought! She! Shame to my poetical notions of woman! How hot this pillow seems! I 'll get up and light a candle. Sitting awhile in the air will make me sleep." And he arose and took a seat, saying to himself: "Here 's a newspaper, I 'll read a little, to compose my mind for sleeping. Halloo! what 's this, 'Wilson and Moody have just received a new assortment of hair and woolen mattresses.' 'Barter and cash store.' O well, well, well. What 's this? 'Ball's daguerreotypes, cheapest and best in the city.' 'New hats on Fifth street.' 'Clocks and watches repaired.' 'Ladies and gentlemen's kid gloves.' 'Lecture at the Melodeon on Spiritualism.' God knows *I* don't want anything more to do with spirits. 'Shawls and bonnets.' 'Railroad agency,' etc., etc. That 's a miserable candle. Well, there 's nothing new in the paper. I 'll blow out the light and go to rest." And again the poor fellow entered his bed, saying, "Sleep alone, alone! Shall it *always* be so? Whence this longing within me to clasp something to my bosom? Why so desponding my whole nature when this vacuum seems likely never to be filled? Can the mere clasping and dangling of these arms about a woman be the only mysteries that cause my dejection and trouble? or is there not a reciprocal soul-confiding intelligence which wishes its inclining position braced and supported by another, that the twain may make a heaven-like pyramid, guarded and protected by their unity against the sorrows and ills of life, from which the single is receiving continual torture? Can there be within woman's nature that tenderness and comfort adapted to this seeming vacuum within my lonesome reflections, which so ardently craves her presence as the only one upon whom it can relax from care and trouble? Mysteries, mysteries, world of trouble and mysteries! I can not solve the cause of this reciprocal longing unless thou hast really constructed a better half!" Poor Simons, you had a tedious night; but we must leave you, and go over to Dr. Sparks' to-morrow morning, about the time you are thinking of eating your breakfast.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"MARY," said Mrs. Sparks to her daughter, "there's a gentleman at the door. He wishes to see you." Mary arose and walked to the door.

"O, Mr. Parker!" she said, "I'm so glad to see you. Come in," and she took his hand and led him in, and introduced him to her father and mother.

"Well," said the old Dr., after the excitement quieted a little, "well, Mr. Parker, I'm under a thousand obligations to you for your attentions to my little girl, and to whatever expense she has been, no matter what, I am ready to cash your demands at the shortest notice."

"Thank you, Dr.," said Parker, "but would you not be willing for her to settle her own accounts." Mary blushed and turned pale, then quivered.

The Dr. drew down his spectacles and said:

"I fear if you depend upon her for a paymaster, 'you'll come out at the little end of the horn.' She hasn't a dime in the world; but if you will wait long enough, she'll have all I have some day." Parker laughed, and seemed to think seriously.

"Well, never mind it, Dr.," said he, "if you will have the patience to wait until I make out a bill, I shall be greatly obliged."

"Certainly; I'm never in a hurry when the money is going out instead of coming in. But tell me about how soon to look for your account, so I can have the cash on hand. Don't put it off too long."

"I will make out my bill, Dr., in about nine hundred and fifty years!" The Dr. took a hearty laugh.

"Ah!" said he, "I think I understand," and immediately departed to look after his patients.

"That was pretty of you, Miss Lindsey, I would say, Miss Sparks, to run away from me at New York," said Parker. Mary endeavored to banish her excitement by answering:

"I was very sorry you ran away from me. I could not think what had become of you; and then, when I received a letter from home, I could not possibly wait any longer."

"I knew you would be anxious to meet your people, particularly Mr. Simons." Again Mary blushed a little, and replied:

"He has not yet returned."

"Not returned! Simons not returned?"

"No, it seems not."

"But those women in Sacramento said he had left for the States."

"Perhaps he went to some other part of the country."

"No, I 'll tell you what I think. He has accompanied his sister to her residence, which is, perhaps, in some of the other States."

"I never thought of that before."

"Ah! that 's it. You know he heard you were dead, and he has been glad of an opportunity to go where he can forget you. Yes, I 'm sure that 's it." Mary made no reply, but turned even paler than before. This supposition seemed a plausible one. Doubtless Parker noticed it; and, after a minute's silence, he changed the subject.

"Now, Miss Sparks," said he, "banish your troubles. Come, give me a tune on the piano. You know you have long promised me you would. Come." Mary arose and asked Parker to accompany her into the parlor, but whether she thought of his anxiety to be excluded from the presence of her mother, is very doubtful.

"What shall I play, Mr. Parker?" she asked, as she took her seat beside the piano.

"'Home, Sweet, Sweet Home,' Miss Sparks, if you please," and he drew his chair close by. Mary was just in a melancholy mood enough to play and sing such a piece. Her taste for music was excellent, and she played exceedingly well, but she was only a moderate vocalist. But on the present occasion she sang so touchingly, and manifested so much sacredness of feeling, that if *Apollo-Belvidere* had been present, he would have turned into a living creature to have heard her voice. Note after note she

continued, each, if possible, becoming more and more affecting, until the last solemn word, HOME, was left fading on the dying tones of the piano. Parker continued to look upon Mary. The sound of the piano entirely faded away. All was still as the house of death. Mary sat motionless. Calmly, and with a soft and tender voice, Parker broke the spell.

"'Sweet, sweet Home!' wilt thou make one with me?" Never sat a marble figure so still and death-like as then did poor Mary! Larger tear-drops than had ever before flowed, now rolled down her pale cheeks. But O, so silent! At last her eyes turned upon Parker. He was in tears! Involuntarily her pale, trembling hand slowly placed itself within his! He pressed it to his lips, then rose, and started to the door; but, halting a second, returned, and pressed his lips upon her forehead.

"Be happy, dear Mary," he said, then turned and departed.

"'Tis done at last!" Mary cried, and throwing herself into an arm-chair, swooned away! How long she lay in this trance she never knew; though after awhile, she fancied herself dreaming about little Sporty. She thought she heard him barking and scratching. But, after making several attempts to arouse from her annoying dream, she finally awoke; though the same barking and scratching continued. It was at the door. She arose and opened the door.

"O! Sporty! Sporty!" she exclaimed, and the little dog leaped into her arms!

"O! Sporty! Sporty, tell me, how came you here? Make your tongue and lips speak; for heaven's sake, Sporty, speak to me. Tell me how you came? O! do, Sporty! Did the 'fat man' bring you? O heavens! how can I live? If there is a God in heaven, why am I not comforted? O, heavens!" Mary wept and caressed the dog for a long time; but Sporty finally began to weary of his visit, and show signs of going somewhere else. An idea struck Mary! She seized her bonnet!

"Go, Sporty," she said, "I'll follow you," and, as if he understood her, he leaped away, followed by his mistress, who said to herself:

"Perhaps the 'fat man' can yet give me some information. Ah! but why now? I have given my hand and heart? to another!" and a great weakness nearly overcame her; however, she continued to follow little Sporty, and Sporty made a meandering course for the B—Hotel. But Mary knew not who was there!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"No, Simons, do not be hasty; but by all means learn all the particulars before you conclude to abandon her—do, now do, for goodness' sake do not be hasty," said Mrs. Hamlin to her brother, on the morning after the troublesome night of which we have given a sketch. At this time we have them alone in the ladies' parlor—in the hotel, at a window looking toward the street. Simons had been giving his sister an account of the conversation he heard on the evening previous, between the young men in the reading-room, and, also, of his determination to leave the city and accompany them to their home in Indiana. But Julia had long endeavored to persuade him to call upon Mary Sparks, to see if a satisfactory explanation could not be given; though, to this, he was so firmly opposed that, even her kind words seemed the more fully to prejudice him against the lady he once esteemed so highly. While in this dejected, counseling mood, some one down stairs, for the ladies' parlor was on the second floor, called out:

"Take the first door to the right, at the head of the stairs." That would lead to the ladies' parlor, where they were sitting. The words had been spoken to some one evidently coming up the stairs. Simons and his sister, supposing some traveling lady about to enter, endeavored to brighten up their faces and forget the subject of their conversation. The voice down stairs had scarcely ceased when foot-falls were heard at the door. Without rapping, the unlatched door was pushed open. Mary Sparks and little Sporty entered! Simons sat motionless. Mary balanced a moment, startled, then flew toward him, and tried to

cling to him, but her strength gave way, and she sank fainting at his feet! Simons coldly raised her, walked to another seat, and still looked upon her. Julia at once knew who the lady must be, and endeavored to reconcile them.

"O! Simons, brother, do not desert her!" and she arose and assisted the helpless girl into a seat. Mary turned her face, her death-like face, gave one despairing, long look upon Simons, and her eyes closed! In her excitement, those brown curls were disheveled, and now spread heedlessly over her face, which, in her pale and despairing appearance, rendered her one of the most pitiful objects that mortal ever looked upon. But what added still more to her lamentable appearance was, the hurried and difficult manner in which she breathed—as though her breaking heart was about to leap from her bosom. Simons' eye glanced over her fine dress and jewelry, but soon his attention became fixed upon the lady herself—evidently, he had resolved to abandon her! The sympathizing Julia leaned over the helpless girl, and wiped her tears away, encouraging each strengthening breath, by a gentle touch of her sensitive hand, and cherishing every increasing pulse by soothing whispers. Moment after moment passed, and yet the scene abated not its tenor, except to become more touching, as poor Mary returned to life. Slowly arousing from her faintness, her eyes again rested upon Simons, but they were dilated and wild; and more than ever, she seemed to despair under the terror-striking thought of being abandoned. Julia stroked back her hair, and adjusted her clothes. In this lamentable condition, no one was able to break the silence, and only the excited, looking from one to the other, or struggling to suppress their agitation, seemed to be their desire. Once, twice, and again did poor Mary attempt to speak, but each effort was overcome by her violent pulsations, and still left her despairing gaze riveted upon the cold object of her love. At last her voice returned:

"O! Simons! how can you?" she said, but again her emotions overcame her, and she hid her face.

"Simons," said Julia, "do speak to her—do. Why do you not?" Then Mary attempted to rise, and advanced to him.

"Simons, dear," she said, "how can you treat me thus?" and as her tears began to flow more easily, her composure continued to return. Simons yet made no reply, and Julia again seated herself beside Mary.

"What have I done," said Mary, after a minute's silence, "that you should desert me? Do speak to me, for I am wretched! O! I am wretched!" and again she hid her face; but now wept aloud.

"Come, Simons, and talk to her," said Julia, who was now also weeping. Simons still continued to look upon Mary with as much indifference as a surgeon could upon a subject. Again, Mary dropped her hands, and endeavored to command her self-possession.

"O! Simons," she said, "how can you make me thus wretched? Are you devoid of the love and honor which I have so long believed to be your incentives to action? O! pardon me, for I can no longer restrain from uttering my affection. Come! do let me enjoy the meeting with you in that affectionate embrace of which I have been so long dreaming! Come! Simons," and she rushed upon him, and entwined her arms about his neck; but he struggled, unloosed her hold, and, as if offended with her liberties, withdrew to another seat. Mary tossed up her hands, and exclaimed:

"O! Heaven! how can I bear this? Have all my tedious struggles been for one who never loved me? O! I am wretched! I am miserable!"

"No, Mary," said Simons, "I once loved you—and only convince me that you are still the same, and my heart is ever yours." Julia now arose and left the room, for she was anxious to stand outside the door, as a sentinel against anybody else entering.

"Tell me, Simons," said Mary, "how I can convince you? Do I not declare it? Is not my long search after you, any evidence?"

"Then tell me, Mary, what are your obligations to Parker? Whence all this silk and jewelry?"

"O, Simons! forgive me, for all this has been brought about by my anxiety to meet you. Believe me, Simons, receiv-

words as truth, for I feel that I have nearly said all I can. My story is too long to explain it all to you now; but believe me, nothing have I done, except to try to fly to your arms. Pardon me, for I can not hold out much longer. Now, Simons, dear, keep me in suspense no longer. Acknowledge me as yours forever, and let me enjoy the happiness for which I have always prayed to rest upon you. Receive me, Simons!" and she again approached him, but again he withdrew, though he made no reply.

"O, Simons! how can you treat me with this cold indifference? Do I deserve the punishment which you are so thoughtlessly heaping upon me? Have you no longer any disposition to banish the suspicions or stories which might have fallen upon me, and to receive my own declaration made before high Heaven? What can I say more? Do you not yet love me? and am I to remain miserable and disappointed, after having nearly exhausted my life for you? No, Simons, I know you love me!" and again she rushed upon him, and endeavored to clasp her arms about him, but again he released her hold and strode firmly toward the door.

"No, Mary," he said, "let me go—I shall leave you."

As if pierced to the heart, poor Mary gave a hurried sigh, but instantly lowered her voice into that deathlike solemnity witnessed only upon the last resort, and, holding to his arm, said:

"Simons, dearest and most sacred to me of all upon earth, if you leave me now, it shall be forever! I can not do or say more to convince you of my virtue and love. Hear me, then, for the last time. You, and you alone, are all that binds me to earth. Because I have loved you, I have struggled more than ever woman before struggled to meet man. For three long years we have been mutually pledged, and for nearly two have I been seeking to have our pledge consummated. Over the long, wild Plains I followed you, because I loved you. Upon the same open prairies where you roamed—upon the same lofty mountains where your eyes gazed—in the same cold rains where your feet were freezing—in the same fierce winds where your face was pierced with cold—through the same broiling suns where your head

ached with fever—over the same burning sands where you nearly languished and died with thirst and fatigue—ay, upon and through all of these, where your very life seemed as a burden, I too have experienced, struggled, and passed, because I loved you. And after a long, long search for you, when I believed you were no longer living, the whole world lost all its attractions, and my own existence became a burden: then everything became darkened before me, and when I thought you had gone to heaven, I resolved to follow. Then when I again learned of your living, the world brightened before me, and Heaven only knew my thanks for still being alive, and with still a prospect of meeting you. And when I learned that you had returned to the States, I could not refuse Parker's offer to restore me to my parents, for then I expected to meet you. And now this last time, and the only time I may ever see you, I only plead for you because I love you. Pardon me for saying so, for if you leave me now, it shall be forever! If you leave me now, you are taking from me all the happiness that earth can give. You will be making a blank that no mortal can ever fill. I have now done all that woman can. If you do not love me now, my soul shall wing its way to heaven!" and her pale-white hand pointed toward the Redeemer's throne. "Simons, you—or Him! My heart knows or seeks no other—nor shall it ever!" and as if in a last fond embrace, she pressed her face into his bosom. He stooped, pressed his lips to her forehead, her heart to his, and granted her wishes.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

After Simons and Mary became a little composed, Mrs. Hamlin returned into the parlor, received an introduction to Mary, and was told of their compromise. Shortly after this, Hamlin and Uncle Thomas were introduced to the intended bride; but we cannot stop to relate their words, blessings, or anything connected with this acquaintance. Suffice it, as soon as they were reconciled to each o[illegible]eral exterior appear-

ance, Simons and Mary, with indescribable faces and feelings, started back to Dr. Sparks'. Just as they reached his door they were met by the veritable old gentleman himself.

"Halloo! Simons," said he, "have you, too, returned from California? How are you?" and seizing his hand, well nigh shook it off. A few social remarks were then passed, Mary still holding upon Simons' arm.

"Well, Simons, my boy," the doctor continued, after a little while, "I have never so heartily repented of anything in my life as that I denied you my daughter. You cannot conceive the punishment that that inhuman deed has so long cast upon me. I never thought so much about it until you were both out of my reach. But, tell me, is it still your wish to take Mary from me?"

"It is, Doctor."

"And what do you say, my girl? want to leave your poor old father and marry Simons?"

"Father, you know my wishes."

"Mary, my dear child, it is because I do not want you to leave me that I cannot muster courage sufficient to consent to your wishes; but —" and the old Doctor's voice stopped, his eyes moistened a little, and, without saying anything more, he took one long, affectionate look at his daughter, and placed her hand into Simons', saying:

"May God's blessings fall upon you both." They then entered the house and received the well wishes of the old lady, Mrs. Sparks. For some time their conversation was rather a dull drag, but finally they all came to, and became more easy and familiar. So far, we have not mentioned anything about Mary's troublesome reflections of now being engaged to Simons and Parker. She had not even yet dared to name it to Simons, but her thoughts upon it began to cause an absent-mindedness that she was sure Simons was beginning to notice. She had heard of duels, and knew that they frequently occurred between lovers; but she could not bear the idea of having a difficulty of that nature causing either of the young men to suffer. Over and over she pondered upon its probable fate; yet she could see no

favorable means by which she could appease the coming storm. But one fact seemed quite feasible, that was, that Parker might relinquish his claim upon her by informing him that she preferred Simons. And upon this position she began to direct her thoughts, to view the most favorable light in which she could handle the question. One thing soon appeared very evident as an indispensable preliminary, that she must inform Simons of the full particulars; and, accordingly, she had not been long in her father and mother's presence, until she asked Simons to accompany her into another room. O! how cold that room was, without any fire—in the winter, too. Mary thought of that, but she had more important business on hand than to apologize for fires. It must be remembered that this occurred in the forenoon of the same day on which she had given her hand to Parker; also, that as he had left her in a gloomy mood, there was no knowing at what moment he might return. Scarcely had Mary and Simons been seated, when Mrs. Sparks rapped at the door and told Mary that there were a gentleman and lady wishing to see her. Mary said she wished to be excused; and, at that, the old lady turned away; but in a moment after she again called Mary. Mary then left Simons in the cold room, promising to return in a minute, and hurried out to see who were wishing to see her, but not without thinking that very probably the gentleman was Mr. Parker. And so it chanced to be. Mary had scarcely closed the door between her and Simons when Parker met her.

"Miss Sparks," he said, and he took her hand and pressed it warmly, then turning toward the young lady who had come with him, he said: "Excuse me, but I must introduce you ladies to each other—Miss Sparks, Miss Wardle." The two ladies approached and shook each other's hands. Neither of these ladies had ever heard of the other, and with what strange feelings they pondered upon such an unceremonious introduction can scarcely be conceived. While they were yet shaking hands, Parker said to Mary:

"I wish to speak to you two, privately, if you please." Both the young ladies startled, and evinced surprise and confusion. Poor Mary felt a powerful *soubresaut* going on in her mental

regions; but she immediately conducted Parker and Miss Wardle into another room. Parker made himself quite at home, and placed seats for both the young ladies, then took one himself.

"Miss Wardle," said he, "this young lady is just from California. I became acquainted with her there, and have been somewhat acquainted with her hardships and troubles. It is not possible for me to relate all her life, nor even mine; but, considering myself abandoned, and living under another name, and being altogether an outcast, without a single friend in the world, I found in her company the solace similar to that which I had so long believed myself deprived of. I cherished my feelings toward her, and she soon became the only person in whom I found the least sympathy and encouragement to morality. This finally grew into a tender affection, even love!" Miss Wardle turned pale, Mary held down her head, but Parker coolly continued:

"This attachment had not continued long, until I believed her the only one on earth who could ever make me happy. I knew she *had been* engaged to another, but I resolved to act the part of an honest man, and to permit her to choose which of the two she wished. After awhile, I perceived I had a great influence over her, and I could not but feel like making her mine. I then furnished her the means to come home on; and, on arriving in this city, I learned that her intended had not yet returned from California. Knowing her feelings were a little prejudiced in my favor, and judging that she now entirely despaired of ever meeting her real intended, I asked her this morning, and obtained an acknowledgment of her hand and heart." Miss Wardle trembled like a leaf; Harriet still hung down her head, but Parker again said:

"Miss Sparks, when I was in California, I told you about having once been engaged to a young lady of great perfections, who was married, by force, to another man. This is the lady—Miss Wardle. She has never been married. It was a deception played upon me by her guardians—a trick whereby they sought to obtain another young man's money; though he didn't love her well enough to bail her guardians for his own ruin, as I did, and they didn't get his money. But, when they moved away, I

was not at home, and they assumed the responsibility to publish to the world that she had married another, so as to prevent me from following them; beside, I knew they were 'broke;' and I wrote this lady an abusive letter, the most outrageous threat that a man ever wrote, for I wanted to punish her for her conduct. After I wrote that letter, considering that she might fear I should put my threats into execution, and that, to make herself safe, she might have me severely punished, I immediately changed my name and ran away. Consequently, I never heard from her any more. Not very long after this I went to California, and arrived just as you met me in Sacramento. Now then, since we have returned, and while we were in New York, I received a letter from this lady, and that was the cause of my going away from you without giving you any explanation of my absence. Well, then, Miss Sparks, when I met this lady, I found that her attachment had led her to live in hope of some day meeting me, and that she still insisted upon our old engagement. Now, ladies, I have the consent of you both! I can not marry but one!"

A dead silence ensued. Parker looked upon both very differently. Mary was too full to speak, but kept pinching hard upon her handkerchief. Miss Wardle pressed her hand upon her heart, and seemed ready to die with suspense.

"You do not understand me," Parker continued; "you can not perceive how I became engaged to you both. Well, I will tell you. After I left you, Miss Sparks, in New York, I went in search of Miss Wardle, as she requested. Now, then, she had heard, by way of some of the passengers, that I was going on to Cincinnati; and she immediately packed her things and started here. Well, when I arrived in her village, where she had been living, I ascertained that she had very unceremoniously left, not telling anybody that she was coming to Cincinnati. Consequently, I made all the inquiry that I possibly could, and then finally concluded she had only been playing me a trick, by writing me the letter that I received in New York. I felt the wound severely. I started direct to this city, determined that, if Simons' claim on you could not prevent it, I

would solicit your hand at once, and thus end my reflections upon Miss Wardle forever. I arrived here this morning, and obtained your hand. I was happy. On my way down to the river, after leaving here, I met Miss Wardle! and I now find her attachment the same—still anxious to hold me to my old promise. Now then, what am I to do, ladies?" Parker demanded with considerable coolness. Still the same silence was observed.

"I can not marry you both, ladies!" said Parker. Neither spoke; and low sobs occasionally escaped Miss Wardle. "What shall I do, ladies?" but no answer followed; and after another minute, Parker again said:

"Can you two settle it if I leave you?" Mary stole a delicate peep at Miss Wardle, but neither were yet able to reply. "Shall I take my choice, ladies? You know I can not marry you both. Are neither of you willing to relinquish your claim?" Mary stammered:

"Mr. Simons has returned!"

"Simons!" exclaimed Parker, "Simons! Simons! Simons!" and his "soul-and-body-penetrating eyes" were firmly riveted upon Mary, who now sat trembling and helpless; for she feared from the tone of his voice, she would be chosen instead of Miss Wardle.

It will be remembered that we had left Simons sitting in the cold room. Now then, feeling himself quite at home, he did not relish such quarters, and soon after Mary left him, he took the liberty of going into the room where the old folks were sitting. This was adjoining the room where the others were now adjusting their engagements. Parker's voice could frequently be heard by Simons and the old folks, though not distinctly. But, when Parker exclaimed, "Simons!" as before-mentioned, Simons supposed himself to be wanted in their room. Accordingly, he very deliberately, and without any premonitory indications of his movements, arose, entered the room, and stood before them! All were silent, but gazed fixedly upon each other. Simons at once recognized Parker; but the latter had not seen Simons, to know him, since he and Miller had burned

the butcher's brush-house in California; and at that time, Simons was so reduced in appearance that he now looked like quite a different man. However, Parker judged this person to be Simons, whose entrance was so unexpected that they all startled, though none so much as did Mary. The silence only lasted a moment. Simons turned toward Parker, and Said:

"If I mistake not, you were calling me? I take you to be Colonel Parker, sir?"

"I did not call you, sir; but sir, if you please, is not your name Nathan Simons?"

"It is, sir; the same that you and Miller turned out of doors in the mountains—whose house you burned!" Parker started a little, but immediately commanded himself again, and said:

"This is no place, sir, to be casting up what I or anybody else did in a drunken spree. Therefore, sir, if you please, we are not anxious to have you remain in the room at present."

"But, sir, if you please or not, *I shall not* leave, merely to permit you to concoct flattering falsehoods behind *my* back."

"What, sir?" and Parker rose to his feet; when Simons advanced a little. Mary flew to Simons, exclaiming:

"O! Simons, hold for a moment. Do not permit this—" and endeavored to draw him away from Parker's reach, who looked as if a mere trifle would induce him to do something desperate. And at the same instant, Miss Wardle seized upon Parker, exclaiming:

"O! Elias, what does this mean? Why are you so heedless—" and she also drew him back.

Now, the conversation between Simons and Parker had been sufficiently loud to be heard by the old folks, who soon apprehended a serious trouble brooding. The moment they heard the young ladies speaking, they, the old Doctor and Mrs. Sparks, came rushing into the room!

"Halloo! what in the devil is all this fuss about—eh?" demanded the Doctor, taking a rapid survey of the aghast-looking figures about him. Parker soon regained his self-possession, and, with quite a friendly air, said:

"If you will all hear me, I think I can give you all a satisfactory explanation. This morning I came here and engaged to marry Miss Mary Sparks; for she had abandoned the hope of ever meeting Simons. Since that, I have obtained the one to whom I have always been attached. To get myself clear of Miss Sparks I now came here. But I perceive I shall have no trouble, for she has at last obtained her wish, and I have mine," and Parker bowed, smiled, and turned to leave the room; but then said: "Mr. Simons, if it were possible for me to repay you for the foul treatment which Miller and I have done you, I would sacrifice anything I have; though it is past, and I am sorry—I have long been sorry. Partly on account of that deed I tried to find you in California, and to restore you and Miss Sparks to each other. But, sir, it is all past, and I ask your forgiveness."

"Granted, Mr. Parker; that very deed you did, though wicked in appearance, was the means of forcing me from my mountain home, and of restoring me to my sister, and of saving my life; for in all probability I should have lingered in the mountains until death would have resulted from my exposure. Granted, Mr. Parker," and they shook hands.

On the evening after the above, there was a great collection of people about old Dr. Sparks'. The whole house was lighted up, and those cold rooms were all warmed with good fires. Kid gloves and fine dresses were worn by nearly everybody, and the grand denouement was about to take place. Some of the people were laughing and talking, some introducing each other, and some roasting their toes before the fire. It was not long before the old Doctor's premises seemed likely to be too small, for, moment after moment, couples and quadruples were coming in, and every one still inquiring for other expected guests. Among these we have no acquaintance except Mary Sparks, Elias Parker, Josephine Wardle, and the old Doctor and his lady. While these happy people were making their own entertainment, each as familiar as if at home, in came Nathan Simons, his father, Mr. Hamlin and wife. As they passed through the room, Parker arose, looked steadily at Hamlin and his wife, then took his seat.

Hamlin looked at Parker. Their eyes met! Parker arose again, but seemed confused. He muttered something, then walked toward Hamlin. Hamlin arose. They gazed fixedly upon each other. Many others noticed them. They moved together. They clasped each other in their arms, and cried:

"O! brother! brother!"

In a few minutes after this, Elias Hamlin and Nathan Simons were married to two of the ladies of the West—who are, for constancy in love and purity in principle, mortal brilliants on earth without a parallel—and, to look upon, more pleasing than are the stars in heaven!

CHAPTER XL.°

H— county, in Indiana, is a pretty county. Beautiful farms out there; also fine cattle and horses, and luxuries of various descriptions. The people were happy out there a few years ago. They did not run mad about either politics or religion, but civilly attended to their own business, and lived as seemed right in their own eyes. Out in the country parts of the county, where

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° Since writing the above chapter, the author feels induced to call the attention of the various Churches to the fact that the present enmity toward foreigners, as well as the general indolence of the people in regard to slavery, is maintained by their inhuman persecution of everything that has a tendency to elevate the humbler classes of our fellow beings. And what is equally conspicuous, the infidels of the whole nation are abolitionists and anti-partyists, holding up their hands and pleading for the rights, equality and elevation of all men; but still, nearly all our Christian churches—who have a sufficient influence among the people to produce the highest order of love and harmony, and to remove the glaring outrages upon which the whole world are pointing the finger of scorn—are engaged in the most silly strife and persecution of each other's creed. Preaching anti-reform, isms and schisms that are the scorn of infidels. Remember, it is not the doctrine of the *but the men and some of the principles they maintain*, which we so condemn by the satire within this chapter.

churches were scarce, they generally went to the nearest one, once or twice every Sunday, not for the purpose of criticising and abusing, but for collecting what good they could, and for seeing and mixing with each other after the manner which seemeth natural to the human being.

Certainly, this was a very wicked condition, to be so regardless of the denomination or creed they went to hear: but it originated from a very strange doctrine in which they were blinded—they believed that the Creator of the universe was too exalted a being to have intended that some men should have more natural rights and privileges than others! Preposterous! They also believed that when the earth was created, man was created with the right and privilege to live upon whatever part is unoccupied! So dreadful! They did not even exempt color or blood; because they claimed that God did not intend for land to lie idle when so many men in different parts of the world had no homes! Neither would they admit that God was foolish for giving man a desire to maintain his own rights and equality! Ay! they even said that this disposition within man's mind was an argument in favor of elevating his condition, and that it ought to be cherished! This wicked doctrine has not been without producing its effect upon the people. Their children, black and white, native and foreign associated together, and loved each other! Neither did it stop here. Its evil effects began to spread over a large portion of the Northern States; and so friendly and harmoniously were they beginning to live with each other, that it was feared they might attempt to exalt the black people of the South! There was much exertion on the part of the different Churches to eradicate this evil doctrine from the people's hearts, by showing wherein some of them should not associate with those of a different creed, blood or color, lest they become contaminated. But the people were hard-hearted, and some of them even had the audacity to say, that they thought the Churches were scheming to get money! Consequently, their condition was daily becoming more alarming. And it was only recently that the Churches perceived the dangerous effects of this religion, based upon natural rights. Fortunately, however, they discovered it. Now, the people in

H —— county placed great confidence in their ministers; and the latter were aware of it, and they were aware too, that there was danger of this infidel doctrine liberating the slaves of our "free country." Therefore, they sought to divide the people, as the only grounds whereby our institutions could be preserved. To work they went. In the first place, they showed wherein God had given some men more rights than he did others; then they showed wherein some people had been robbed of their rights in foreign countries, which was evidence that they had no rights left when they came here; then they showed that as they had been oppressed at home, they would be too apt to have a sympathy with the servants of the South, thereby endangering our institutions. But still the people of H —— county held on to their wicked doctrines, and the ministers of the Gospel of God were greatly puzzled to know how to strike out the iniquity. It was well known now that most of the people still believed that God had created all men upon something like the same terms, and that, consequently, they were much inclined to comfort and sympathize with each other, which is an extremely wicked doctrine, and leads to infidelity and materialism. But the ministers had exhausted all their reason to no avail, and they perceived that our institutions were endangered if things were allowed to continue thus; accordingly they at last hit upon a plan — to threaten the liberty of the people themselves! This fixed it. The people in H —— county were sensitive upon the word *liberty*. It startled them! They were well informed, and possessed of a spirit and courage known in no other part of the earth. Fortunately, they had one weak trait in their character, else perhaps the clergy could never have moved them,— that was sensibility or excitability. The clergy knew this, and they hit upon it, but barely in time to save our institutions. They told the people that secret and dangerous plots were laid to deprive them of the liberty of their consciences, by enforcing mysterious creeds upon them. The ministers knew that what they told the people was false — for they knew that the people of H —— county possessed too much spirit and intelligence to submit to any such a system; but then they saw no other way in which our "free institutions" could be protected,

and it was their only resort. Accordingly, they told the people that they must, "Up! to arms! to crush a deadly foe!" and the people ran out to see where the foe was, for they became instantly excited. Then the clergy perceived that they had gained power over the people's reason, and this is the most dangerous enemy that our institutions have, and as soon as they perceived this, they said to the people, "Lo! here! Lo! there!" and the people ran rapidly, and could not yet see the foe. Then the ministers said:

"Behold! what the people of this Church did a thousand years ago! They slaughtered people because they would not bow their belief to their Church! guard ye well against this people, lest your LIBERTY is stolen! Trust them not!" This ruptured the peace of the people, and promised safety against unity — which is one of the most dangerous things toward our institutions. But the ministers of the Gospel of God — all of whom are on our side, and favorable to the prosperity of our "free institutions" — canvassed the affairs of H —— county again. And lo! behold! they discovered that only a small portion of the foreigners were members of that Church! Here was a fix! But while the iron was yet hot, they ran out among the people, but not without girding on bowie-knives and revolvers, and they said:

"Lo! here is an enemy—these foreigners! It was not merely the Church, as we before told you, but all of these! They have been used to oppression, and they love it! and they are trying to introduce it into this country!"

This produced a great commotion; for however unreasonable it may seem, the people were now too excited to be any longer under the control of reason. But the ministers continued to exhort the people, saying:

"Down with the foreigners! down with them! They are going to rob us of our LIBERTY! They are dangerous to the prosperity of the buying and selling of our fellow creatures! Down with the foreigners! They do not sympathize with our institutions! Down with them! they have been oppressed at home, and they are likely to have sympathy for our slaves, and thereby endanger the liberty of our free institutions! They

are meddling with the institutions of our free country! They are dictating upon the affairs of government! They have no right to do so; they have no right to speak out in favor of the rights of man! Down with them! It is the only way in which the Union can be preserved; the only way we can protect the free institutions of the South! Down with them! we will not have them here *dictating* about the *liberty* of *our* country! This is not their country! Let them go home! If they have got no home, they had no business to be born! America is *ours!* All these wild lands, two millions of square miles!! all of it is ours! It is given to us by Almighty God, for the glory and exaltation of our children and our children's children forever; for the growth and extent of our free institutions through all eternity! We know that God intended this, for he is favorable to our institutions! Then, shall we have foreigners here meddling with our glorious destinies? and WE the favored and chosen of God!!"

After that fashion they continued to preach, and it produced a favorable change in the minds of the people. Instead of going together to church and to school, and in all public intercourse, as in days of yore, the people throughout the country were arrayed the one against the other, which is highly desirable, in order to maintain our "free institutions."

About this time, which was only a few months ago, a troublesome change occurred in H—— county.

We shall relate it, and then our long story will be ended.

But to commence it rightly, we must prepare ourselves to take a start in old Ireland. There was a farmer—Boswell was his name—in Ireland. He was a very good man, and loved and respected by all who knew him. He had a wife and six children, pretty good children they were, with some wholesome education and good manners. Mr. Boswell became unfortunate, and lost most of his fortune, and, right in the midst of this, he died. This was a hard stroke upon the old lady, for she was left nearly penniless, and had been used to living a comfortable and happy life. She was now obliged to submit to the worst kinds of drudgery, in order to provide for her family. But her eldest son

began to grow into the shape of a man, and soon gave her great assistance. Considering that her life was likely to be a hard one, she determined upon coming to America. Though here was a dilemma—she could not raise the money. However, by perseverance, she made money enough to send her son—Charley was his name. Charley was a good boy, and he came direct to H—— county, where he entered into the employ of Mr. Howard, with the determination of sending money to his poor old mother, to help her out to this country. Howard had a son, Jimie, who was about to go to California. Charley and Jimie became greatly attached to each other, and Charley resolved to accompany Jimie to California, and we are now well aware that he did so. The widow Boswell still continued to provide for her family in Ireland. But, after a long time, the old lady began to wonder exceedingly why she did not get letters from her son. She believed that Charley was a good boy, though she could not account for his not writing her any letters. This serious reflection on the part of the old lady did not continue very long until she began to fear that her son, and now her only assistant, had settled his accounts in this world and left for another. This was a hard stroke upon the old lady, and many a time she prayed to God for help and comfort. First a few weeks, then months—months. long months rolled by, but still no word came from her son, and the poor old lady nearly cried and prayed herself into despair.

She still lived in the country, though it was a very poor house—a sort of turf fixing, with a damp, ground-floor; it was very different from what she had once lived in. The post-boy always came on horseback by her hut once every day; and every time he came, she asked for letters—for in that country there are post-boys who deliver the letters to the families—but every time she asked, he answered, "No, nothing." As he had answered her so many times in the same brief words, she was getting almost wearied out by asking. Now, she generally employed herself at washing, and her tub stood in front of the hut, which was close up to the side of the road, like a house in the city stands against the street—for this is the fashion in many parts

of Ireland in the country. When stooping over her tub, one day, she looked down the road; it was a very pretty, level road, with a hedge along each side; and she observed the post-boy coming. He was holding up his hand and making a noise toward her, though she could not hear what he said. She felt very curious, and could scarcely stand up to her tub, for she saw something white in the boy's hand. But the boy soon rode up, saying:

"Letter for ye, Mrs. Boswell—it's from Californi', America." The old lady could scarcely command strength enough to take the letter out of the post-boy's hand, though when she had done so, the post-boy galloped away. Then she looked at the writing, and she knew it to be Charley's hand. Her eyes soon became dim, and she thanked God that her son was still living. Then she went into her hut to read the letter; but when she took a seat, the letter lay helplessly in her lap, and she trembled so that she could not lift it. Then she tried to pray for strength, but even in that she failed, for her emotions shook her terribly, and her tears nearly blinded her. Her children were gone to school, for at that time free-schools had been established throughout the country. There she sat, looking at the letter and crying, for the Irish cry when they are overjoyed. She knew her son was living! She could only look toward two things—that letter and Heaven. Poor woman! Heaven only knew thy thanks! Long, long did it lie in her lap—upon the same knees where Charley had once sat! Mrs. Boswell thought of that, and she thought of more than words could express. But Charley could not sit on her lap now—he was gone! Only his letter could supply the great blank that he had left in his poor mother's love. Will not God, without regard to creeds of belief, bless the heart that loves so sincerely? Mrs. Boswell did not think of such things. She was trying to thank God that her son was yet living. "Like a certain rich man's son" who lived a very wild life and finally returned to his father's house, his life alone was of so much consideration that details were forgotten. Charley Boswell was living! Poor or rich, Heaven alone knew his mother's thanks. But after awhile she gained power to raise the

letter and break the seal. Charley had not written a very long letter, though he had inclosed a curious strip of paper within it: it had printing and writing upon it, and also an eagle and a lion and unicorn. Mrs. Boswell started a little when she saw these national emblems. Then she looked more closely upon the strip of paper, and she saw figures about money. As soon as she saw this, a flood of tears burst from her eyes; the paper fell into her lap, and her hands pointed toward heaven. She did not say anything, but fell back in her chair, whiter than marble. Charley had been a good boy, and sent his poor old mother a draft for three hundred pounds sterling! For a long time his mother lay unable to speak, but at last her voice came.

"O, Almighty God! shower thy blessings upon the Land of the West! Give blessings and happiness to the great nation where my son has prospered. Give them peace and love, give them all their hearts can desire, for my son has been favored among them."

After that fashion she continued to pray as long as she was able to speak. Then she took up the letter and read it. Charley had written for her to come to America, and for her to bring all the family, and also one of their neighboring families—in which there was a bouncing girl of nineteen. Mrs. Boswell thought about this girl. She suspected there was something going on, though she was not very certain. Again and again she read the letter: she laughed and cried at her pleasure. But while she was yet reading it, footfalls were heard approaching, and in a few seconds the children came in. The oldest girl was fourteen, and quite a wholesome-looking girl, with red cheeks and large black eyes: those eyes looked as if they would cry easily; and sure enough, she had scarcely seen her mother, so pale, with a letter in her hand, when tears burst from her eyes and rolled thick and fast down her rosy cheeks. She thought about her brother Charley in a far distant land. It seemed very long to her since Charley went away. Then came the smaller children, and they all clustered around their speechless mother. Then the eldest girl—Nancy was her name—took the letter into her trembling fingers and endeavored to read through her tears. She

read a little, then kneeled by her mother's side and pointed her little hands toward heaven. And as she was thus kneeling, she said:

"O, thank God! my brother yet lives—lives in a land of peace and plenty! May heaven's blessings rest upon the land that has redeemed us!" But the little ones all kneeled about their mother, and they prayed such a prayer and blessing upon America as was never surpassed by mortal lips. Were the people dealing justly with their fellow-creatures, when they said that foreigners have no sympathy for the American nation? Do they know when they hurt a foreigner's feelings?

Mrs. Boswell now gave up all her affairs, and, in company with the other family—Aikins was their name—she set out for America. She was well favored, and both their families arrived safely in New York, where she supposed she had about completed her journey; but after a little investigation, she discovered that H—— county, Indiana, lay a thousand miles further westward. However, they applied themselves to the cars, and soon commenced moving through the rich lands of the great Republic. They stopped at a few places. Mrs. Boswell noticed some Irish people who had farms and homes of their own: she noticed that the children were well dressed: she noticed that their faces had not the deformed and wry features which are common to the lowest class of her own country, who know no enjoyments: and while she noticed these things, were not her sympathies and prayers for America? Go to the throne of Almighty God, and ask what her soul was then speaking. Then see, reader, if you can make another such prayer as did Mrs. Boswell and little Nancy. But she noticed many rough-looking Irishmen—more than she ever before knew to be living; and when she saw so many of these, she feared that the people would form too low a notion of the inhabitants of her native land. Was she right? Thus she went on, and she arrived in H—— county, Indiana: all of her family, and Aikins' family, landed in good health at the place pointed out by Charley's letter. Here she settled on a farm, and provided herself with a home far more comfortable than had been her old hut in Ireland. This was just at the

time that the Churches were all giving the people instruction upon their liberty, and upon the danger of our "free institutions" of the South being meddled with, if foreigners were not deprived of some of the rights which God had intended to be taken away from them, to be given to natives. The people were very much excited about it, and of course they knew too much to permit Mrs. Boswell's meddling with these "free institutions." Mrs. Boswell could not understand the mysterious suspicions that occasionally fell from the lips of some of her neighbors. But she noticed it, and she thought of it; and as she thought, she prayed to God to forgive her if she had ever uttered a sentiment contrary to the great cause of humanity. As she was sitting at her needle-work one day, she was startled at Nancy's appearance. Nancy had been to a neighbor's house after some yeast to make bread with, for they were under the necessity of baking their own bread. Nancy had procured the yeast and was now returning, but as soon as she reached the door she commenced shedding tears.

"Why, my child, what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Boswell, and she laid down her sewing and looked at her daughter. Nancy made no reply, but placed her yeast upon a table, and went and kneeled beside her mother. The poor girl trembled as an aspen, and sobbed aloud; her mother became alarmed.

"What is the matter, my child?" the old woman asked for a long time; finally, the little girl looked up and said:

"Mr. Winters, the Methodist minister, was over at our neighbor's, taking dinner. And when I came, he asked me if I was not a foreigner? I told him that I was. Then he asked me if I was in favor of turning the slaves loose? I told him 'yes;' and then he said I ought to feel ashamed of myself for being a beggar and foreigner, and meddling with the institutions of this country!"

"And have you ever said anything about the institutions of this country?"

"No, mother, never, never, nothing but what I then said to him."

"Well, there, my child, do not mind it; he did not intend to hurt your feelings. Don't grieve, Nancy, we must expect to hear

such remarks." Mrs. Boswell's eyes were now opened, though she had not long to contemplate upon the subject until her smaller children returned from school, and, as they came in, they said:

"Mother, we don't want to go to school any more. Will you let us stay at home?"

"Why, my children, why do you not want to go to school any more?"

"Because they all point their fingers at us, and call us Catholics." Mrs. Boswell laughed at their story, and told them not to mind such remarks. Nancy saw that smile, and she saw, beneath it, a wound that shook her poor mother's mortal frame. Nancy turned and went toward the kitchen, but who so cold, to ask, did tears roll down that little girl's rosy cheeks?

Mrs. Boswell would have liked to counsel with some one upon the cause of this hatred toward Catholics and foreigners; but she long studied upon it, and could not think of any one with whom she could converse with freedom. Now she knew that Mr. Howard, Jimie's father, though a very good man, was an infidel to all the creeds of religion. To him she resolved to introduce the subject, for she was anxious to avoid the hatred and suspicion and insults that were cast upon her family because she was Irish. Accordingly, she paid Mr. Howard a visit—he lived close by, and she was very intimate in his family. He was reading a newspaper when she came in, though he did not wait for her to introduce the subject.

"Well, Mrs. Boswell," said he, removing his spectacles and throwing back his long, gray locks, "come and take a seat, and tell me the news. I see that you Catholics are trying to have a division of the school fund. Why, that's outrageous! Society and friendship are already broken up and spoiled by making divisions in the sentiments of the people."

"But if my children can't go to school without being insulted and abused?"

"Well, there it is, Mrs. Boswell, that's it. Now, where I went to school, it was right the other way. Our family was the only Protestant family in the district, and we were the only mark at

at which they fired. I remembered it, too; and when I came to be a man, I said to myself—'If both of these claim to be the true Christians, and yet cannot agree, it is probably all a humbug!' Well, the more I studied upon them, the more I was convinced that I was right. Then, when I observed that nearly all the Churches are favorable to slavery, I knew them to be merely money-making schemes—totally regardless of humanity and pure religion. Consequently, I denounced them at once, and determined to discard all Biblical doctrines, and look alone upon Nature and Nature's God as a guide to my reason. That 's why I 'm an infidel. That 's the first thing that ever opens any man's eyes. He has a natural sense of religion that is so pure, that he becomes disgusted with these biblical systems. That 's it, exactly. But to divide the schools! Don't you see, that it is making the harmony in society still less? Nature is my guide upon such a question. Turn little children together; will they know any difference in creeds? No; it 's taught to them by their catechizing parents, that 's it. But the more the law separates their interest, the more will they separate themselves in feeling. The law ought to set the example of love, familiarity, and equality among the people. It is only by this union and noble tone of feeling and acting that we can ever expect to discard the horrors of slavery. These divisions and distinctions between man and man are the most outrageous crimes that exist. Why, I have heard ministers make the inhuman assertion that persons of certain color, blood, and birth, have not the same rights as other people! And they tell me that this is religion! God forbid that old Howard or any of his family ever become guilty of believing in such a system of religion! It 's disgusting!"

Such was the style in which Mr. Howard talked; but he talked so much, and said so many things to the point, that Mrs. Boswell could not get to converse with him.

After awhile, she started home, and as she went she said to herself: "Is this an infidel? He calls himself one; but, to me, he utters sentiments that resemble Christianity! He calls all men his brothers, who are giving their power to invite men

into one common brotherhood! Jesus preached after that fashion! It is a pity that a man of *such* principles has become an infidel. But is he to blame for it? Had he found the purity within the Church that his own nature sought after, would not he have been a valuable man? Really, has it come to this, that men's common natures stumble upon the corruptions of the Church? Though, may there not be a mistake? May not these infidels be the true Christians?" And after that fashion did the old Irish woman continue to talk, until she reached her own house.

Now we have neglected to mention, that when Mrs. Boswell first arrived in H— county, she learned of Charley and Jimie being gone to Australia; so that, up to the period now referred to, she was beginning to look for a letter from that country. But several months rolled by, and she did not get any letters; and again she began to fear that her son was not living, for neither did Mr. Howard hear from Jimie. Among her friends now, were Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin, who lived as near neighbors. Mrs. Aikins's family were her old acquaintances, and Mr. Howard's, her new ones. So, also, there were Simons, his wife, and his father, living close by; then there was Mr. Randall's family, whose daughter, Lizzy, came so often to Mr. Howard's, all of whom were very good neighbors. But there was a familiarity between Lizzy Randall and Emma Aikins, which gave rise to an opinion among the women in that neighborhood, that they were not always conversing upon moral and political philosophy. Some of the people even went so far as to say, that certain absent men's names had been mentioned by both of these young ladies; though nothing definite was known, except that they frequently went over to Mr. Howard's. But these were minor considerations to Mrs. Boswell and her family. Poor little Nancy was beginning to fear that she would never get to see her brother again. Charley had been put to work when he was very young, and had not been favored with even a liberal education, which caused his sister the more earnestly to sympathize with him, for the toilsome life he had endured. But so much time had now elapsed, since they had heard from him, that

the poor girl was lost in conjecture. When Mrs. Boswell and Nancy were one day sitting side by side, sewing, the old lady observed that Nancy frequently looked out at the door—for last September was so warm, that they kept the door open in the afternoon.

"What makes you gaze so earnestly up the road, Nancy?" said her mother, who happened to sit a little too far on one side.

"I see somebody coming—two men," said Nancy, and she laid down her sewing and looked steadily.

"I suppose they are Mr. Hamlin and Mr. Simons!" said the old lady—not yet leaning over to see them.

"No," said Nancy, "they look like strangers!"

"We don't see as many strangers here as I expected."

"Mother!" said Nancy, "mother! O! mother!" and the little girl leaned back in her chair and trembled, for the appearance of the strangers startled her. "O! mother! they are coming!"

"Who, my child?" and the old lady looked up and observed the two strange-looking young men coming close up to the door! Then came a heaven-flash of light, in which time itself could not travel, for its radiance contained a luster that mortals can not measure! In its glorious beams a silent spirit lived, and communicated a world of thoughts—though it traveled not from the fixed eyes, over which it reigned in solemn triumph! And as soon as the young men reached the door, Mrs. Boswell lisped:

"O! my son!"—fell back in her chair and swooned in her daughter's arms!

"O! mother! mother!" cried one of the young men, and he kneeled by her side, clasped his arms about her, and hid his face in his mother's bosom!

"O! Charley! my dear, dear brother!" little Nancy cried, entwined her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his!

"O! Nancy! my sister, my sister!" he stammered in broken accents, and "O! mother! my poor old mother!" he sobbed, on the heart of as good a woman as ever lay faint and still in the arms of a devoted son! Then came Charley's trusty friend,

Jimie, to participate in the joys of which their young minds had been so long dreaming; and, soon after, loud sobs and good Irish crying reached a climax that few people have ever witnessed.

"Never, mother," said Charley, now being able to speak good English, "never shall I leave you again! The feeble arms that once pressed me to this bosom, mother—the center toward which my earnest prayers have beamed from every quarter of the globe—must now repose upon the strong form of him whose struggles have rescued you from all the cares of earth! Nancy! I shall always be with you! The trials of poverty have disappeared, and we shall mingle again in childish glee! O! Nancy! my sister! that noble, dark brow, and those rosy lips shall beam upon the brother who has been so long—long hidden from your presence! My sister, O! my sister! what charms in your name—Nancy! my sister! Mother, O! *mother!* how often I have whispered that word when far—far away!" After that style did the young Irishman continue to speak—and while his mother and sister were yet clinging upon him, the children came home from school, but they would not come into the house. Then they all took their seats, and Jimie went out and told the children that Charley, their only brother, had come home! but as soon as he spoke to them, their youthful eyes were flooded with tears!

"Is your name Maggy?" said Jimie to the smallest one. The little thing looked up and replied:

"Yes, sir."

"Come, then, Maggy, my dear, I am your brother's friend. Come to me, Maggy, I love you," and Jimie stooped down and enfolded the child in his arms, then carried her in and placed her upon Charley's knees.

"Charley," said Maggy, who was only an infant when her brother had left her in Ireland, nearly five years before, "I don't think you wore moustaches when you came to America—if you did, I have forgotten it! Why do you cry, Charley? I should think you would be glad to see me." But while the little creature continued to address her brother, the other little girls came

in and united their arms into a chain of love—riveting the poor fellow in his seat.

"Charley," said Maggy, after the scene quieted down a little, "do you remember where we used to live in Ireland. in that ol. house, where the churn used to set out of doors? We are all going back there again. Will you go along, Charley?"

"Yes, Maggy, faith I remember it all; but why do you talk about going back? Sure and you are a darling afther my own heart, Maggy."

"Why, what makes you talk so funny, Charley? Are you going to live with us now, all the time now, say? I have a new book with a blue back."

"O, bless your soul, Maggy, but don't you see I can't talk to you all at once."

"Will you go with us, Charley, back to Ireland?"

"What in the name of common sense do you talk of going back to Ireland for, Maggy? I 'm sure we had a good dose of that country before we left it.

"Why, we can't—"

"Sh! sh!" said Nancy to Maggy, in a low whisper, "don't you know that Jimie, Charley's friend, is an American? Don't say anything about it before him, or else he 'll hate us, too, because we 're Irish!" Then little Maggy clasped her arms around Charley's neck, and whispered:

"We are going to leave here, Charley, because we have our religion threatened! then, too, there are free-schools in Ireland now, and we would rather live poor and work hard than to be considered beneath anybody else. The Lord has smiled upon our family circle, Charley, and we have money enough to go back on—and you must go, too—will you? Nearly all the Irish that 's got much money are beginning to leave. I don't like moustaches, Charley, they hide your mouth."

"Come, Charley," said Jimie, who had been speaking freely with the old lady and Nancy, "come, we must go over to my father's—it is getting late."

"Do you hear what Maggy is saying to me?" said Charley, and then he related it to Jimie.

"O, no! Maggy," said Jimie, "you must not leave me. I can not bear to have you talk so, Maggy. Do you know that if you go to Ireland, Charlie will also go; then I shall be deprived of a friend that no mortal can ever replace! O, no! Maggy, let us live together in peace, for in a few short years, when these mortal frames have run their course, and gay earth about to close the scene, we can all look back and smile to think that love has triumphed over the ills that unfeeling creeds have endeavored to cast between our sacred nature! O, no! Maggy, let us live in peace together; for should the Christian heaven be true, it will add a luster of eternal glory to our spiritual homes! but if it should not be, how wicked to divide ourselves and waste our love—the only precious gem that earth can give! O, no! Maggy, let us live together." After that fashion Jimie continued to speak, until the thoughtless little girl, entwining her arms around his neck, mingled her tears with his.

"O, Jimie! I love you, Jimie!" she cried, "and I can bear the ills of all the world, if you will but speak to me such love as this!"

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Then they moved over the fields, and through the walnut groves, for Howard's house stood in an opposite direction from where they came. And as they moved along, they conversed much about the appearance of the country, and also of the prospects of settling in that neighborhood. Then, like the fanciful glimpses of spiritualists, when reflecting upon departed friends, two gay young ladies seemed to be examining the fruit of an extensive orchard, then flitted and disappeared—though it was not a dream, but a reality seeming to be fancy; for, before the sun went down, they awoke with their damsels in their arms! each pledging their love before the Giver of all good, woodpeckers and grasshoppers notwithstanding! Then they proceeded down to the other end of the orchard, where stood Mr. Howard's house—they and the young ladies, laughing merr all the while.

Can there be any feeling like this? to return to the childhood home after several years' absence, and behold one's own father and mother so overcome with joy as to be unable to break the silence! Or, are these strange impulses the incontrovertible evidence against the will of man—bound by unseen chains, even though love itself dictates to move?

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After Jimie and Charley paid a visit to Mr. Howard's, they all went over to Mr. Hamlin's. This was the day following; and it so happened that Simons, his wife, (who had traveled across the plains in company with Jimie and Charley,) and his father, Uncle Thomas, were all over there on a visit; for it was a day in which visits are frequently made in that part of Indiana, although such a thing would not be allowed in Cincinnati, notwithstanding that every man is accountable to God for such and such, for the (city) law chooses to repeal the accountability and impose the punishments itself—a usurpation that may cause the council to droop their feathers in the world to come! This was a happy meeting. So many old friends seldom have an opportunity to converse upon scenes that they witnessed together so far away. After a general salutation of their well-wishes, Jimie and Charley were asked about the gold fields of Australia.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Jimie, after they all became seated and quiet, "the diggings in Australia are almost precisely the same as in California, but the regulations among the miners, or diggers, as they call them, are very different."

"How is that?" said Uncle Thomas.

"Well, whenever a new gold field (or creek) is discovered, the miners have not got the privilege of monopolizing the ground by making large claims."

"Why so?"

"Well, the law regulating such matters is made by the government of the district."

"Was that better than it is in California, where the miners on each creek or settlement made their own laws?"

"Well, when a few miners in California discovered a new

creek, they generally made their claims large enough to take possession of the whole creek, thereby preventing later arrivals from getting any ground to work upon, although the first ones often held more than they could work in a lifetime!"

"Then, if the laws were made by the government of the Colony, how did you adjust difficulties about claims?"

"Why, there is a Commissioner appointed to attend to every settlement. He is called in case of any contention between two parties, and, without any charge, he examines and decides upon it."

"And is that better than where the miners would have the privilege of choosing a jury and settling it among themselves?"

"Where personal interest is concerned, a jury is not so capable of doing justice as is a single individual who is entirely disinterested."

"But is there not more danger of a single individual being purchased in his decision?"

"There is; but, in order that no officer be purchased, he should receive a high salary; and the office itself should be an honorable position. Such is the case with English officers, generally—they are above being purchased; and one reason that many of our men in office are good for nothing is, that the office is good for nothing, and they don't care how soon they lose it."

"Then, an officer should always be a disinterested man?"

"Certainly so—always. The very principle of choosing men from certain districts, men who will advocate certain principles because they are interested in such—is presupposing a legislation of interest, and not of justice. Men who are totally disinterested, are the only ones who can ever discriminate the exact line of justice and morality."

"I am going to Australia, Jimie," said Uncle Thomas.

"Why so, uncle; not yet satisfied with America?"

"I am not satisfied with the Government—it 's not so respectable as it might be. Beside that, if I am not to be considered a man, I must go where my own good and bad qualities will be the criterion for my standing; and not the fact of color or birth."

"I don't like the British Government, uncle."

"Why so, it treats all men alike?"

"In some respects it does; but, I 'll tell you, it usurps the land in all its dominions—which will always retard the settlements and cause many people to be dependents. In a British country, the people are one, and the Government is another. It legislates for its own interest, and the people plead for theirs."

"But, as you said before, the government ought to be a noble body, above quarreling among themselves, and too well guarded to be purchased—when adjusting difficulties between the people at large; now, then, how can this be effected unless they are favored with great possessions?"

"Also, as I stated before, by being totally disinterested. We see that the British system has its interest in opposition to the interest of the people; consequently, the fear that the people might revolt, is all that prevents it from usurping greater power and possessions than it now does. And in our system, we see that the choosing of men who are pecuniarily interested in any particular theory, party, etc., brings together a body of Legislators who contend for interest, instead of counseling for the good of the whole. Therefore, our present Government is becoming the ridicule of all nations; and we cannot go abroad without hearing common school-boys jesting about the pugilistic contentions in our legislative assemblies!"

"It is supposed that that might be remedied by excluding some of the ignorant voters!"

"But another evil would follow that—the interest of such would then not be represented—such persons as were excluded could not obtain justice. All monarchical countries prove this fact. Then we have no natural right to exclude any sane man from voting—for all men, of whatsoever color or blood, stand in the same relation, and are entitled to plead and advocate what they think best; though we have a right to change the constitution, in regard to men being eligible to office—we have a right to choose and fix a constitution which will prevent interested men (and ambitious boys, which is now frequently the case), from ever getting into office; and, whenever we shall have accomplished that, it will not matter very materially who vote, nor who

are elected; for, as every officer would be totally disinterested and have an honorable position, he would only consider the interest of the whole, which would deal justice to all men."

"And how can you find disinterested men?"

"In the first place, a man should be of such an age as to be heedless of a display of his own talents; for, if he is not, he will swerve from moral principles for personal renown, and for an interest in rising in office. Secondly, he should have no pecuniary interest at stake—none whatsoever; though he should have a high and honorable salary—for then he could not be tempted to deviate from the justice his position demanded."

"Then, under the present considerations, wherein consists the different results of this and the British Government?"

"There is very little. The British Government is too much afraid of disloyal subjects, to do anything very contrary to the people's wish. Our government is a contention of parties, and next thing to no government at all; nevertheless, under ours, there are a greater number of prosperous people, and the opportunities for monopoly are better guarded against."

"So, then, you don't like the Australian Government very well?"

"Well, the government is not so very bad; it gave me the same protection as it did a native; but I don't like some of the people out there."

"Why so?"

"Well, I can not say why, but they used to jest me a great deal about that California tax, and make light of our pecuniary government. Then they make a good deal of fun about our boasting of having a free government, while we hold over three millions of our citizens in the most cruel bondage that is to be found in any quarter of the globe."

"You didn't like the people for that?"

"No, uncle, I felt like 'putting my head in a bag.'"

Jimie's ideas were spoiled—tainted with foreign abolition! Many of his notions were equally opposed to our institutions, as the above indicates. So much for going abroad. And yet, so

ingenious were his arguments that the former preaching of the different Churches, to array the people against each other, was completely overthrown. All the foreigners in H— county were induced to remain in the country, and the people in general were persuaded to live in peace and harmony, which, should it continue, and become at all general, will completely overthrow our "free institutions" of the South! It is to be hoped that the ministers of the different Churches will again rally, and, if possible, root out these monsters, and again establish a division among the people—for "our liberty" to buy and sell our fellow creatures at pleasure, is greatly in danger!

Jimie and Charley had an agreeable time visiting their old associates; after which, came that closing visit, in which independence is forever lost—the only unity wherein it is never missed. They had been fortunate in Australia; and they now purchased farms (for the government in Australia would not sell them small farms), in the neighborhood of our various personages, and took their young wives into their own comfortable cottages, where they have scarcely yet done spending their honeymoons, and where we now bid them a lasting good-by.

THE END.

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